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OCT. 15, '21

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ISAAC F. MARCOSSON—HAL G. EVARTS—ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN
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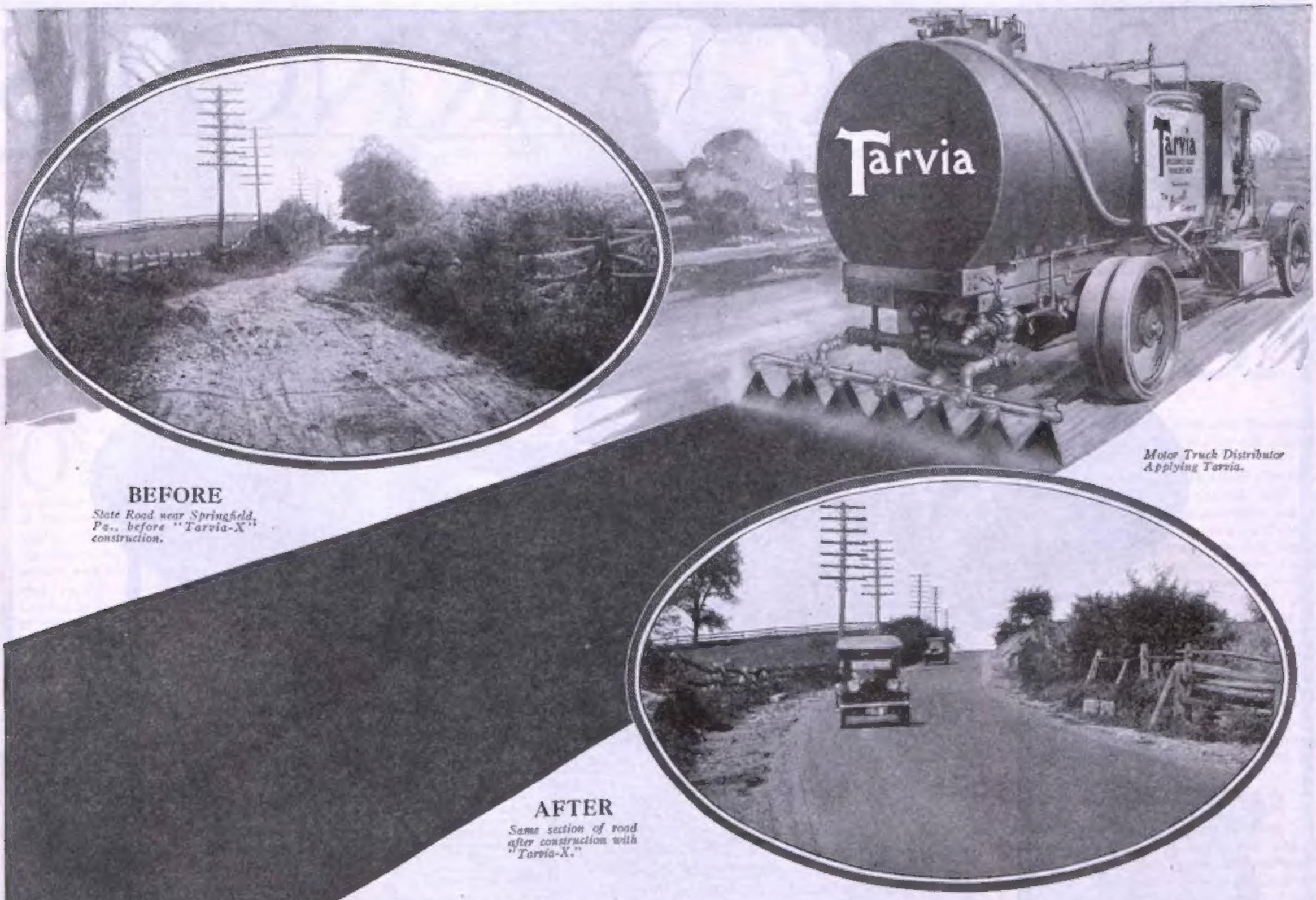

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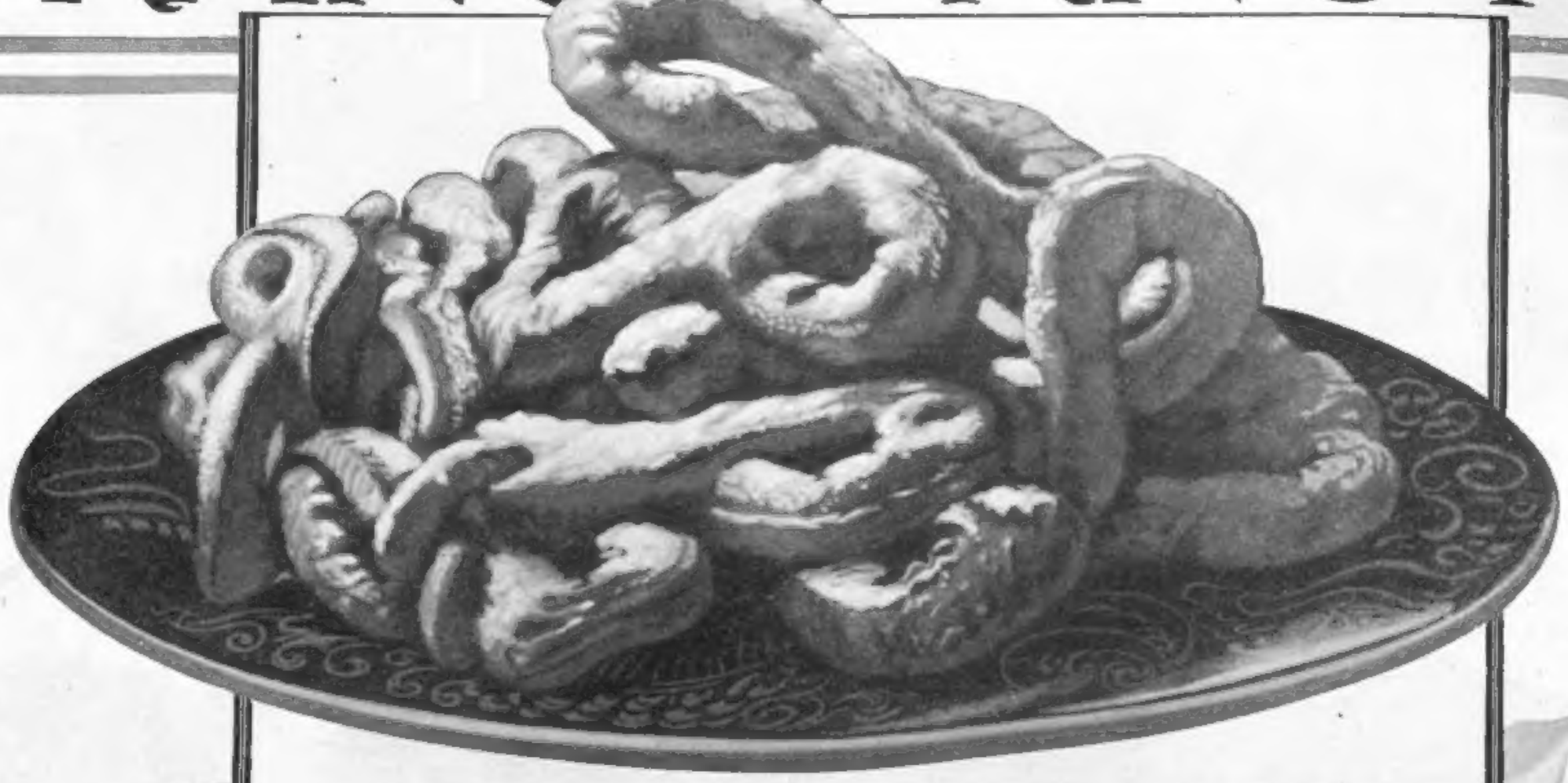
ORANGE KNOTS



Learn to make doughnuts as dainty as cake

DOUGHNUTS need not be tough, tasteless, greasy and indigestible if you mix them properly and fry them the right way in the right kind of fat.

To keep doughnuts from cracking, the dough should be mixed very soft.

To keep the dough from becoming grease-soaked, two things are necessary: The recipe must contain enough egg in proportion to the flour, and the frying fat must impart its heat instantly to the crust. Then egg and fat combine to form a coating that keeps the fat out and the flavor in.

See that the frying kettle contains ample fat so that the heat will not be reduced below proper frying temperature when the cold, raw doughnuts are dropped in. Then the doughnuts will be cooked through. The fat should not smoke at frying heat, because when fat smokes it decomposes and forms an irritating, indigestible substance that is deposited on the food.

So the doughnuts will cook evenly and be fine in texture, turn them frequently after they rise to the top of the fat. They should be drained on soft paper, a process which leaves them as greaseless and dainty as cake, if the right kind of frying fat has been used.

ORANGE KNOTS—*a new kind of doughnut*

3 tablespoonfuls Crisco	4 cupfuls sifted flour
¾ cupful sugar	½ teaspoonful salt
1 egg and 1 yolk, beaten light	1½ teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
Grated rind one orange	½ teaspoonful soda
¼ teaspoonful mace	½ cupful milk

Cream the Crisco, beat in the sugar, the eggs, orange rind and mace. Sift together the dry ingredients; add the first mixture and the milk and mix to a firm dough. Cut off bits of the dough and roll under the fingers into strips the shape and length of a lead pencil, tie in a knot or shape like an 8 and fry in hot Crisco; drain on soft paper, and dredge with confectioners' sugar.

Experienced cooks say that Crisco is the best fat for doughnuts because its qualities make it easy to carry out the above suggestions for perfect frying. Crisco does not smoke at frying heat, yet it gives up its heat instantly, so that the protecting crust is formed at once on the food being cooked. Crisco cooks away so slowly and can be used so often that you need not hesitate to put plenty in the frying kettle. Finally, it is a dainty, greaseless, tasteless, digestible vegetable product that is used in the most delicate cakes. It does not give doughnuts that "fatty" flavor which so often spoils their taste.

Try a batch of doughnuts fried in Crisco according to these suggestions, and see how really delicious doughnuts can be.

Your grocer sells Crisco, in dust-proof, wrapped containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. Use it for frying, for pastry, for cakes.

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EUROPE IN TRANSITION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE day last June I talked with President Hainisch of Austria at the Foreign Office in Vienna. Across the street rose the gray bulk of the Hofburg, once the town palace of the emperors, where Francis Joseph could stand at a window and signal to his chancellor. Francis Joseph had departed and with him the glories of court and council. An American Relief soup kitchen in the basement was the only sign of life within those one-time imperial walls.

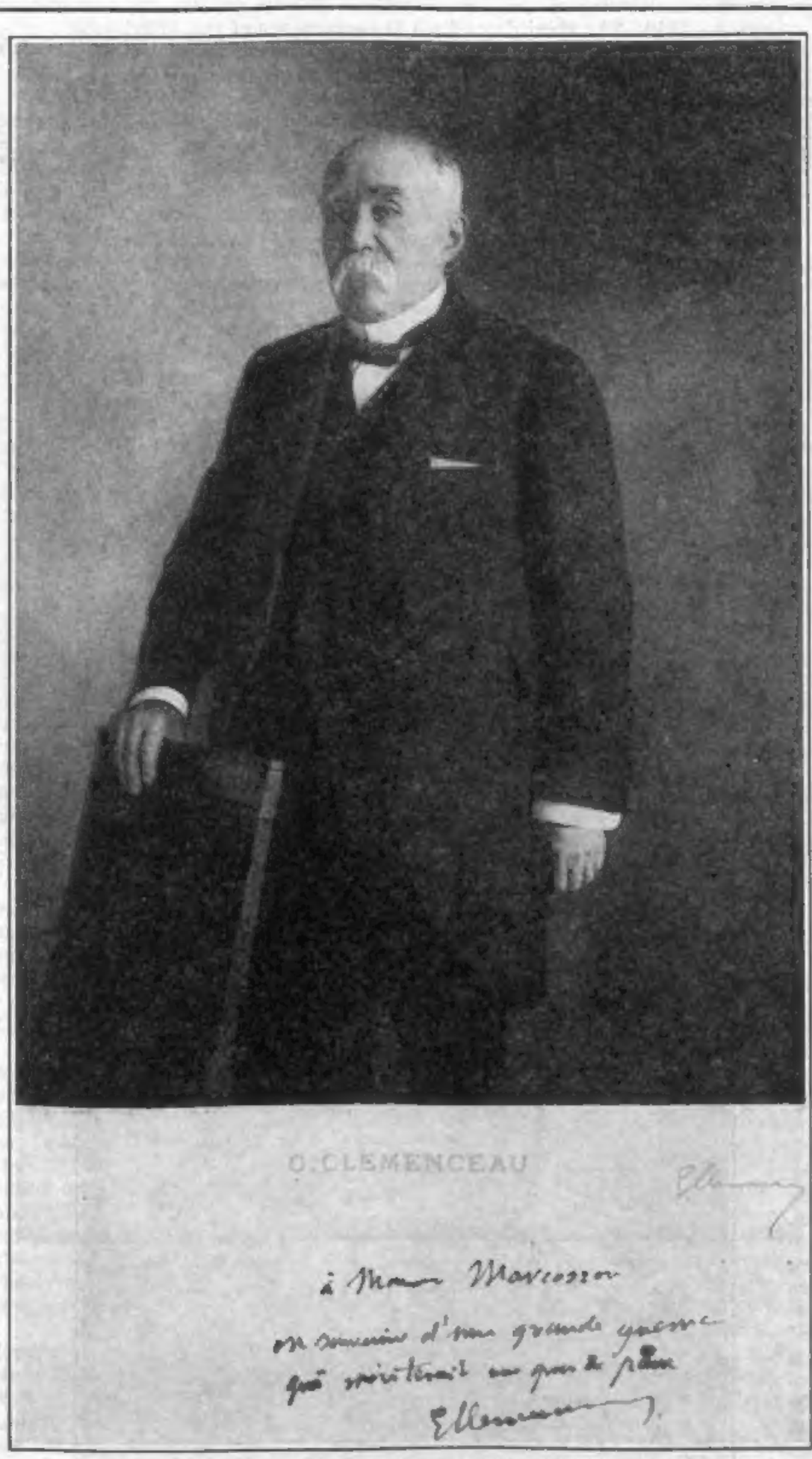
The gray-haired and benevolent president, drafted from the ease and comfort of rural life to lead the forlorn hope of a battered and bereft people, pointed out with the aid of maps and documents how his country lay prostrate under the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain. Familiar stuff it was, to be sure, but now invested for me with new dignity and tragedy, for I had seen the destructive consequences of that peace.

When the interview ended the president remarked as he rose: "This table where we have been sitting has real significance. Around it sat Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Stürgh, the Austrian Premier, and Count Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, on the night of July 14, 1914, when they wrote the ultimatum to Serbia which brought on the Great War."

I looked down at the glistening mahogany with a new interest. Figuratively it was the hub around which the wheel of world destiny had revolved. In the span of time between that fateful July of 1914 and the June day of this year of unrest and dislocation when I sat with Herr Hainisch, the face of the world had changed. The most stupendous conflict that mankind had ever known was a tragic memory. Discontent and disillusion were the heritage of those years of agony and suffering. The third anniversary of the signing of the armistice finds no truce to hate. "Neither war nor peace," the sentence that Trotzky wrote on the wall of the old Jesuit College at Brest-Litovsk after the first Russo-German treaty had been signed, is more than a phrase to-day.

Valor in Homespun

HAD millions of men died and billions of treasure been expended, only to create the festering animosities that now hamper readjustment and impede recovery? Was this the sequel to the vast epic of heroism that had retrieved civilization? These were the questions that came to my mind as I regarded that historic table in the Foreign Office at Vienna. It therefore seems a proper peg, so to speak, upon which to hang the first chapter of this narrative of Europe in transition.



M. Clemenceau's Autographed Photograph With the Inscription: "To Mr. Marcosson — In Memory of a Great War That Deserved a Great Peace"

I crossed the Atlantic this time to make some attempt at appraisal of the economic and political situation in the light of reparation and reconstruction. I ranged from the heart of Central Europe to the troubled shores of the Baltic. I saw the new nations, and again visited the old. I talked with kings, regents, presidents, premiers, masters of finance and industry, and also with the common folk who pay the bills for all the noise and the shouting.

Not even during the high tide of war was Europe more packed with such human and at times unhuman interest. The unexpected lurked around the corner everywhere. The rosy-cheeked reporter who came to interview me in London was a retired bombing ace in the Royal Flying Corps and had floated in the North Sea on the wreckage of his aëroplane after a memorable exploit. The pious-looking secretary who made it possible for me to see Hugo Stinnes had been one of Ludendorff's intelligence chiefs. My floor waiter in the hotel at Prague had led a Czech legion through the horrors of the Siberian campaign. Valor has gone back to homespun.

A World in Straits

NEVER in all my wanderings have I touched so many vivid and dramatic contrasts. One week I walked with King Albert, one of the few rulers secure in his royal eminence, amid the fragrant aloofness of the summer palace at Laeken. The next found me face to face with Admiral Horthy, the plain, blunt sailorman who left the quarterdeck to sit as Regent of Hungary in the castle that broods over the Danube at Budapest. In the third I listened to Chancellor Wirth plead for tolerance for Germany as he paced Bismarck's old throne room in the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin. I heard Clemenceau, master maker of war and peace, crystallize the present-day European tragedy in the pregnant words: "A great war deserved a great peace." And yet it seemed only yesterday that I had thrilled at the sight of British and French legions fighting shoulder to shoulder up the Valley of the Somme.

So, too, with the purely physical aspects. At the great Krupp plant in Essen I stood alongside the giant machinery that had produced the Big Berthas that bombarded Paris, and now turned out locomotive parts and adding machines. I viewed Kiel, once the Kaiser's playground and the haven of the mighty Teutonic armada, drowse in neglect and silence—a marine morgue. In Flanders fields and along the old French Front I watched the ripened grain fall before the reaper in the furrows that had run red with blood and yielded only the harvest of death. Each day unfolded its reel in a moving picture so complex as to baffle analysis and well-nigh preclude a dispassionate perspective.

So much by way of prelude. In this and in succeeding articles an effort will be made to present the European facts as they are. Sensitive toes will be stepped on and sentimental idealists will probably get a shock. It is no time for bubbling optimism. The world is in straits—we among all the rest—and side-stepping the real issues will not make for security. The high comradeship of the war has been succeeded by a low welter of cross-purposes in which self-interest masquerades as nationalism, and self-importance becomes just another name for self-determination.

The curse of the Continent is a combination of delay, compromise and petty politics. In the American vernacular, the favorite occupation of alleged European statesmen is passing the buck. No one seems willing to accept responsibility or to act with decision. The net result is discord and confusion. Meanwhile we Americans are really beginning to pay the German indemnity in the shape of business stagnation at home and the loss of trade abroad.

Hence the necessity for frank speech. The salvaging of civilization is more important than the play of passion and prejudice. The big stake is self-preservation, and it can be achieved only through tolerant and intelligent coöperation. But the man who searches for coöperation in Europe to-day is very much like our old friend Diogenes hunting for an honest man. The animal does not exist.

Now we come to the crux of the whole business. Before the war various politically affiliated groups, such as those that comprised the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, were economically interdependent. No barriers were offered to the ebb and flow of trade, and the means of communication, whether by rail or river, were open. In this free and untrammeled intercourse lay the mainspring of prosperity, and likewise the integrity of life and order.

Peace—not war, mark you—knocked these economic families into a cocked hat. The old empires were split up into autonomous states whose first procedure was to build barriers around themselves and post signs bearing the friendly words "Hands Off." Economic geography went into the discard. Racial sentimentality was set up as the fetish to worship. But you cannot subsist on emotional patriotism, as the Poles have discovered to their cost. Instead of going into the business of production most of the Succession States—who are mainly percussion—went into the business of hate. Animosity has constituted one of the principal by-products of self-determination. It became meat and drink to the demagogue, but it has stifled commerce.

This dog-in-the-manger attitude which long characterized so many of the new nations caused Austria to starve on the frontiers of plenty, almost nullified commercial relations between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, and paralyzed transport throughout Central Europe. These matters, however, will be dealt with comprehensively in later articles. The task just now is to try to paint a general picture of changing Europe and pause only at the high places.

In passing, however, I cannot resist the temptation to relate the most extraordinary example of nationalism gone mad that has come to my notice. It was reported to me while I was in Vienna and will show why a considerable section of Europe remains in the throes of confusion.

The famous Brenner Pass, in the Alps, one of the gates to Italy, was formerly within the confines of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The politicians who carved up Europe at the Paris Peace Conference put it under the Italian flag. In the pass, as most travelers know, is an important railway station. During June it caught fire and a hurry-up call was sent out for aid. The nearest fire-fighting apparatus was in the town of Gries, which is still Austrian. When the firemen got to the frontier the Italians would not permit them to cross because their passports had not been visaed! As a result the station burned down with help almost in sight.

The Wise Words of Smuts

THE trouble with most of the self-determination that bears the "Made in Paris" brand is that it persists in playing a lone hand when the open game is essential to stabilization. As I beheld the orgy of petty hatreds and small jealousies my memory harked back to a night in Capetown more than a year ago when I talked with that master statesman, General Smuts. We had been discussing the turmoil in Central Europe born of racial strife and the fatal pride of economic isolation.

I recall how he paused—we were walking in the gardens of Groote Schuur—and said with solemn emphasis: "The world is one. Humanity is one. The war at terrible cost brought the peoples together and it is to their supreme interest to work together. Not academic formulas but intelligence will keep them united."

With the unerring vision that lifts him head and shoulders above his contemporaries and which was revealed anew with illuminating force in his proposal to settle the Irish question last summer, he had spoken like a seer. The wisdom of the Smuts observation is just beginning to soak into the consciousness of both the new and the old nations of Europe. It is dawning on them that they are all in the same boat and it will land on the rocks if they do not pull in harmony. The fate of one is the destiny of all.

Thus it comes about that you cannot write of one European country without touching all its neighbors, so interwoven have become the fortunes of all the peoples. So with currencies. There was a time when the franc, the pound sterling, the mark and the krone, although sensitive to international fiscal disturbances, could stand fairly well on their own bottoms. Now they are so intimately related that the incessant rattle of the money-printing press in Austria causes a shiver in the treasuries of Germany and Italy. Once these moneys were definite symbols of value and orderly pawns on the checkerboard of world barter. Now they are the plaything of the speculator and the butt of the humorist. Like prohibition in America, a serious subject is treated with levity, and abuse of the moral principle involved and not the use is applauded rather than condemned. Forty per cent of the immense actual circulation of the German mark to-day is owned by foreigners, of whom twenty-five per cent are speculators who hold them as a gamble.

What is true of the German mark is true to a lesser extent of the Austrian krone and, until the Bolshevists put the final quietus on Russian productivity, of the ruble. Do you wonder that European economics, and more especially that will-o'-the-wisp known as foreign exchange, are uncertain commodities?

But I have run a little ahead of the story. Clearly to understand the European situation you must swiftly range the period since the close of the war. It naturally falls into three epochs. The first began with the armistice, which was effective on November 11, 1918. The second started with the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty, on June 28, 1919. The third dates from the acceptance of the Allied ultimatum by Germany on May eleventh last.

By a curious irony, in each of these spans Germany, the vanquished, and not the Allies, the victors, was the determining factor. No step in the direction of construction or standardization could be made without her consent. Her uncanny balance of power, swung into the scales for war in 1914, exercises an authority no less potent for real peace to-day. Germany, with Russia as a secondary agency, holds the key to the economic future. Unless she is permitted to become a continuously productive entity there will be no concord, commercial or otherwise, although Europe at the moment is littered with treaties. Instead of being practical and workable documents most of them are merely so many scraps of paper.

The prize joker in this treaty jumble is the Treaty of Sèvres, which was made with Turkey. Under it the Turks were presumably humbled and put into their place. When the eminent politicians affixed their signatures to it they said solemnly: "Turkey will never disturb Europe again." Yet the ink was scarcely dry on the paper before a furious war broke out between the Turks and the Greeks, and it is still raging. Who supplies the sinews to the belligerent Ottomans? War is a costly thing. No one seems to know, yet the conflict goes on. It is part of the chronic disorder that flies the flag of peace.

Let us now briefly examine the three epochs since the world deluded itself with the idea that the sword had been sheathed. With the close of hostilities Europe faced exhaustion. In the race toward economic chaos the Allies were not far behind their enemies. Central Europe had broken down on what might be called the home front rather than on the fighting front. It is certain that Germany could have halted nearly a year on the Rhine but for the economic collapse within her borders. This is why you still hear Germans say that bread and not bullets put them out of commission.

With a map literally rent to pieces, with new governments without experience eager to exercise their fresh-born prerogatives, and with millions of men sick at heart and sicker of purse, the first gigantic task was to ward off Bolshevism on one hand and reaction on the other. Food was the one antidote, and it succeeded. It was then that the vast institution of mercy known as American Relief, under the guidance of Herbert Hoover, stepped into the breach and registered the one brilliant and shining achievement in disinterestedness that stands to the credit of mankind since America cast her lot with right and justice in that memorable April of 1917. Hence that first epoch was primarily dedicated to sustaining shell-shocked Europe, mobilizing the forces of peace and constructing a treaty.

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Cardinal Mercier in His Garden

Obstacles to Rehabilitation

WITH the signing of the treaty what might be called the war of peace began. It all grew out of the fact that politicians and not statesmen shaped the historic document at Versailles. They were too much occupied with the humbling of their principal enemy and the advancement of their own personal and political interests to give much thought to the economic rehabilitation of Europe or to a diplomatic toleration that would make the old fighting states prosperous and harmonious neighbors. The idea of an economic solidarity between all productive forces was lost in the grand shuffle of nationalistic aims and the burning desire for revenge.

Half a dozen business men sitting around a table could have disposed of the matter in one-sixth the time and produced really helpful results. Instead of a peace of practicality the Paris treaty makers framed a declaration of disturbance. They bickered and wrangled so long over the German terms that when they finally reached Austria they were so weary that they made short shrift of a work that was fraught with the utmost economic significance. It was just another evidence of the unbusinesslike procedure of all the peacemaking.

The net result of the Paris Conference was an instrument that inflamed hatreds that should have been buried with the last casualties on the battlefield. Practically all the disintegration, economic and otherwise, in Europe dates from the treaty of peace and not from the original declaration of war. It took Germany precisely two years and a half to find out the bill of damages that she was to pay for her folly. I know of no more convincing evidence of the delay and compromise which have so persistently dogged the attempt at European recovery.

This bill of damages, otherwise known as the German reparation, finally crystallized in May last, and on August thirty-first the first billion marks in gold had been paid. It was one of the most cheering signs of the troubled times, because it showed the Teutonic willingness to pay. It had a larger meaning than this, however.

A considerable part of the French and Belgian rehabilitation depends upon German reparation. But no sooner did the old marks begin to stream Allyward than the daily European complication developed. A grand scramble ensued for the spoils of victory. Little Belgium had a certain priority, in view of her huge war debt. France, however, stepped in and demanded a portion for reconstruction. At the same time England came across with a request for some compensation to cover the cost of her army of occupation. Meanwhile those marks are idle and are not doing anybody any good.

But another and far more serious obstacle to rehabilitation reared its head, for it aimed at the very root of Allied cohesion. Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty a plebiscite was ordered to determine the nationality of Upper Silesia. The result of that vote gave a clear majority for Germany. At this juncture France declared that it could not be accepted because Teutonic retention of the valuable mineral deposits and arsenals in the debatable territory constituted a menace to her security. England backed up the German contention and, as most people know, an open rupture was averted only when the Silesian problem was

(Continued on Page 98)

WASHINGTON AVENUE

By Samuel Merwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

YOU are to picture a well-shaded avenue in a suburb of New York; a curving street with a roadway of perfectly kept macadam along which on a certain Saturday afternoon in June many automobiles were rolling homeward from the railway station; family cars for the most part, driven by smiling matrons or by young boys and girls or, in an occasional instance, by uniformed chauffeurs, with the head of the family in each car on his way home from the city. The name displayed on the glass transparencies that inclosed the ornamental street lamps was Washington Avenue.

It was an avenue of homes; white colonial houses of modern design, brick houses, concrete, even—on one or two impressive corners—stone, with churches of the various prosperous denominations rearing their spires and their towers at decorous distances; an avenue as well of nicely grouped shrubbery, betraying the hand of the landscape architect, that was sweet to the nostrils with bush roses and ramblers and gay to the eye with banks of rhododendron and flaming peonies and poppies; an avenue set apart behind a barrier of money for men who managed industries or dealt in securities or worked otherwise remotely each day in city office buildings, but who wished to shield their families from all that the city means.

These families now gave the avenue its brightly human atmosphere. Little girls and boys, bare of knees and head, ran over the smooth lawns where sprinklers played mistily. Older girls in pretty frocks strolled two by two or sat in automobiles at the grassy curb or on porches with young men in flannels. From one shadowy porch snatches of song floated out, supported by the soft twanging of a ukulele, and added a touch of rhythmic life to the pleasant atmosphere of the street. The ear caught the sound without considering that the songs were by no means the simple-hearted ballads of an earlier generation—not Seeing Nellie Home or Love's Old Sweet Song, and not the college glees that had seemed in the not overdistant past to suggest a deepening tradition of American folk song, but jazz tunes from recent Broadway shows, with words that ran smartly to the vulgar and sensual.

It was, indeed, a suggestively American avenue, breathing an air of comfortable salaries and lucky investments; clean, with an easy sense of freedom, if with more than a touch of pretentiousness in every block; perhaps the best sort of thing in the way of comfort and culture that America has in any large way to offer at the present time. The husbands and fathers who rode home from the station with an air of settled proprietorship were surely representative men, college-bred for the most part, men to whom wealth was a shining goal, bridge a daily diversion and football at the old college (particularly winning) still a matter of some importance.

And to a reflective observer it must have seemed that the flower of this culture was its young womanhood. It was hard to escape the thought that the avenue existed for these girls—there were so many of them. They had such healthy beauty and such assurance; each was so plainly the pride of one or another of the luxurious homes; and they had the gift of playing without a care, like royal princesses; though perhaps princesses have cares.

The matrons who drove the automobiles and visited back and forth on the porches had plainly been just such girls, reared in comfort by fond parents, and, excepting perhaps a degree of schooling with finish in mind, in a pleasant outdoor idleness.

"We're a Wild Lot, All Up and Down the Avenue. I'd Give Anything in the World to Get Out of This Life"

One of the automobiles turned in by an Elizabethan cottage in timber work and concrete with an imitation thatch roof and a concrete porte-cochère. Three persons descended: the host, Archleigh Baine, a thin man, very quick in movement, with a nervous habit of twitching his mouth; his wife, a pretty woman with a tinge of auburn in her abundant hair, and eyes that were bluer than common but inclined to wander inattentively; and the guest, an inconspicuous, perhaps shy man in the thirties, revealing, when he removed his hat, little bald salients extending upward from a broad not too full forehead.

Baine lifted out a suitcase, saying, "Come right in, Harry, and I'll shake up a wee snifter."

A moment later the guest found himself alone in a long living room that was airy and pleasant enough, if heavy with upholstered chairs and sofas. He looked thoughtfully about at the walls. The pictures that hung here and there were apparently handed down from an earlier generation—framed photographs of a cathedral or two, a photographic copy of the Cruche Cassée, another of the Christ Child by Murillo, in an old walnut frame, two or three fairly good Japanese prints and a rather bad painting in oils of a bowl of asters in a heavily elaborate gilt frame. There were also a large pickerel mounted on an oval board, with a bit of history typewritten and pasted beneath it, and an enlarged photograph of the old college campus, and a mounted deer head. There was only the one painting. The rugs were a casual collection from the looms of Persia, Manchester and East Aurora. There was, indeed, no bit of decorative warmth that indicated a touch of personal taste; all but the deer head, the pickerel and the campus scene might have come from the nearest dealer in household furnishings. The only personal expression in the room was the insistence of those huge chairs and sofas on extreme physical comfort.

The grand piano revealed, through certain knobs and sliding panels below the keyboard, inner mechanical devices. The guest glanced through the pile of music there. It was a gathering in of the song hits of half a hundred musical comedies and revues, crude in colored covers as in theme, music and words; the melodies mere stencil reproductions of other long-successful tunes, the verses ungrammatical and bearing down heavily on that distressingly sensual bluntness that had become, swiftly of recent years, a social commonplace; songs manufactured by vulgar but determined aliens to tap that vein of success known to the trade as sure-fire. And he considered, this guest, the ease with which the careless American public permits the domination, in the fields of popular music and the theater, of these curious outlanders, as if they had come prospecting into an immense area of waste lands of the mind and staked out vast claims. He considered as well the pathetic efforts of certain groups of narrow-minded folk, lingering ethnological fragments of that somewhat savage subspecies, the Puritans, to strike a new balance by forcing the vital life of a huge young nation back into the shackles of an old lost day. The whole business seemed a mess. He gave it up and turned to the window. In spite of the artificiality and the pretentiousness of the curving avenue, it was at least freshly green out there, and the flowers were lovely.

A girl's voice said, "Oh!"

II

THE guest, turning, became aware first of a head of red-gold hair, very red and richly golden, cut off at the shapely neck—"bobbed" was the word—and yet all natural waves that caught the light and warmly reflected it; then of a body so easily, gracefully, slimly round that the flimsy clothing revealingly draping it seemed hardly to matter, and finally of wide blue eyes and a demure mouth and a nose that turned up a little at the tip. She might have been eighteen.

He stood motionless, looking at her in quite the spirit in which he had the moment before looked at the roses and poppies across the way.

"I didn't know anybody was here," she added, taking him in with frank interest. "I must have met you somewhere. Can't think where. I'm Dorothy Baine."

"My name is"—he hesitated; these young things of to-day always frightened him somewhat—"my name is Thone."

The blue eyes widened, then sparkled, and she came forward with outstretched hand.

"Not the great Henry Thone!" He was blushing a little. "How perfectly ripping! Dad never said a word. Come over here and sit right down and talk to me!"

He meekly followed her to the largest sofa. Her sense of proprietorship was instant, complete, compelling.

The sofa on which he found himself sinking stirred a vaguely uncomfortable memory. It was the kind he thought of as a davenport. During a period of rather protracted insolvency, not so many years back, he had lived in a single room in New York with a similar piece of furniture that turned into a lumpy bed at night.

"I heard dad shaking something up," she breezed on, "and thought he was in here. How simply great, finding

Dorothy Hesitated on the Sill

you instead! I've simply got to tell you how I loved you in The Party Girl. You were wonderful. And that love scene where you took the blame to shield that boy and the vamp almost got you—m-m-m! The girls talk about it yet. Tell me, why don't you go into the movies?"

She paused for breath. He replied rather weakly, "I must be too old."

Dad came in then, wielding with one hand a cocktail mixer and with the other carrying a tray on which were three glasses.

"I've taken charge of Mr. Thone," the girl cried cheerfully. But her eyes were on the tray. "Glad to see you brought a glass for me."

"That glass is for your mother," said Archleigh Baine sharply. "I don't want you to touch it." He filled the glasses and with two of them joined his guest.

"You needn't snap at me," said she.

"I'll snap until I make you mind for a change."

Henry Thone gazed down into his glass, aware of an increasing discomfort of mind. The girl rose and moved away, humming. Her father called after her, "Don't you touch that glass! You know you were lit last night."

She whirled about in a saucy pirouette and moved toward the tray, still humming. Thone's eyes followed her; watched as she traced an initial in the white frost on the shaker. She glanced up and caught his eye. Without complete success, he tried to look away. She smiled.

"Cheerio!" said Baine, and drained his glass. Thone sipped his.

Dorothy took the top off the shaker, drank from it, replaced the top and with a chuckle danced out of the room. She ran upstairs and called a number from the telephone extension in the upper hall; spoke in a low voice.

"You're out of luck to-night, Georgie. We've got company and I'm staying home. Oh, yes, it's a man! Old friend of dad's. What's that? Well, old dear, you do see a lot of me. Anyhow, I don't want to dance to-night. Now for heaven's sake don't get to acting up! You talk as if —— Now listen! Listen! Never mind about these older men. They seem to know how to take care of themselves. This one's afraid of me. Actually! Isn't it a scream?"

III

THREE couples came in for dinner, whose names Thone didn't catch. Baine set up what he termed the bar on a table by the piano and busied himself with two cocktail shakers, one after the other.

A man they called Charley, plumply jovial, cried out, "My word, Arch, this is the real stuff! Where'd you ever get it?"

Baine smiled knowingly and refilled his glass.

Dorothy, at Thone's side, murmured, "Aren't you going to drink yours?"

"Why ——"

"I'll finish it," said she, and did so.

Thone felt that he should call the matter to her father's attention, but then decided not to.

A pretty woman whom they called Dora, lolling on the sofa, called out, "How's your still working, Charley?"

"All right." The jovial one dropped down beside her and slipped an arm within hers. "But I'm a little shaky on this fusel-oil thing. Say, Doc," addressing the thin man with the black mustache, "is it enough to pour off the first 20 per cent and the last 20 per cent, or ——"

"Sounds awfully wasteful to me," mused Dora as she playfully held out her glass for another cocktail.

"Or should I put it through the still twice?"

"Better ask a specialist," replied Doc. "I'm sticking to beer myself."

"How's the brew coming on?" asked a pretty blond young woman called Harriet, who appeared to be Charley's wife. "Any more explosions lately?"

Doc laughed as he advanced to the bar.

"No; that seems to be just a matter of temperature. Only trouble is, I can't seem to make it so it'll stand any carrying about. It has to be drunk right on the place."

"We must come over!" cried Charley in an affectedly feminine voice that stirred the group to laughter.

"I've understood they used a chemical preservative in commercial beer," remarked the third man, "so it would stand transportation."

"And then, Jim"—this was Doc—"the water must be pure. A little organic matter will spoil your beer, and cane sugar in the mixture you buy may cause a double fermentation. Brewers check that with sulphuric acid."

"Sounds poisonous," muttered Jim.

"Oh, no! They get it out afterward with lime."

"Here, here, Harry!" cried Baine, turning on his distinguished guest. "You're not drinking!"

Thone struggled with an impulse to protest. Dorothy was nudging him to yield. After all, the responsibility was not his.

"Come out into the dining room," called Mrs. Baine. "Dinner's ready. Bring your glasses right along. Dorothy, when did you decide to stay home?"

"As soon as I saw Mr. Thone."

"We've no place for you at the table."

"I fixed one myself."

"Oh, you did!" They were finding their places. "Next to Mr. Thone, too, you little devil!"

"Mm-hm! I'm vamping him."

"I should say you are! Sit down, everybody."

"I still want to know where you got this gin, Arch," called Charley above the confusion of voices. "You certainly didn't have it last week."

"Ask me," Jim broke in. "We've got the same bootlegger now."

"Is it the West Indies stuff?"

"No. Comes over the road from Canada."

"I thought they'd stopped that."

"Stop it, nothing! How can they?"

"And now"—this was Baine, rising—"I've got a surprise for you; a little testimonial of good cheer to our guest of the evening." And he produced a wooden bucket of cracked ice out of which projected four unmistakable champagne bottles. There were cheers and applause.

Dora cried, "Arch, you're marvelous!"

"It's only native stuff, I'm sorry to say. But, after all, it is booze. On your feet, everybody! To Henry Thone, the best young actor in America!"

Thone, very unhappy, found himself rising and raising his glass to his lips.

"Wait!" cried Dorothy. "We'll drink it together!" And, glass in hand, she crooked her arm through his.

"Dorothy," cried Mrs. Baine, "who said you could drink with us? Put down that glass at once, or leave the table!"

"I am putting it down," Dorothy murmured—for Thone's ear.

"Dorothy!" This was Baine, suddenly flushed and irritable. "Dorothy, leave the table!"

His wife, as suddenly irritable, cried, "Arch, you keep still! Leave this to me!"

"Who's head of this house, anyway?" he shouted. His wife snatched up a salt shaker and threw it at him; by some unhappy accident it struck him full on the nose.

Charley cried merrily, "First blood for the suffragettes!" Which was regarded as wit.

Dora rose so abruptly that her chair upset, rushed to Baine and pressed her napkin against the bruise, petted and soothed him, her arm about his shoulders.

"Easy, Dora," cried Charley's wife, "or Charley'll be getting jealous."

"I'm going to be just as nice to him as I want to be," said Dora.

"He's an old dear, that's what he is," and she kissed him. "There, sweetie, now it doesn't hurt any more, does it?"

Thone, taking all this in, became aware that Dorothy was nudging him again, and turned to find her prettily flushed face upraised for a kiss. He hesitated.

Charley laughed loudly.

"Don't tell me the great actor's afraid of a girl!"

Dorothy was humorously insisting, so Thone yielded.

"The bunch up at Wingate's"—this was Doc, talking to Harriet and Jim as casually as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred—"are making liqueurs. Good too. They import the sirups from France. Then they buy drug-store alcohol and get out the carbolic or formaldehyde with some chemical reagent and put it into the sirups. They're turning out curaçao and benedictine and even apricot brandy."

Thone felt his head getting light, and his sense of values was slipping away. It seemed hardly unnatural that Dorothy should be clinging to him affectionately. He noted with deepening discomfort of spirit that his host and hostess were looking daggers at each other across the table. Baine was holding Dora close to him. Thone decided to drink no more.

After dinner Dora set a fox-trot record going and undertook to teach Baine a dance step that ended in a boisterous embrace, and in this wise they whirled slowly out to a screened porch.

"Here!" cried the incorrigible Charley. "Break away, you two! None o' that now!"

Jim, Harriet and Doc were over on the sofa, eagerly talking. Thone caught phrases here and there.

"No, you make it out of molasses. As I remember, it's three gallons of molasses to six gallons warm water to—and then the yeast. . . . Oh, once every day, for just a minute—and it's a good thing to have the pulp of three oranges in the retort."

Then Thone found himself confronted by the loud-voiced Charley, who asked, "What you going to act in next year?"

"The play isn't named yet," Thone replied gravely.

"Going to have that peach with you—what's her name—Louise Loomis?"

"Really I couldn't say."

"Some back that girl has! And she doesn't care who sees it. I bought front-row seats four or five nights just to look at her. I was the fellow that used to laugh so loud when you carried her into the house after she pretended to turn her ankle. Remember?"

"Well ——"

"Pretty soft for you, I'll say, playing around with a pippin like that. How is she off the stage?"

"She's a charming girl."

"I'll say so! Good scout, eh? Say, you couldn't let me in on one of your parties in town, could you"—this in a low voice—"and have her there?"

"You let my Henry alone!" cried Dorothy, joining them and slipping her hand into Thone's.

"Your Henry, eh? She's a fast worker, this kid. Say, you ought to put her on the stage. She'd get over, as they say. Tell you what, folks"—Charley was shouting again—"let's all hop into the cars and run up to Wingate's and try those liqueurs!"

The suggestion was received with enthusiasm. Dorothy carried Thone off in her own little runabout, and when Charley shouted after them, "Mind you two turn up at Wingate's," she merely chuckled.

"Don't Tell Me the Great Actor's Afraid of a Girl!"

IV

"DO THOSE people ever talk about anything else?" he asked dispiritedly as the car sped up the avenue.

"Anything else?"

"Besides booze?"

"Oh, no, never!"

She drove on, out into the open country.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked after a time.

"Oh, anywhere—except to the Wingates'. They bore me, and besides, when dad and Dora Ainsmith get lit up enough to show their hands I always want to clear out. It worries me. They can't either of 'em carry their liquor."

He was impressed by the cool way in which she carried hers. She handled her car with an easy skill. Probably she was driving faster than commonly. Excepting this fact and the absence of conversational barriers, however, there were no evidences of the surprising quantity of cocktails and wine she had consumed. She was plainly a youngster of considerable natural force.

"Why did you ask that about the booze talk?" They were miles farther along when she put this question.

"Because ——" he hesitated.

"Oh, say it! I think I know what's in your mind."

"Well, the whole thing strikes me as pretty complete cultural bankruptcy."

"You put it awfully well," said she. "But it's that way everywhere nowadays. Everybody's on the loose. The lid is off. I've visited, this last year, out in the Middle West and over near Boston, and it was the same both places. It's sort of hard for a girl too. They devil you all the time, and I get on so well with the older men. That makes problems. Oh, I suppose I'll be going on the rocks one of these days!"

They were silent for a time, until she coolly drove into the yard of a road house.

"We can talk in here," she said. When they were seated at a table she added quietly, "You can get pretty fair bourbon or rye here."

"No," said he shortly, "I shan't take any, and neither shall you."

"H'm!" she murmured. "I'm not used to being ordered around like that."

Evidently this man, however shy he might be among strangers, was by no means timid. She considered him with frank admiration.

"I haven't the faintest wish to order you around, but I have got to drive back with you."

"Not this little while." She rested her elbows on the table, propped her pretty cheeks with her slim hands and continued studying him, adding with a touch of injured pride, "I never lose control of my car."

"Have your father or mother no control over you?"

She moved her head slowly in the negative.

"How could they have? I know what they're up to. Three times I've caught Dora Ainsmith and dad in the city, having tea and things. And mother's all stirred up about something. I can't quite make out what she's up to. They quarrel a lot, she and dad. Listen! I won't pretend I'm crazy about all this wild stuff. It has me scared some of the time. If I could find something to be busy at I'd leap at it. I've thought of the movies, of course. Most girls do. But I don't know how to break in, and dad and mother are funny about it—prejudiced. Dad has a queer Puritan streak in him. Sometimes I think he's at war with himself."

Thone knit his brows. The girl seemed to him uncanny, but she was likable now. She had honesty and native character of a sort, however undeveloped.

"I've thought of the stage too. Now, listen! I'm going to tell you the truth. I'm so darn near to getting in wrong that it's got me guessing. There was a man in that party to-night that's bothering me. You'd never guess and there's no object in telling. You didn't see a thing, did you? No? He's very quiet about it. Has to be, with his wife watching. He's the quiet kind anyway. I try to get away from him and play around with the younger set, but they're worse if anything. You see they don't interest me like some of the older people. I've thought of breaking away—going on the stage. Say, could you help me do that? Or would it just be out of the frying pan into the fire? The stage is pretty wild, of course—wilder, I suppose. But you're not that way. You puzzle me."

He settled back in his chair, lighted a cigarette.

"Well," she pressed him, nervously now like her father, "why don't you say something?"

His brows were knit.

"I suppose there are wild elements on the stage," he began, "though I haven't myself come much into contact with—though—oh, yes, of course, come to think of it! But the work is so hard. I take it you and your crowd don't go in for work."

She shook her head.

"We just chase around."

"Do you read anything?"

"How can we? There isn't time. Oh, the magazines now and then."

"You're just altogether disorganized."

"I suppose so, but no more than everybody else. I guess it's just life nowadays."

"Perhaps—don't you think we should be starting back?"

It Was Henry Thone Who Was Wooing the Play Despite Nearly Constant Interruptions

"Why?" Her surprise was real.

"Your people will wonder a little, won't they?"

"Oh, no. I'm usually out till two or three. They're too drunk to notice much by this time. They'll probably kid us a little. I'm used to that."

"When do you sleep?"

"Mornings, of course. There's nothing else to do then anyway."

"I noticed two or three churches on your street. Tomorrow is Sunday. I thought suburban people went to ——"

"Not our crowd. Heavens! You haven't said anything about helping me get on the stage!"

"I'd have to think about that. What a life! Good Lord, what a life!"

She lowered her eyes at this, and her mouth tightened a little. With less assurance, after a moment, she went on: "I know that lots of the young girls are getting away with it nowadays, and I don't see why I mightn't."

In a measure she had succeeded in impressing her personality on him; to the extent, at least, that he was casting about for a way to tell her a little—a very little—of the difficulties in beginning a stage career. But her ignorance baffled him. It was abysmal.

"That girl that was with you—Louise Loomis—the little vamp. She's young. She couldn't have had much experience."

"Louise?" Unkindness could do this child no good. Patiently he answered the implied question. "Louise had two or three years at a dramatic school. Then at my suggestion she went to Madame Sabatini for training in physical control. That was how she learned to stand and walk. She is working now at the technic of Russian dancing with Lekine. She has had to fight a huskiness in her voice, but she's getting hold of that. She has had two or three years in stock out West—the hardest kind of work. Louise will get on, I think. She means business, and she does know her job."

Dorothy's eyes, at first surprised, then clouded with moisture, hung on him like a dog's. He felt that he was pounding her; but felt, too, that he'd better finish.

"Louise doesn't go to parties. She'd be worn out in a few months if she went that pace. She reads a lot. She has a gift for drawing. Even paints a little. Designs all her own costumes, and she has a fine feeling for music. But it's my observation that the arts run pretty much together. A person who has one gift is likely to have more than one."

"She looked sporty enough in The Party Girl," said Dorothy, with resentment that she couldn't wholly control.

"Yes"—his tone was dry now—"that was a good characterization. Particularly when you consider that she disliked the part. As I say, she knows her job. I didn't care for The Party Girl myself. But we can't always get the plays we want."

"You're making me out pretty small," she said very low.

There was a long silence; then, "Perhaps we had better go back."

They drove off through the night—drove like mad. He held on tightly, set his teeth, fell back on fatalism. She was apparently an extremely angry little girl, but that was all right. But a few moments later, to his surprise, she drew off the road and stopped on a moonlit hillside. He simply waited.

"You're the first man"—she began, and seemed to choke a little. He stole a glance and found that she was crying. But she fought it out. "You're the first man that's ever talked like this to me."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize now, please. I guess I get the force of it. You're right, of course. What I'm wondering is—I can't make out whether you understand—I told you I might go on the rocks. I'm nearer it than you seem to realize."

Her egotism was, perhaps, a good sign. At least there was something there—something.

"I'm used to being made a good deal of, of course. Probably I'm spoiled. No, don't say anything yet! Let me get this out. I'm a wild girl. We're a wild lot, all up and down the avenue. I'd give anything in the world to get out of this life. I've thought of everything—running away, even marrying, though goodness knows I don't want to marry yet. I can't talk to the folks. They'd just yell me down; and anyway, home's as bad as the rest of it."

That sentence shocked him.

"Home's as bad as the rest of it!"

Henry Thone was a sensitive man, delicately responsive, as one who must lead the gypsy life, to the tradition of the American home. A longing for the stability of it—a longing that was, in the lonely hours, an ache—was always present in his heart.

The girl turned on him. She ignored the tears.

"If I knew one man like you—one man I could hold to, with my mind, like this—maybe I could fight out of it. Can't you help me a little? Tell me what I can do!"

"I wish I could," he said gently.

She sank back behind the wheel, moved the spark lever up and down.

"How long are you going to be around here?" she asked dispiritedly. *(Continued on Page 51)*

END OF STEEL—By Hal G. Evarts

The North of Yesterday and To-Morrow

NOTWITHSTANDING the general confidence placed in moccasin telepathy, the boats did not leave Smith till after the arrival of definite information as to the ice situation in the lake. It transpired that the lake had actually cleared four weeks earlier than ever before in the knowledge of white men.

The steamboat Mackenzie River, a boat belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, started on her trip to the Arctic some ten days earlier than any previous sailing date. She was preceded by the Northern Trader, a little boat owned by the Northern Trading Company. The Trader had accommodations for only twenty-odd passengers, yet there were sixty men aboard when she dropped off down the Slave River from Smith. There was scarcely sufficient deck space to permit of the spreading of bed rolls so that all might sleep at the same time, but these men were not of the touchy and exacting variety of traveler. Each one felt himself fortunate in having secured passage and was inclined to rejoice in that fact rather than to indulge in complaints relative to the slender accommodations.

Fort Resolution is situated on the shore of Great Slave Lake some twenty miles from the mouth of Slave River. In the two hundred miles between Fort Smith and Resolution we saw no other outposts of civilization. When arriving at a post the usual procedure is to tie the boat fore and aft to the bank and unload the freight by gangplank, but the water is shallow off Resolution and the Hudson's Bay boat was forced to anchor offshore and unload the freight into large canoes.

Slavie Indian Camp, Great Slave Lake

The Little Gray Nuns

HUNDREDS of Indians were in Resolution, some awaiting the arrival of the treaty party, others for the purpose of trading. The staple diet of these people consists of fish, as the lake is the home of many varieties in great abundance, and here we found a community fish-drying rack capable of holding many tons of fish. It was surrounded by a stockade of palings set upright in the ground to a depth sufficient to prevent the entrance of starving dogs by digging, high enough to preclude all possibility of their scaling the fence by leaping. The Indian camp was overrun by hundreds of emaciated dogs.

After spending an hour among the tepees we crossed to the mission to witness a strange procession. The school mission here is under the supervision of the Little Gray Nuns of the North. This organization has a unique history, having been founded in Montreal nearly two centuries ago by a group of middle-aged ladies banded together under the leadership of Madame D'Youville for the purpose of accomplishing some good work in the world. The present name of the order was derived from a derisive appellation leveled at the few original members in the beginning, for the people called them the Gray Sisters, from the fact that all were gray-haired and had agreed never to marry after forming their little association. They accepted the title thus bestowed on them and adopted a somber gray habit to conform to it.

We heard the thud of many feet and rounded a stockade fence in time to witness the solemn march of the pupils from the chapel to the classroom. A body of the Gray Nuns of the North led the way, looking neither to right nor left, as if their interest in the outside world had ceased to be. Then came the pupils, garbed in clothing they had made in school, so similar in pattern as almost to constitute a uniform. The little boys came first, then the girls, marching in double file, with a rear guard of the Gray Sisters. The pupils seemed overgrave for their years, as if perhaps they had just discovered that there was sin in the world and that they were a part of it. The normal native child is wont to play after the same fashion as his civilized brother; so in all likelihood this procession was an occasion of great solemnity and in no way indicative of the general attitude of the little Indian pupils.

The boat had not left Resolution many hours behind when a storm surged across the lake and we tied up behind an island until it should blow over.

Great Slave Lake is a vast body of water and its ragged shore lines bound twelve thousand square miles of surface. This sheet of water shortens the transportation season of the Mackenzie country by at least four weeks every year. After the first freeze-up the wind scours the ice free of the protecting blanket of snow and the lake freezes to an average depth of seven feet.

The spring thaws pour a mighty volume of flood water into the rivers; the surface of the ice on the streams is channeled and rotted by freshets caused by melting snows. Between the heavy pressure of flood water from below and the rotting effect of freshets tearing over the surface, the ice of the rivers soon loses its grip and is ripped out by the heaving current. But the vast sheet of ice on Great Slave Lake is undisturbed except at the immediate point of entrance of the streams. There is no current to crack and batter it, wind cannot lay hold of it, and this great blanket of ice lingers and defies the sun.

Ice-Bound Till July

THE rivers clear about the third week in May on an average, but the sullen ice fields of the lake hold on for weeks and it is seldom that boats can cross before the first of July, thus retarding the season of communication on the rivers, a season all too short in any event.

The waves were not running very high, although whitecaps were curling past both shores of the island. It seemed that so sturdy a boat as the Mackenzie River should be able to weather such a blow without trouble but Captain Mills was taking no chances and the boat was kept at anchor behind the island for twenty-four hours. The wisdom of this move was proved on the return trip through these waters, for a sudden squall bore down upon the little steamer when there was no island to provide shelter. The river boats are designed for river travel, the decks a mere shell framework built up on flat barges, and they are unseaworthy to a degree when once in the grip of the wind. After the squall struck us on the

Fueling Station. Above—Hay River Post. In the Coal—An Eskimo Woman at Fort McPherson

return trip the unwieldy craft wallowed violently. Passengers were thrown from their bunks and the crash of china sounded continuously from the galley. The tables were swept clean and their contents shattered and churned from wall to wall of the dining saloon. She weathered the run to the mouth of Slave River, but another hour in the grip of the squall would have brought about the collapse of her decking.

However, we had not yet passed through this experience, and the twenty-four hours behind the island seemed an unnecessary delay to some who were hurrying to the oil fields.

On the far horizon we could make out Dead Man's Island with our glasses. No doubt every lake has its Dead Man's Island, the same as every mountain resort has its Death Gulch, its Lover's Leap, Lookout Point and its Bridal Veil Falls, every river its Devil's Bend; but this lack of imagination in nomenclature is frequently compensated by accompanying legends which smack of original thought. The native legend has it that before the advent of the white man a fishing camp of twelve Indian lodges was pitched upon Dead Man's Island. One hunter of great prowess conceived the idea of founding a polygamous colony of his own; so he engaged the head men of the eleven other lodges, slew them all and took their wives and families for his own.

The storm receded, the whitecaps flattened out, and we nosed out from behind the island and proceeded on across the lake. As we chugged through the night the shores of distant islands were marked by the twinkling fires of native fishing camps, kindled no doubt by descendants of the polygamous warrior of old.

Abundant Mica Deposits

THE boat did not run within sight of Caribou Island, where a gold strike was made last fall. A stamp mill is being freighted in to Caribou Island this year by the associates of the original locator, who was drowned this spring while coming in by canoe. The present year has ushered in more actual prospecting activity than the Mackenzie District has known in any three years prior to this time. During the summer we saw many samples of quartz which were destined for assay offices outside. Flakes of native silver as large as half dollars had been found among the rocks on the shores of Great Slave Lake, and we viewed several of these nuggets.

A well-known mining man, familiar with mining conditions throughout the world, told me of a vein of mica located by a prospector while searching for gold, and who sought his advice in the matter. He gave it as his opinion that this was perhaps the greatest mica discovery ever made, but so remote from any available means of transportation as to render its development a matter of the distant future. The windowpanes of the cabin in which the prospectors wintered were cut from one solid block of mica which they pried from the vein.

Fish-Drying Rack, Hay River Post. Above—Unloading Trading Goods at Fort Simpson

Missionaries of several denominations are plentiful in the North. In fact, it seemed to the casual observer that the competition for souls was keener than the competition for pelts in a country where fur trading is the one industry. As in all else, the practical good of this work varies with the individual who applies it. In some localities it apparently consisted of teaching the native to read the Bible in the Cree or Chipewyan language, or of an effort to influence him to adopt the white man's mode of living. The last is an ideal the consummation of which is impossible of attainment for the present, and its advisability is doubtful. The Indian lives almost exclusively on berries, fish, rabbits and the meat of caribou and moose. When a family makes a kill of large game it is impossible to move the meat, so they move camp. In their own way they are equally practical in all things. The game moves and the Indian moves with it. He is gradually absorbing some of the white man's ways through the medium of the fur trade. His one way of acquiring the appliances and conveniences of the white man is by trapping fur to trade for them.

Hay River Gardens

THUS the very medium of exchange which makes acquirement possible necessitates his following a nomadic life to a certain extent at least. The mission work ranges all the way from the preaching of a literal hell, depicted by an illustrated map of the awful road thereto, on through to the opposite extreme of practical sanitation in everyday life.

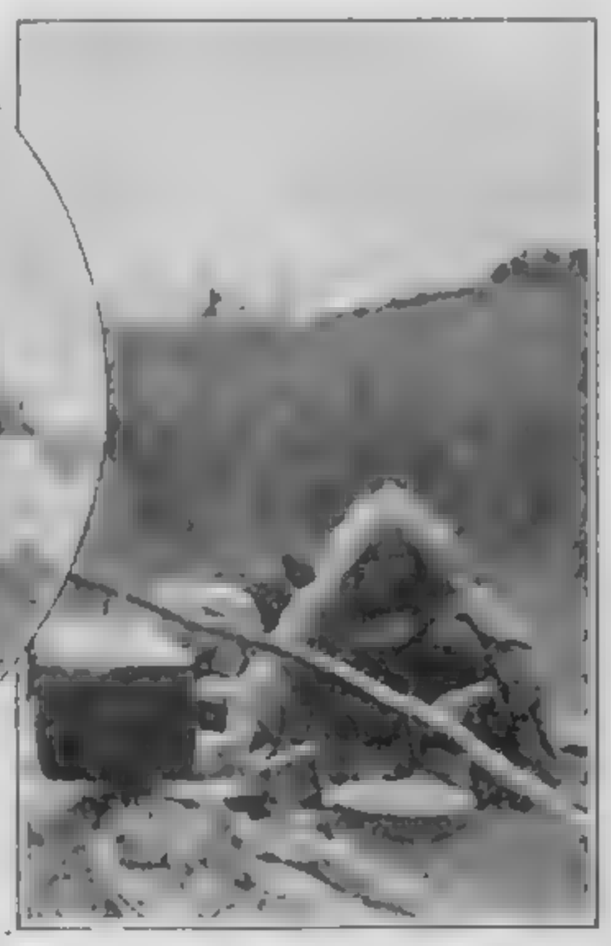
It was two A.M. when the boat reached Hay River, but we were now so far north that we encountered but a few hours of semidarkness, and the houses of the settlement were easily distinguishable in the twilight. Throngs of natives gathered on the shore to greet us as the boat was made fast to the bank. The fact that they appeared fully clothed within two minutes after the hoarse blast of the boat's siren was not surprising, for the fashion of the native is to sleep in his clothing; but the citizens of Hay River were garbed in finery that lacked the crumpled effect of having just been utilized for sleeping apparel. It happened that a dance was in progress and the Indians had not yet retired. Hay River was the home of wonderful gardens; orderly rows of vegetables showed on every hand, and some of the cabins were flanked by banks of flowers. This was the work of the Hay River Mission.

At other points along the Mackenzie River there are other missions sponsored by the Church of England, and Catholic missions conducted by the bearded priests of the Order of O. M. I. and the Little Gray Nuns of the North, all doing more or less the same sort of good work.

(Continued on Page 32)

Eskimos at Arctic Red River

Dog-Rib Indians on Mackenzie River Near Fort Norman



The Wife of an Eskimo Photographer

THE BIBLE 'BO

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

WALKING very slowly because of a vague melancholy that lay on him the old tramp came out of the early darkness in the cañon into the last warm sunshine of the day that saturated the fragrant hushed reaches of Masters' Meadow. It had been four or five seasons since he had made Masters', but it was all familiar to him, for nothing was changed. He stopped awhile, without lowering the soiled roll slung by a length of soft rope from his shoulder, and stood contemplating the peace and lush plenty of this isolated Sierra Nevada upland.

He had come from Truckee, eighteen miles away, that day, but he was not tired. Thirty years on the road had toughened his tall strong body; in endurance and strength he was, at sixty, the superior of most striplings. His hair was long, his beard patriarchal. His clothes were worn and faded, but he was clean. His right shoulder had stiffened itself under the load of his blanket roll in all these years, so that it was now slightly higher than his left, and this had given his walk a slight cant. His arms were long and his hands large. But his fingers were slim, his mouth sensitive and a little drooping under his faded beard; his eyes had in them a burning quality; all these signs clearly indicated his temperament, which was that of an artist; his character, which was that of a zealot. What background there was for this vagabond, what reason for his vagabondage—since neither could have been that of the ordinary knight of the road—no one knew. He moved up and down the country, painting on fence board, barn side, rock and tree blaze—anywhere he could find a working surface—admonitions to the saving of souls. His apostolate had no other expression, however. He never preached, never proselyted; no one had ever seen him in a mission or a church. His texts, scrawled, but legible and strongly done, exhorted for him in forty states and always off the beaten track—in regions where the voice of the man of God was seldom or never heard and whither their wonted activities summoned rough and irreligious men. On his earlier missions he had carried bundles of small tracts furnished him by a church society, but he had long since left even these behind him, because the giving out of tracts, he found, led to disputation, ridicule, argument, and weakened his case. His patience, his silence, his helpfulness and self-sacrificing nature won him respect among those he encountered on his way. They judged him a little off, of course. Perhaps, in common with zealous apostles habited in a garb much more respectable than his own, he was. But his heart commended him, and he felt God moving at his right hand.

He had gone through this Meadow more than a quarter of a century ago for the first time; before the big house was built for dour old Andrew Masters' bride. Andrew had been a rough, blunt man, but just; when some of the lumberjacks and skinners had tried to pick a quarrel with the tramp, making coarse and blasphemous jests about his call, Andrew had intervened, laying heavy hands about him, and had fed the hobo and given him bunk room beside the fire in the old log-and-frame quarters.

"I'm not a churchgoer much, Jack," he had said then; "but I read my Bible, and I guess your way of preaching salvation is better than some. Bed down. Breakfast's at six."

"Thank you, brother," the itinerant had replied.

He Stopped Awhile, and Stood Contemplating the Peace and Lush Plenty of This Isolated Sierra Nevada Upland

He seldom said much more. His was not the gift of speech. But he had remembered Masters' Meadow and its crusty owner through all the years and had learned something, from time to time, of the history of the station.

As he stood looking out upon it now he remembered seeing the old lumberman's young wife once, a year or so after she came to grace and brighten the rambling great house built for her; later, a quiet-eyed, brown-haired little girl, who stared at him curiously but did not run away. He had given her a tract; her soft "Thank you" he could hear again now, and her shy questions about the simple implements that he used when, in the late afternoon, he had spread a text on a fence board. "Feed my sheep"—that had been his selection. Because Masters had followed the example of others after the lower holdings had been timbered off and the grass had begun to thicken on the virgin land; there were sheep and herders and sheep men and sheep buyers all through the country, from the Summit almost to Auburn, where the orchards began. "Feed my sheep."

As he had dipped his cheap worn brush into his can of lampblack, oil and turpentine the baby had touched his arm timidly.

"Could I paint? I'm Prissy. I could paint!"

So he had let her paint, on a lower board. A calling voice, musical and merry, had summoned her at last, and she had run off, clutching her tract in a little fist black with text paint. For years he had not been that way; then, returning, had heard of the sudden death of the child wife, old Andrew's difficulties over business with some relatives and his growing churlishness, and of how the young girl waited on him, hand and foot, and gave him a loyalty and devotion that men wondered at, knowing Andrew Masters.

So time had passed. Andrew Masters had prospered in lumber, he had prospered with his sheep, he had bought and sold timber and mining claims, he had benefited heavily, folks said, through a deal for extensive water rights on the Upper Yuba when the city people began to come up for their electric power and to take away from the homesteaders the rivers and the lakes they had always thought of as their own. He was reputed to be very wealthy now; but no one knew why, if he were, he should not alter somewhat, for the young girl's sake, his lonely and isolated manner of living. No; instead he had remained there long after his timber had been logged off, his sheep sold to the Basques, his water rights gone; had remained there stubbornly, silent, mysterious, aging—clinging to the Meadow. Was it because there was buried there some treasure, as people whispered, other than that contained in the white-pine box that lay under a small stone on the slope below Little Mountain? Did his dead girl wife hold him or was it some store of the earth earthy? There was no answer, as far as the old tramp had ever heard. Andrew Masters stayed, and with him the girl. Twenty, now, probably. And never out of Masters' Meadow?

The Bible 'Bo—so he was called—hitched his dingy roll up with a twist of his body and moved out into the Meadow. The last rays of the sun threw a long grotesque shadow behind him on the tough grass, close cropped by sheep; a cowbell in the distance sounded its irregular minor note; on the edge of the still gray meadow pool, frogs began their evening chorus experimentally, like tuning musicians. Through the trees he could see the sprawling old house, weather-beaten and shabby, into which, then glistening with paint and shining with glass, Andrew Masters had taken his young wife. There was no movement anywhere about now. The Meadow seemed deserted.

Where the old narrow-gauge right of way ran down beside the site of the mill, now fallen to ruin, he stopped again. On his last trip through he had, after asking leave, painted one of his texts on a fence; since then the fence had been replaced by a new one. Mechanically he measured it off with his eye—sought a motto that would fill the space. Out of his great store he chose one; it would fit both the length of the board he had selected and his own mood, which was a chastened one demanding reassurance—a renewal of the Spirit.

He quoted it slowly, in a rough, uneven voice: "The God of my rock; in him will I trust."

Repeating it half aloud, as leaven for the heaviness that seemed to be closing about him, he turned at brisker pace and set off up the avenue of neglected trees leading towards the house. Weeds grew rankly on both sides; the old fences were falling to pieces; the track of the road was dim and grass-matted. In the silence of the whole Meadow the dingy habitation of its owner seemed moribund. His text failed him; he walked less rapidly. The curtains were all drawn; there was no smoke from the broad chimney at the end of the kitchen ell; except that with his unerring instinct he felt the presence of people about, the tramp would have thought the house abandoned. He went to a side door, knocked humbly there.

Almost immediately footsteps sounded on the bare kitchen floor, crossed the hall. The door was opened by a tall, tanned, boyish young man, chafed and made uncomfortable by the store clothes he wore, for he pulled awkwardly at his climbing vest and twisted his neck impatiently in his white collar.

"Howdy!" he said, in a guarded tone. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to put a Bible verse on the new fence down to the mill," the tramp said, unconsciously lowering his own voice. "If Mr. Masters ——"

A door opened somewhere above, stairs creaked, and a man spoke, harshly and in a quarreling, irritable pitch.

"Go in and sit with him. I'll see who it is."

The boy in the door looked around, then he stepped outside and spoke hastily.

"There's a lot of trouble here," he said. "You better go. I guess it won't hurt any if you paint your verse. Mr. Masters'll never know."

"He ain't sold out?"

"He's dying."

It seemed to the tramp that he had known this, but had forgotten it; that he had heard those words before from this boy about Andrew Masters. He hitched his roll up, turned without a word and started from the porch. But the door was jerked open and in it stood a wiry, short, thin-faced man in neat and decent black clothes, whose eyes darted suspiciously from the tramp to the boy and whose hands opened and closed rapidly like those of one preparing to strike a blow.

"You're not wanted here, young Stivers!" he rasped, in the same nagging tone the tramp had heard from the stairhead. "I've told you that before. Get out or you'll be forced out!"

"I'm going," the youth said.

He spoke in a changed voice, truculently. He opened the door and passed inside once more. The man who had burst out took a step towards the Bible 'Bo.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want?" A moment's pause altered him. He softened his voice. "Hungry, eh? Well, walk in. I'll see what they can find for you."

"I didn't come for that."

"Maybe not. You'll take it, though, I suppose?"

He was persuasive now, rather than angered. The change in him was as sharp as it had been in the boy. The youth had been kindly but had dissembled his good nature; this man was hard and unkind but sought to dissemble his evil spirit. The tramp hesitated. "There's a lot of trouble here," the boy had said.

"I could eat a little something," the Bible 'Bo admitted. "I'll work it out if you'll let me."

"Go into the kitchen. I'll send somebody. Or no; I'll come back myself."

He opened the door for the tramp, showed him into a room at the right inside, and hurried towards the stairs. The Bible 'Bo stepped into the kitchen, then stopped irresolutely.

The youth who had first greeted him stood in the middle of the room beside a chair on which a girl sat, her head in her arms on a table, her mouth pressed against her wrist to stifle sobs. Her hair was disordered and the twilight flecked its brown abundance with gold. Her slight frame was racked and shaken by grief; her knees and ankles were locked together; it was apparent that she was fighting her agony desperately. The boy touched her shoulder and the tramp saw tears gather in his eyes and swell and roll to his brown cheeks.

"It'll come out somehow, Prissy," he said in a whisper. "I'm only making it worse for you by staying. I'll be down at the bunk house if you want me."

The girl tried to answer but could not. The Bible 'Bo shifted his weight from one foot to the other and spoke in his harsh, uneven tones.

"He said he was comin' back in a minute," he warned them. "That man upstairs. I'm waitin' for him."

The girl looked up. Her face was drawn with anxiety and grief, and flushed with her weeping. But she was so beautiful that the old tramp gulped. He knew her at once—the child who had painted with him in the Meadow fifteen years ago; whom he had seen once or twice since, at a distance. She was Priscilla Masters. If there had been any doubt that she loved Andrew Masters, that rough and domineering pioneer of the Sierra, it would have been dissipated by a glance at her scarred face. But there was more than anguish for him upon it—there was terror. She had clutched at the big roughened hand of the youth beside her when he had touched her; she clung to his hand passionately while she looked up, with a quick flash of recognition, into the faded eyes of the old hobo.

"I helped you paint," she said, as though that made unnecessary all formalities. She leaned towards him in appeal. "Uncle Daniel won't let Rod stay. I don't know why. He's taken a dislike to Rod. And I need him here."

"He won't be far," the Bible 'Bo said. "You don't want to be arguing things now, lady. Let him go."

"That's what I tell her," young Stivers said. "I'll wait down at the bunk house." His face brightened. "Couldn't you bed down there to-night? It'd be company."

"Maybe. If you want me. Listen—he's coming!"

The boy took his hand from hers gently but hastily, and ran out the rear. The girl started up as though to follow, then turned and went up by an inner door opening on stairs.

The little man in black came in, followed by a thin somber one in gray, who carried a lawyer's brief case. This gentleman looked hard at the Bible 'Bo, as though appraising him, then nodded to the little man.

The latter, in his curbed voice, began: "I'm Daniel Masters. My brother sent for me a week ago to bring his will up for him to sign. This is Mr. Abercrombie, our attorney. We need a witness to the signing; that's what we want you for."

"I don't know much about them things, Mr. Masters," the tramp said. He had no guile, but he had some knowledge of the world and it seemed to him that he might be of some service, not to these hard and anxious men but to the girl, and perhaps to her distressed and bewildered lover. "I'll do anything that's right."

"This would be quite right."

"Don't forget I'm a tramp, though. Don't know as you'd ever find me if you needed me afterwards."

The lawyer intervened, with his precise words.

"We take that into account, my man," he said. "The witnessing of a will of the character of this one—like this one, you understand—is purely perfunctory. I mean by that that it is only a matter of form. The law requires two witnesses."

"You've got somebody else?"

"I will sign it with you." He took a document from his leather case, thumbed it expertly, spread it on the table. A fountain pen was laid beside it. "On this line, please."

The Bible 'Bo leaned over the document. It was several pages in length, but opened at the last. He reached to turn back to the first sheets. Daniel Masters broke in angrily.

"Nobody asks you to read the will!" he snapped. "All we want of you is your signature."

"Has Mr. Andrew signed?" the tramp asked innocently.

"You ask fewer questions, will you? You'll sign and have your supper and walk out ——"

The lawyer interrupted. His suavity was in marked contrast to the haste and tenseness of the brother.

"Mr. Masters is very low, my man," he said coldly. "He may not live an hour. We cannot stand on ceremony in the matter. As I, an attorney at law, have assured you, your signature is a mere form."

"That's all right," the Bible 'Bo said quietly, with the patience of a child who learns. "But I thought a witness ——"

Daniel Masters cut in again. From a billfold he took a large bank note, laid it on the table on the will.

"Take that, and sign! Are we to stand here arguing with you all night?"

The lawyer saw the tramp lean back, beginning to fold his arms. He touched Daniel's shoulder.

"Go on upstairs," he said firmly. "I'll explain. And I'll be right up."

Daniel Masters said something under his breath, but it was evident that he realized a danger. His voice changed.

"Excuse me, brother," he said. "The Lord is trying me sorely to-night; my brother is very dear to me—and all of his." And with some broken expression of humility he left the room.

The lawyer pushed forward the girl's chair.

"Sit down, my friend," he said civilly. "Mr. Masters is hardly himself. I don't suppose you know much about such things but you can understand surely that minutes are precious. Mr. Andrew Masters had neglected making his will; it was not until he realized that he was in his last illness that he sent for his brother and me. He is liable to die leaving his affairs in a hopeless confusion; and in that case his daughter ——"

"I know her," the tramp said as the attorney paused.

"Well, her rights would be in jeopardy; in fact, she would get nothing."

The Bible 'Bo looked up.

"Seems like I've heard that a daughter would get everything if there wasn't a will."

"A daughter would. Priscilla is not his daughter. He and his wife took her when she was a baby—on the death of their own. But she was never legally adopted, and this document will straighten that all out. Now you can understand Mr. Daniel Masters' anxiety. Will you sign as we request?"

"Yes," the tramp said. "I'll go up with you."

The lawyer frowned.

"It would be impossible. Mr. Masters is very weak, very low. The slightest shock or distress of mind would be fatal. He would be puzzled at seeing you; we would have to waste precious minutes explaining. He might raise objections."

"That's what I figured. It's his will you've got; if he don't want me signing it I won't sign. I don't know much about these things—you're right there. But I know what I'll do and what I won't do."

(Continued on Page 75)

He Moved Slowly Again, So That He Could Look at the Strange Figure With the Soiled Bible Held Quietly on His Knee

WILDCAT THIRTEEN

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Some is lucky an' some is rich,
Hard time tellin' who is which.

AN HOUR after Lady Luck pinned the ouch on the Wildcat and poulticed the wound with four thousand dollars' worth of Federal Reserve confetti her favorite crap shooter sluffed the soopreem raiment imposed by his rank of Soopreem Leader of the Temple of Luck and welcomed the offer of a waiter's job on the New Orleans bound Empire as a means of escape from the cares which infested his San Francisco days.

"Come 'long, Lily. Lady Luck shower down dis job waitin' on de white folks' table on de N'Orleans boat. Bein' soopreem is all right but you is misput 'less you keeps yo' health. No use tryin' to be soopreem wid eight pounds of ham cut off you by some lodge brotheh what esteems de weekly cash benefits mo' dan he do de fraternal part."

Trailing along in the wake of the mate of the Empire the Wildcat and his mascot goat marched along steel decks and climbed down slippery ladders until they reached the entrance to the ship's galley. The mate called into the galley at the ship's cook: "Bam, here's a new boy for you. Signed on as waiter for the officers' mess."

The cook, carrying a nickname three syllables shorter than the name of his native state, grunted an acknowledgment of the mate's introduction. The grunt was backed by two hundred pounds of fat.

"You is Built Lightest, Wildcat. I Better Stay Heah on Guard Whilst You Makes de Trip"

The Wildcat sized up his new boss. He saw a wide perspiring face three shades blacker than a midnight coal mine.

"What dat name de white folks calls you?"

"Bam. Short fo' Alabam'. I keeps de name in each hand. Come 'long wid me."

"Trib'lation, let me miss you." The Wildcat felt no craving to argue with the chef about the Bam business. "Uppity nigger! Does he git reckless wid dat Bam trouble I sees kin I be de echo, screech like, wid de whet edge of a whinin' blade. Bam. Big nigger. Does de ruckus come I unfolds de equalizer an' cuts him down boy size. Den I feeds de leavin's to Lily. Huh! Leave him Bam some, does he crave to. One Bam f'm dat fat nigger an' I swings agile wid de trimmin' hook an' den stan's back whilst de arms an' legs shower down."

He spoke a command to his mascot goat. "Come on heah, Lily. Stan' by me."

The chef glanced at the goat. "What dat goat doin'?"

"Dat's my pussonal mascot. Lily was wid me in de A. E. F., whah us killed so many bad folks. Us pranced 'cross de country f'm New York to San F'mcisco twice an' now us is headed home."

"What you mean, home?"

"Ten-o-see. Memphis. Us is headed back whah Cap'n Jack is. He's my white folks."

"Huh." The chief grunted. He stepped through a door opening from the galley and with a short gesture indicated the objective of the Wildcat's attack. "See dese potatoes. Peel me forty miles an' peel 'em thick."

The Wildcat faced his new world—a small new world entirely surrounded by Irish potatoes.

When the full significance of her master's new position in life showered down upon her in the form of an intermittent cascade of potato peelings Lily began to realize that she had entered unto a goat heaven. In thirty minutes she had profited by the technic of thick peelings to a point where a yellow sash which festooned her midship section tightened to the tension of actual discomfort, but in spite of this impediment she did the best she could to keep up. Near the bursting point she voiced a gentle criticism of the bellyband which had marked her official entrance into the defunct Temple of Luck.

"Blaa!"

The Wildcat answered with action. A quick swing of his paring knife deprived Lily of the yellow insignia.

"Goat, at ease! At res'. You is done bein' soopreem. Eat dese peelin's. Mo' you eats de less peelin's dey is to clean up. Git nutrified whilst de gitting is free."

He speared another long potato and began to unwind the peeling over the lazy blade of his paring knife. As he worked he drawled softly to his mascot goat and presently his speech was mellowed into a moaning chant, senseless except for a persistent lazy rhythm of tone.

"Eat—heavy, heavy when you has a chance. . . . Eat dis twinin' peel. Remember all dem hungry days in France. . . . Eat dis twinin' peel."

The mascot goat began to bulge with prosperity and in a little while she was three beats and two peelings behind the song and the source of food.

"Speed up, Lily! What you mean by quittin'?"

Lily looked at a two-foot cone of potatoes on the floor and at the full sacks piled high against the bulkhead walls. On her eyes fell the shadow of defeat. In goat mathematics she mentally arranged an equation wherein her personal capacity opposed an impossible volume of Irish potatoes. She sought an exponent for the low side and, finding it, announced her surrender in a series of sobbing bleats, punctuated with the gentle involuntary grunting that comes from gorging unwisely and too well.

"How come? What you mean gittin' de misery an' quittin' yo' job?"

"Blaa! Ba! Ump! Bla-a-a-a!"

"Stan' up. 'Ten-shun! Goat, 'sorb yo' rations befo' I knocks you A. W. O. Loose f'm yo' neck."

Lily failed to respond. The Wildcat essayed a further series of orders and threats and invitations. His words were interrupted by the opening of the door leading into the ship's galley. The doorway framed the figure of the ship's cook. The cook looked at the little pile of peeled potatoes and then his eyes roved in search of the peelings which should have marked the Wildcat's industry.

"Whereat is de peelin's?"

"Cleaned up, Bam. Dis lazy mascot goat et 'em so as to save time and trouble. Showin' de lazy blood now; cravin' dwindled on de second sack."

The cook snorted. "What you mean, cleanin' up? I tole you peel 'em thick. Dem potatoes' insides don't mean notnin'; it's de peelin' I'm after! Head into dat work, an' dis time does you crave luck, save de peelin's!"

In the cook's bellowing tones the Wildcat detected the accents of rising anger. He resumed his labor. With Lily gorged to the ears the matter of saving the peelings came easy, and in an hour there had accumulated a great pile of potato débris, to one side of which lay a few thin white fragments of what had been two sackfuls.

The monotony of the game had its effect, and presently, searching for some diversion which might keep him awake, the Wildcat's hands stripped a large round potato of its coat. Under the knife the potato began to assume the dimensions of a cube. With the first cube completed the Wildcat gave his attention to the manufacture of another. On the six planes bounding each cube he inscribed the insignia which lend authority to a pair of dice, and into the light pits he inlaid enough black dust to render the message of the Irish gallopers legible. He essayed a preliminary swing on the steel deck.

"Seven! Stan' back, Lily. Let de luck eggs hatch."

Lily, grunting gently, was shoved out of the center of the clear space by the Wildcat's foot.

"Hash brown, show de seven specks! . . . Wham! Fo'-tray. French fry, over de plate! An' I reads six-five. Mebbe yo' eyes is out but you still kin see de luck trail!"

The preliminaries were interrupted by the second entry of the cook. The Wildcat looked at his official superior and a smile, half of guilt and half of invitation, played around the drooping corners of his mouth.

"Bam, look at de present de good Lawd done sent inside a potato. Like de pearl in de clam; all dey knows is what Lady Luck learned 'em. Seven an' 'leven. You is de boss cook. See kin you boss dese hash eggs."

Answering a temptation too strong to resist, the cook reached out his hand for the gallopers.

"Shoots fo' bits. Dey calls me Bam an' Bam I is!"

"You is faded. Serve yo' spuds."

"Pot roast, git yo' meat. Wham! An' I reads six-five. Shakin' jelly. I lets it lay. Shoots a dollar; you calls yo'self Wildcat; see kin you yowl."

The Wildcat faded the dollar. "Roll 'em; dey does de yowlin' when de time comes."

The cook fondled the cubes for two seconds and then cast them lightly across the deck toward where Lily lay enjoying her digestive distress.

"Lucky spud, whuf! . . . An' I reads six-ace! Leggo, goat!"

The ace, rolling within an inch of Lily's nose, was absorbed with the lightning technic of a fly-craving lizard. The Wildcat laughed.

"Show me de ace. All I sees is a peg-leg six."

"Ace was comin'. Seed it bloom."

"You didn't see nothin'. Bets is off. I has some bone twins does you feel heavy an' right."

The cook hesitated. "Not now; after supper," he conceded. "Pick dem peelin's up an' put 'em in de steam kittle at de end."

The Wildcat began the business of disposing of the accumulated débris. He unclamped the cover of a forty-gallon steam kettle which stood beside five similar food engines. He took one look at the mess in the kettle and interrupted his work long enough to find the chef. "Ol' kittle half full wid garbage."

"Dat ain't garbage. Put dem peelin's in like I tell you. Dat stuff is sour mash. Load dem peelin's in wid it."

The Wildcat obeyed orders and added the potato peelings to the mysterious-looking mass which half filled the interior of the steam kettle.

"Dat's good. Now git de table set. To-night I shows you how de moon kin shine inside a boat."

"You means likker?" The Wildcat smacked two hopeless lips.

"I means likker. F'm here to N'Orleans us makes it fresh every day. Dat's why some boats needs such big cookhouse crews. Half de time used up makin' moonshine fo' dese white folks what runs de boat."

"What dis likker tas'e like? What does you call it?"

"Taste like they ain't enough. Boys calls it joy brine."

"Named afteh dat President-runnin' boy?"

"Ain't dat kind. Dis is picklin' brine."

II

THROUGH the long days of the Empire's staggering cruise the Wildcat peeled potatoes and carried treacherous trays of food across rolling decks and dreamed of a happier state where a boy's feet stayed put when he set 'em down. Heaven became a place where there were no potatoes to be peeled. If the management craved to have potatoes in heaven, all right, but peeling them was an occupation appropriate for the devil's house guests.

In confidential conversation with his mascot goat the Wildcat assured Lily that here was the dwindle end of their prowl.

"When us gits to dry land us takes root. 'Cept for de trib'lation us missed in dat Temple o' Luck bizness, us is

misput on de rollin' wave. When I gits landed I buys me a farm an' a mule an' settles down where I sees de same sights every day."

The fat cook, overhearing a statement of the Wildcat's ambition, drew cards in the farm game.

"Only way to live what is," Bam commented. "You sleeps when you craves to, you gits up when you likes. Farm can't sink an' de land neveh blows up. You raises yo' vittles. You has yams an' roastin' ears, garden truck, side meat, ham gravy, biscuits, pot likker, greens an' ——"

"Bam, hush! Come frost you barbecues mebbe two shotes what has growed heavy on chink'pins an' hick'ry nuts. You takes de ol' britch loader an' blows ol' 'possum gravy off de high limb. You baits a barb hook an' nex' mawnin' when you runs de trot line dey's six o' eight catfish hitched an' waitin' fo' de hot pan. Boy, anybody what don't live on a farm is got de brain feebles."

"Dey sho is. Live high, work low. Let ol' mule work. Front end gentle, hind end wild. Tames down de hind end wid a plow. Mule does de work. You does de high livin'."

The Wildcat made no reply for a little while and then he staked his roll on a single throw.

"Bam, I got fo' thousan' dollahs. When us lan's what you say us gits a patch o' land? Git a gran' farm fo' dat money. F'm den on all us does is set on de high side of de Luck Mountain an' watch de fool folks ramble."

"Wilecat, Ise wid you! Rollin' wave, fare thee well. Ise a settlin'-down nigger. When ol' angel Gabe toots de hawn fo' de las' 'sembly my where'bouts is located on de li'l' farm. Ain't neveh been no place like home. Ise goin' home."

In New Orleans the pair fell into the clutches of a real-estate man and after a few preliminaries the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section thirteen, township too far south, range not enough west, was transferred to its new owners. Unable to sign his name, the Wildcat made his mark. Then he began the business of disgorging the accumulated roll with which Lady Luck had booned him in the Temple of Luck business. Five minutes later, with the cook at his side and Lily trailing after him, he marched out of the real-estate office.

On the street the Wildcat looked at the cook.

"I fo'got to ask de man how us gits to whah de farm is at."

"I knows. Come on. Us lays in some grub an' supplies."

"Bam, how much money is you got?"

"Tops a little on fo'ty dollars. How much is you?"

The Wildcat counted the residue of his four thousand.

"Goin' on two hund'ed."

"Dat's enough. Come on heah. Us gits de outfit."

At two o'clock, after three hours devoted to the business of laying in a wagonload of assorted groceries, which cut heavily into the Wildcat's shrunken roll, the party started for the forty-acre farm in a hired wagon. The driver of the wagon regaled them with local geography to lessen the monotony of the ride.

"See dat spindlin' oak? Dat's whah de Todd boys was hung."

"Culled boys?"

"Plain nigger. Turned some culled when de chokin' rope got tight. Dat crik down theh is whah de white folks baptized young Blatch Fennel de time he got sinful an' loaned a hawg f'm ol' Judge Harkness. Baptized him plenty. Neveh come up. Swimmin' yet wid de mud cats."

"Ain't they no pleasant views?" The Wildcat was fed up on local items.

"Wait till us gits to yo' farm. Dat's pleasant enough. Pleasant 'cept at night. Trees thick wid owls. Owls keep askin' 'Who?' like dey missed somebody."

"Us tells 'em who, wid dis britch loader. How far is de farm f'm heah?"

"Toppin' de nex' hill. Rollin' piece by de droopin' cypress."

"You mean dat swamp country?"

"Some swampy. Cabin's on de high groun'. You sees it now."

"What's dat town 'way yonder whah de churches is?"

"Ain't no town. Dem ain't churches. Dem's oil rigs fo' drillin' dis rock oil outen de groun'."

"You means dat black oil like long sweet'nin' what dey burns 'stid of coal on de boats?"

"Dat's it. An' whilst Ise on de subject I tells you look out fo' dem oil boys. Dey looks black like niggers, but dey's white an' hard boiled. Does you crave a ruckus find yo'self a grizzle bear but neveh start nothin' wid a oil man 'less you craves leadin' slow drag, laying down, to whah yo' nex' of kin awaits de remains."

"Ain't lookin' fo' no ruckus. Here us is. Sho' a noble cabin."

The wagon drew up in front of a broken-down shack. At one end a chimney of mud and sticks lifted against a background of cypress trees. A sagging door in the front wall of the cabin, hanging by one rawhide hinge, swung half open to welcome the new tenants.

"Don't look like nobody was home. Betteh dan us boys had in France whilst us was killin' dem bad folks. Come on heah, Lily. See what's inside."

A fireplace, two rude bunks, a three-legged table and some shelves against one end of the cabin completed the inventory. On the four shelves at the end of the cabin the wagonload of groceries which had loomed so large lost its impressive bulk. When the supplies were stored the Wildcat stood for a moment looking into the future.

"Bam, when dem groceries is et, whah at is us?"

"Us raises garden truck by dat time. Now us eats."

The next hour was devoted to the business of eating ten dollars' worth of high-priced food. At the conclusion of the meal the Wildcat was half a ham ahead. "Whuf! Sho is noble rations. Dis farm life sho' is grand."

No reply. Bam was asleep. Five minutes later while Lily was policing the fragments which had fallen from the lap of plenty the Wildcat drifted into the land of dreams.

The pair slept until the morning sun of the next day had mounted midway of the sky.

Lady Luck, noting the acute attack of laziness which had fallen upon her favorite, gathered her skirts about her and began a disgusted retreat from the theater of idleness. The Wildcat, dreaming of a land flowing with milk and honey, was headed for a different country.

III

UNTIL the groceries were consumed the Wildcat and Bam managed to evade any more strenuous occupation than that involved in the destruction of five or six meals each day. Now and then one of the pair would respond faintly to the urge of industry, but invariably the good resolutions succumbed to some stronger force, with the result that the end of the month found nothing much remaining on the cabin shelves except ants and dust.

"Ise got twelve dollars left, Bam. Suppose you goes to town an' sees kin you lug back that much groceries."

"You is built lightest, Wilecat. I betteh stay heah on guard whilst you makes de trip."

"Don't need no guard. Ol' farm stay here a long time yit."

The argument terminated in a deadlock which was solved late one afternoon by the arrival of a rangy white man who bounced into view on the seat of a buckboard hauled by a pair of languid mules. The stranger addressed the Wildcat.

"Where's the men that own this place?"

"Cap'n, suh, I owns half. Otheh boy is sleepin'."

The white man shoved a folded sheet of paper at the Wildcat. "Tax bill," he said. "We been hunting the last owner for two months now. Ain't no record of the transfer yet. You got a week left to pay. I'll be back Wednesday."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Does you mind tellin' me what de papeh say? I ain't neveh read—much."

"The paper says cash—three hundred and some odd dollars to the county treasurer at the courthouse before Thursday night."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

For ten minutes after the white man left the Wildcat did some trouble thinking. No folded-up paper never meant nothing good for a boy, nohow, let alone one comin' from a white man. This one was no exception. He awakened his partner and asked some questions. The cook, versed in the cares which civilization inflicts upon the average citizen, was able to comprehend the difficulty.

"Wilecat, I neveh thought about dis item. Tax money fo' de white folks at de cotehouse."

"Tax money?"

"I said so. Ol' judge an' de rest what hangs 'round de cotehouse needs groceries same as us."

"Dog-gone dat Lady Luck." The Wildcat looked at his mascot goat. "Lily, come heah. What us gwine do?"

The goat made no response except to snap at a roving bumblebee that had figured on parking a stinger in Lily's nose. Something in the mascot's action reminded the Wildcat of an instant when one of a pair of rolling dice, carved from an Irish potato, had been accumulated by Lily's lightning tongue.

The Wildcat turned quickly to the cook.

"Bam, I knows de way out. Say no me'. Us gits de rations. Ise got twelve dollahs an' de little gallopers what has stood by me since de A. E. Fracas. I goes to town an' rallies roun' de tree whah de greenbacks bloom. When de cube frost hits dat tree you needs a wagon to haul de leaves back. Ise gone!"

With Lily trailing at his heels the Wildcat plodded along the road to town. At a one-chair barber shop where haircuts were ten cents, without musk, he encountered the opposition which he craved.

"Git in de back room wid dat gam'lin' talk."

Followed by four willing gladiators the Wildcat walked into the back room. He hauled out a few silver fragments of his stake and dug up the twin cubes. He rubbed the gallopers on Lily's head, behind the ears.

"Wild men, fall back dead. Shoots fifty cents. Fade me is you plumb dumb. I craves action!"

"Craver, roll an' groan."

The Wildcat slammed the family jewels unto a garden where a seven bloomed. "I reads six-ace. Lets it rest. Show money, wild men, is you crazy?"

"Ise crazy. Roll 'em." A Liberty dollar hit the Wildcat's stake.

"Lily, stan' by me. Lady Luck, shower down. Ise on my prowl an' I drinks money blood. Wham! . . . I reads —— Dog-gone! How come snake eye?"

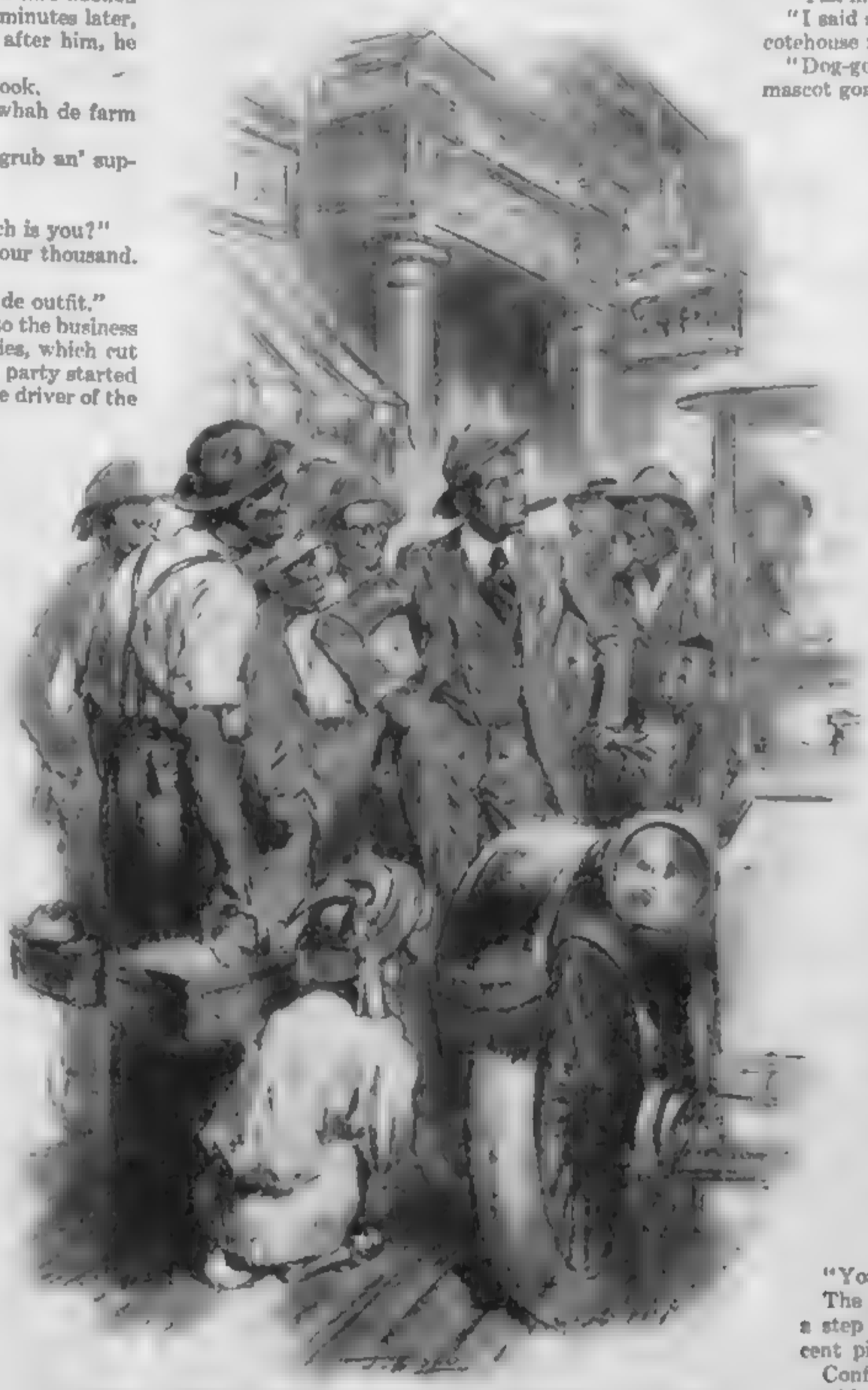
"Loses nothin' but time an' money? Dey's yo' dice—kick 'em."

The Wildcat fished after some more silver. "Shoots a dollar. Ise a wave-tail varmint an' Ise on my prowl. Whuf! . . . An' I reads—ace-dooce! Dog-gone, Lily, git behind me."

"You still owns 'em, boy. Prowl on yo' way."

The Wildcat continued his prowl at about four bits a step until presently he encountered his final ten-cent piece.

Confident that here at the eleventh hour Lady Luck would rally to her favorite he indulged in some heavy language. (Continued on Page 78)



The Wildcat Addressed the Boy at the Wheel. "How Much You Want, to Drive Steady fo' Me an' Lily?"

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE VIRUS

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ONLY the other day in a maziest part of Greenwich Village, just below the spot where Manhattan's West Fourth Street turns on its tail and crosses West Twelfth Street, I came glumly upon what had been until yesterday the faunal-named-tea-house-cabaret belt of Village transcendentalism. Evidently somebody had been round recently and had put the rollers under art. Sadly I returned the vacant stare of the bleary-eyed windows of what so recently had been the dear old Sign of the Plastered Porcupine. There in the recent old days had been sanctuary for self-expression, uplift. There even the barkeep—gifted intellectually, was Jerry, but one must live!—always had shuddered at the capitalistic clink of the cash register.

Now in front of the barred door stood a plain-clothes cop with gold teeth, chewing tobacco. I tried to peer through him into the interior cubbies along the walls which, originally built as stalls for truck horses, were nightly in the later years of the great Greenwich Village renaissance of æstheticism and cosmic innovation to resound until dawn with the free shackle-breaking strains of the Intahnosseeonawl mingling with the soul-stirring notes of the Mossellaise.

All, all passes, I gloomed. A vulgar bourgeoisie, stupid, lacking soul—in a word, hopelessly American—evidently had descended upon the Plastered Porcupine, the Cerise Chipmunk and their like, had ruthlessly ——

"Beat it, bo! This dump's closed," the cop observed disinterestedly. "And forget your trouble, me lad. Mebbe it ain't true."

Hélas, or however you spell it, too true! And it seemed only yesterday that Sasha and Daisy and Paul and all the rest of us boys and girls of the innermost intenser intelligentzia of the Village had held within those academically tidied-up stalls of the Plastered Porcupine that memorable Saturday-to-Tuesday function wittily dubbed and still remembered as the Annual Oyster Stew Parish Supper and Sod Social.

Bygone Nights at the Plastered Porcupine

IT HAD been none other—so I reminisced as the cop urged me onward to meet the air—than the gifted Sasha who, remembering that Saturday night had become Sunday, had convulsed the party in the Plastered Porcupine by suggesting that in keeping with the solemnity of the new day the function be changed to at least a semblance of a parsonage-lawn oyster-stew sod social. Symbolism had been satisfied when Daisy had spread two or three fuzzy polo coats of various shades of green on the floor. Then Sasha had run through the night to Sixth Avenue and had persuaded a night watchman near Jefferson Market to open and awaken the necessary oyster.

The oyster, I remembered, had been stewed in Sasha's copper punch bowl without the aid of even a fireless cooker. Students of domestic science will undoubtedly be interested to know that the ingredients of this main dish of the feast, as I recall them, consisted of the contents of one use-only-in-case-of-fire bucket, brimming, of Scotch creosote; three double charges of Italian vermuth; a large bath sponge, dripping, of rye; one wine cooler, heaping, of gin; and finally any remnants left in the open bottles standing along the notion-counter end of the bar. Oh, yes, and half a lime. Into this the oyster was dropped and in no time the irrepressible Sasha had announced that it was stewed.

Right after that someone had begun to sing the Mossellaise and everything was going on beautifully until Paul, who had been dozing in a corner of a stall after finishing one helping of stew, raised his head from his clenched hoofs and began to whinny.

Now we knew that to-night Paul had decided to be a runaway roan. We held the street door of the Plastered Porcupine open invitingly for Paul, with the hope that he would take our shouted hints that all right-thinking roans rated running away as a strictly outdoor sport. Instead he had decided to romp wildly round and round a course he had laid out for himself among the tables indoors, stopping only about once every mile and a furlong to refresh himself at the trough of oyster stew.

He Had Decided to Romp Wildly Round and Round a Course He Had Laid Out for Himself Among the Tables

Exhaustion or something finally got him about sunup and he died down to a three-minute clip. It was then that the quick-witted Sasha, watching a chance while Paul was on the back stretch, jumped down from the bar and deftly rearranged the fuzzy green polo coats in an inviting path that led out to the sidewalk. And maybe we didn't slam and bolt the entrance doors of the Plastered Porcupine then, leaving Paul out in the street, ambling on all fours back and forth on the green overcoats, quietly grazing. But never thereafter as long as Paul lived, which was almost a year longer, would he permit himself to touch any dish containing even the white meat of an oyster.

Thus was art, yes and political, economic and social uplift, advanced by the Greenwich Village intellectuals in the recent good days.

That was the great era of self-expression. One might elect to be a political revolutionist one night, a horse the next, an ass the next, or all these things simultaneously in indistinguishable combination. The Village now was at its glorious best as it began to bring to a riproarious close one great and perfect cycle of its history—from the Indian, to whites, back to Indians.

You may not know, and again you may have taken it for granted without really knowing, that Greenwich Village came into being originally largely as the result of a pest. Plagues of yellow fever back in post-Revolution days at times attacked the lower reaches of Manhattan violently, and in the course of one of these pests regiments of the panic-stricken flew northward to what is now Greenwich Village and made a boom community of it almost in a day.

Later, in the early and middle Victorian Age, New York's social elect throned—as Mrs. Wharton herself would say—there, or until the alluvion of aristocracy and newer rich headed northward along Fifth Avenue. Then about a generation or more ago a number of painters who really painted and writers who actually wrote moved down that way upon learning that here was a residential section of Manhattan where rents were comparatively low and where one could carry a pair of trousers over the arm to tailor's or cleaner's without causing the rise of a passing eyebrow. Also some of the city's older families of wealth and culture continued to cling to the northern neighborhood of Washington Square, do so still.

The influx of artistic folk was in full tide when an invasion of immigrants from Southern Europe was begun just to the south of Washington Square. Tall business buildings began to crowd closer. More and more the old dwellings were being vacated by families who, like their ancestors, called the Village the Old Ninth Ward. And then suddenly about fifteen years ago the era of carrying trousers to the tailor's to be pressed began to change into an age of trousers so long free from either cleaning or pressing that they had degenerated to mere pants. What might be called the mid-Victrolaian Age had arrived. Then quickly the political radicals swarmed into the neighborhood.

The great cycle was on the eve of being completed—from pest to peace and back to pests.

The Squawks of Bobbed-Hair Squaws

IT WAS only about a dozen years ago that the first of the warwhoops of these long-haired chiefs of untrammeled self-expression and the still louder squawks of their bobbed-hair squaws began to grow so raucous that the metropolitan newspapers began to take notice. Following close upon the radicals came now the full flood of modernist æsthetes, who even while in their teens or twenties, or especially while in their teens or twenties, thought of Michelangelo and his kind only as objects of pity who had lived and died depressingly ignorant of the great truth that the human head is the shape and color of a cigar box. Shakspere wasn't the man he used to be, and furthermore he never was.

Greenwich Village had begun to show a noticeable development in the muscular region of the jaws. Time was long and art was oral.

The real Greenwich Village was beginning to plug its ears with cotton in desperation. Keep in mind that there was, and still is, a Greenwich Village, a real Greenwich Village, that went to bed at a decent hour and kept out of the newspapers until driven recently to get up in the middle of the night and call a cop. The Village radicals in their brief day and the ultra-modernist æsthetes, who logically were attracted by the all-night chattiness that goes with political radicalism, combined to make so much noise that they never heard the increasing bleatings of silly old artists and writers who were crude enough actually to want to write or paint and in peace.

Also it is well to keep in mind, especially in view of the whale of a wallop that landed on the Greenwich Village of the Sunday supplements within the past few months, that the Old Ninth Ward, although patient, was persistently on the job. The Old Ninth Ward for at least three generations had been fairly well filled with a brand of citizen who ——

Well, I have before me at this minute a copy of the Program of the Village Fair, an old-fashioned week-long function that was held in the Village some time ago under the auspices of the natives and old-timers banded together under the name of the Greenwich Village Improvement Society.

Among the printed names of heads of various committees in charge of the exercises I notice in turn the Messrs. Horgan, Madden, McDonald, Caffr, Leyynch, Donnelly, Farrell, O'Hea, McGuire, Gallagher, O'Beirne, McMah—well, that perhaps is enough to give you the general drift. The official program, incidentally, is printed in green ink.

The Old Ninth Ward joined hands during the past spring and early summer with the painters who painted and the writers who wrote and announced to the mayor of New York through their chosen spokesman that too much was plenty. They had decided, they said, that they were about to start something they could finish. Their spokesman was an able legal resident of the Village named Michael J. Hogan.

Which side won? We shall come to that in a minute.

psychoanalysis, an arts-and-crafts uproar that reached the æsthetic heights of painting the top of a kitchen table black and the legs orange and then being unable to gaze upon the ravishing masterpiece without swooning, the batik bacchanalia, which is a Javanese system of dyeing clothing so dizzily with splashes of primary colors that misdirected breakfast eggs may stick round almost unnoticed for days and days and days.

Trying Everything But Work

THESE and similar mighty urges, all of them quite as necessary to our civilization if—as no less an authority than Lincoln himself pointed out—this nation shall not perish from the earth, blossomed into being during the past decade, faded, died. And by no means should it be forgotten that the Village gave its only but tremendously telling contribution to the art of music when it evolved a genius who makes the loveliest ukuleles out of ordinary cigar boxes.

And he, like the rest of the Village that breaks into publicity, never took a lesson. It's a gift. In brief, the Greenwich Village best known to the public has in the last ten years taken up in a serious way about every known human activity except work.

Radicals attract publicity, feed upon it; publicity in turn attracts more radicals and their offshoots, including sensation-loving sightseers—just as nuts attract squirrels and squirrels collect nuts. Also, wherever the sightseers concentrate in paying quantities the sights are quick to go into the faking business.

Ten years ago or less the Village was about all set to gather a nut harvest that was a bumper vintage crop. And just about this time a gifted amateur minstrel of the Village, who had the gift of laughing at the Village as well as with it, sat himself down in his Village studio one day and tore off a song.

The amateur song writer himself admits that the singing of his stirring lines at perfectly devilish affairs far beyond the vague boundary lines of Greenwich Village did more than any other single force when it came to opening the sightseeing floodgates. A study of merely two or three of the many inspired stanzas of the song—written, composed and sung freely by the gentleman known and beloved to the Village as Bobby Edwards—will show you at once why everyone from, in, to and between The Bronx and blackest Brooklyn—yes, and visitors from the Passamaquoddy to the Pacific—began to trickle down under the Washington Arch at nightfall.

(Continued on Page 36)

You should first know that although the fundamental stages of Greenwich Village's historical progress ran from plagues to pressed trousers to mere pants, these various stages of the cycle, especially the whirlwindy wind-up, had their subdivisions. These latest subdivisions alone have been listed by careful Village chroniclers as the spasm of capital-versus-labor mouthings, the era of poor-mouse-studio Bohemianism, the cubist-futurist fad, a fuller tide of radicalism that included free-love fancies, another stretch of perfectly devilish Bohemianism that resolved life into just one darn masquerade ball after another, the stage-struck and amateur-play-producing obsession, a prolonged outbreak that left the Village one rash of flaring tea shops, a particularly virulent epidemic of

Manhattan's Own Latin Quarter All This Time Maintained a Zippy Artistic Atmosphere

DO THE FILIPINOS WANT INDEPENDENCE?—By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE arrival in Manila of General Wood and the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes was one of the great dramatic events in the history of American occupation in the Philippine Islands. The situation as it had developed had become intolerable. The atmosphere I encountered when I arrived in Manila would be difficult to describe. The air was vibrant with conflicting emotions.

It has been claimed that one of the results of the Harrison administration was the establishment of better relations between Americans and Filipinos.

Such phrases as "a better feeling" and "a closer bond" have been made the most of. But when the Harrison administration came to an end the line-up of American and Filipino sentiment was cleaner cut and more widely divided than it had ever been—between Americans, that is, and those Filipinos who make opposition to American authority the basis of their political supremacy. As for the people in general, there is a close bond between them and us, and there has been for many years.

As a matter of fact, and strange as it may seem, there is actual love. Nobody knowing the Filipino people could fail to love them. They are a lovable lot, that's all; and we on our side had won their affection long before Mr. Harrison became the too-indulgent chief of their political overlords.

General Leonard Wood on a Tour of Inspection With the Village Padre

Argument, But No Hate

WHEN the United States fell heir to the Philippine problem Mr. Rudyard Kipling addressed to us an unforgettable admonition, a rhythmic urge to our sense of responsibility, the main prophecy of which, based on British experience, we have strangely disproved:

Take up the White Man's burden,
Send forth the best ye breed;
Go bind your sons to exile,
To serve your captives' need,
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttering folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard.

But there is no hate. There is a tremendous argument, but for the most part it is thoroughly good-natured, and those Filipinos who seek to inject into it an element of hatred, who seek to make the Philippine Islands America's Ireland, as they say, would have a fearful sin to answer for if they should ever succeed.

Under the administration of President Wilson American control in the Philippines was almost totally surrendered, while American responsibility was increased rather than diminished; and that is the whole story. The result is a sky-high question mark on the horizon of our joint future. The prayer to be prayed is that in continuing mutual affection and esteem, in friendly and sympathetic coöperation, we may succeed in removing that question mark and writing in its place an exclamation point to denote achievement.

The announcement that General Wood and Mr. Forbes were coming served to lighten the American spirit in the islands in some degree, even though there was a vast uncertainty as to what their attitude might be and what they might be able to accomplish. It was thought that if there was an American alive who was capable of handling the situation it was General Wood. He would be influenced by nothing but cool judgment and a high regard for American honor, and he could be counted upon to subscribe to the popular decision that the United States must either govern or get out.

Not that anyone wished or wishes to withdraw from the Filipinos any privilege that has been granted to them. For instance, I found nobody agreeing with Mr. Taft's suggestion that the Philippine senate should be abolished. All that anybody wants is the government as it is now constituted, but that government wisely directed or rightly led and made worthy to function under the protecting folds of the American flag. If we cannot get that it is time for us to get out.

It is time, let us say, for us to get out and give Japan a chance. Some strong power must govern in the Philippines for a while yet. Viewing the problem from this angle, one begins to think in terms of commerce and material advantage, and only the rankest kind of Japanophobe would question Japan's right to take her own interests into first consideration.

But in this connection, curiously enough, we take our material interests into secondary consideration. We are swayed by a profound sentiment and there is no getting away from it. In the first place, holding the Philippines in trust for the Filipinos is our job, and we would not lightly relinquish such an obligation solemnly undertaken. In the second place, the Filipinos are a Christian people—the only fully Christianized brown people in the world—and it is in our religious nature to feel that we should forfeit our own right to pray for the grace of God if we ever should abandon them to any kind of direct influence that might in the end undermine their Christian faith.

The Wood-Forbes Mission

WHILE we awaited the arrival of the commission we talked about these things in Manila, and with the Filipinos we discussed quite freely and frankly what might be expected as a result of the investigation that was about to be made. The Filipino leaders—the politicians, that is—playing politics to the end, assumed that the commission was being sent out for no purpose but to determine whether or not they had complied with the condition precedent to Philippine independence as it was expressed in the preamble of the Jones Law. This preamble reads:

> It is and always has been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein.

These men, knowing as well as anyone that the only stability that was left to sustain them was the stability back of the American flag, went before the people with a flattering assurance that a stable Filipino government had been established, and that therefore the only thing a fair-minded investigating commission could do would be to acknowledge this and recommend to the United States Government the immediate fulfillment of the American pledge. They took the stand that General Wood and Governor Forbes were coming out for nothing but to judge them, and they expressed a belief that they were justified in resenting the appointment of Governor Forbes as one of their judges, because, being interested in a too

(Continued on Page 41)

Governor Forbes Being Received by the Populace of a Village

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

Just as He Reached the Edge of the Arroyo Grierson Fired Again

By
Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

III

OLD Joe Jennifer sat on the top step of his porch with the afternoon sun shining full on his uncovered bald head and an unregarded fly crawling over his nose. His forehead was corrugated with troubled thought that took no heed of external irritation. Even when a spasmodic clamping of his jaw on the stem of his pipe dislodged the bowl and spilled burning tobacco over his knees he made no motion either to brush the sparks away or to recover the fallen bowl. His gaze never once removed from a human figure mounted on a tiny burro that jogged away on the trail to Carbonate; and it remained fixed on that figure until it dwindled to a mere speck and then disappeared. Long after that he remained almost motionless. But for an occasional deepening of his frown and a coincident working of his jaws he might have been petrified.

At last he roused himself and spoke. Nothing to be recorded. A violent outburst of profanity, incoherent and meaningless except as an expression of impotent rage against the sorry scheme of things—of protest as futile as the gesture with which he shook his fist at high heaven.

The fit passed. The purplish red that had suffused his face faded to such pallor as his weather-browned skin could show. The swollen veins at his temples and neck subsided to their normal appearance. His body slumped back into its former dejected attitude, and so he mused again.

"Something has got to be done—and done damned quick," he muttered presently. "Something—but what? Something—but what?"

Presently he got up and shambling into the house stood before his wife's picture.

"I cussed, Janie," he said penitently. "I didn't aim to, but I cussed. But you know how come I did, and you'll overlook it this once."

He dropped wearily into the rocking-chair, but in a moment or two shifted it so that he faced the portrait. "If you were here you could think of some way to fix things," he said. "You could always think up something. Trainor hasn't showed up, and if I go to town to hunt him, chances are I'll miss him on the way. The blamed fool! Oh, gal, why ain't you here!"

The wooden face stared at him uninspiringly. It was evident that he would have to think for himself of some way to fix things. After a little he looked up quickly—guiltily—as though detected in crime.

"'Course I wouldn't," he said. "A promise is a promise. Still ——"

Whatever idea he had it seemed to grow upon him, in spite of himself. As he sat and clawed his beard his fingers trembled and now and again he looked up at the picture and wiped the sweat from his forehead. His face worked.

"Just for once, Janie." There was pleading in his tone. "'Tain't as if it was for my own pleasure."

Suddenly he got up and with the haste of one who doubts the strength of his resolution turned the picture with its face to the wall. He sighed and wiped his forehead again.

"Maybe it won't be necessary," he said. "Trainor may come, but ——"

He went to his bedroom with the same nervous hurry and came out in a minute or two with a cigar box in his hand. First blowing from it a thick coating of dust he set it on the table, and prying off the tightly nailed lid with his clasp knife took from it a pack of cards—took them gingerly, as he might have handled some venomous thing, laid them on the table and contemplated them with a fascinated eye. Gradually a smile widened his mouth.

"I reckon I'm all fingers and thumbs by this time," he mumbled. "Gollies! I'll spill them all over the floor like as not."

But he didn't. He drew up a chair, and seating himself took the pack into his hands, and straightway the cards began to fall one by one in such swift and regular succession that they seemed to be poured in an unbroken stream rather than dealt.

"——'ty-six, 'ty-seven, 'ty-eight, 'ty-nine, fifty; 'ty-one, 'ty-two," he concluded. "Little slow. Try again, Joe."

With what seemed a single motion he bunched the cards and then, dividing them, riffled and snapped them together, cut them, joined them evenly with a quick slap, and again they fell under his hands, this time even quicker than before. He chuckled as he gathered them together and repeated his shuffle and cut. Then he dealt four hands, and the fourth card seemed to leave the pack before the first had fairly settled, and so throughout the dealing. His chuckle became a crow of satisfaction.

"Not so stiff, not so stiff! Might be worse, I reckon. Tell ye, if a man once learns a thing and learns it good, he ain't going to forget it. No, sir!"

From merely dealing he presently proceeded playing the hands that he dealt, and in this, whereas before he had shown eagerness and a certain excitement, his face became utterly unexpressive. A cold gravity sat upon him like a mask that he put aside only when he jibed at imaginary opponents in the act of scooping in invisible and colossal stakes. Sometimes between hands he dealt alternately from the top and bottom of the pack, shifted the cut, extracted aces, kings, queens or sequences with a certainty that seemed miraculous, repeating these feats again and again until he was satisfied. So engrossed was he in this occupation that it was only the failing light that brought to him a realization of the flight of time. "Dog me!" he exclaimed. "I've got to get a royal American wiggle on!"

His first wiggle, after a moment's consideration, was to take his pistol from the belt hanging on the wall. This he carefully oiled and wiped and when he was satisfied that the weapon was in easy working order he filled the cylinder with cartridges and laid it aside. Next he went back into the bedroom and came out in a few minutes dressed in his plaid suit and picking up the pistol slipped it into a sheath contrived inside his vest, under his left arm.

"Time to eat a bite if I take the short cut to the Lady Gay," he said, glancing at the tin clock on the shelf over the stove. "No need to cook. Gollies! If I had a drink—just this one time! I've cussed and I've played cards, so there ain't no reason why I shouldn't take a drink. Maybe I will. No, by gollies, I won't! Blamed if I will! I ain't doing this for my own pleasure."

He glanced furtively at the back of the turned picture, and then munched a sandwich of cold biscuit and bacon and washed it down with a draft of fair water.

"All set? Let's go."

He closed the cabin door behind him. Seeing the drill standing in the kettle mortar he picked it up and balanced it in his hand. "Might be a handy thing to take along," he said. "Never thought of that." He slipped the steel bar up the sleeve of his coat and struck out, leaving the cañon trail at the top of the hill and taking an almost direct course on the higher ground that led him after a fatiguing tramp to the edge of the almost precipitous range overlooking the Carbonate valley.

Had he taken the cañon trail he would have met Stephen, who after an unexpectedly full day was hastening to Pactola to tell him the good news of the Gentle Jane assay. Stephen's work was done, however. The last details of his survey and all incidental business regarding which Addington needed his assistance were out of his way. His packing was practically done and he was free. By his or her avoidance, or by reason of his or her occupation, he had hardly seen Rose throughout the day, and he was glad now to escape another evening such as the last had been. He would arrange to see the Gentle Jane mine with Jennifer on the morrow, and that would fill in the time until the hour of the stage's departure. Brief farewells, and then the good old grind forever more. That would be about the program. So Stephen set out for Pactola about the time Jennifer started for Carbonate, and was knocking at the cabin door in Pactola as Jennifer lay on his belly looking down on a twinkling light that shone from a window of the cottage adjoining Superintendent Grierson's house.

Jennifer lay there with the patience of a panther, until at last the light that he was watching was extinguished; then slowly and with considerable difficulty he made his descent from ledge to ledge of the bare castellated crown of the hill and then proceeded along a dry watercourse that ran between the mills and the superintendent's house. Climbing out of this arroyo he made his way stealthily to the cottage and going from window to window listened intently at each. Hearing no sound he cautiously tried the handle of the door. Finding it locked he went to the window of Stephen's room and handily jimmied it open with the steel drill. The iron fastening of the window snapped rather noisily and he waited for some moments before he raised the sash sufficiently to enable him to crawl under it into the room.

The moon was not yet up. It was dark outside, and within was Cimmerian blackness, yet to strike a match was a risk, and it was only after some minutes of ineffectual groping that he decided to take it. He was in luck, for at the very first gleam of light his eye fell upon the thing that he was in search of. He had known, indeed, where to look for it—on Stephen's desk, pushed under the central space between the pigeonholes. A small cash box. He blew the match out and easily put his hand on the box and drew it forth. It was locked, but it would not be much of a trick to pry it open with that handy drill.

Not such an easy trick, though, after all, in the darkness. And the edge of the drill was blunted and the lid fitted closely. But it was giving—giving. There!

The lock suddenly gave way, but the drill slipped from his grasp and fell clattering on the floor. He swore below his breath and listened. Was that somebody moving in the next room? He rose to his feet, jerked his pistol from its holster and stood waiting. He heard the click of a latch and the sound of approaching feet, and then a long line of light showed on the wall near him and broadened to full illumination as the door pushed open and Gorby stood with a lighted lamp, looking in.

"Ullo, ullo!" said Gorby inquiringly, and then sharply. "Crumbs! Wot ——"

"Shet your mouth!" commanded Jennifer savagely. "Put that lamp on the table and then stick up your hands."

Gorby obeyed—partly. He was a slow thinker and it afterwards occurred to him that he should have thrown the lamp at the intruder's head and dodged out, instead of putting the lamp on the table and then grappling with the blighter, as he did. But he had a natural instinct of obedience, totally irrespective of pistols leveled directly at his stomach. His first action deceived Jennifer, who was unable to conceive the absurdity of the second, so that when Gorby dashed at him, shouting at the top of his voice as he did so, he was taken completely by surprise.

Foolish Gorby, still bellowing, pinned him by the waist, leaving his arm free; whereupon, even as he felt himself lifted from his feet, Jennifer brought the heavy barrel of his weapon violently down on the man's head and staggered back as Gorby, releasing him, dropped, unconscious, to the floor.

"That's that!" said Jennifer grimly as he recovered his balance. Without a glance at the fallen man he stooped to the open cash box and out of a stack of papers picked a small sheaf of bills and stuffed them into his pocket. As he did this he heard a hail from the house and turning quickly blew out the lamp. The wavering light of a lantern flashed through the front window and the shout was repeated—closer. Jennifer scrambled through the window at the side—the one through which he had entered.

"Stop there, or I'll shoot!"

It was Grierson's voice. Even after the lapse of many years it sounded familiar to Jennifer. He laughed derisively and ran toward the arroyo. The sharp report of

Grierson's pistol succeeded, and Jennifer stopped short and fired in return. A tinkle of shattered glass announced that his shot was successful. He had tried for the lantern that Grierson carried and put it out of commission. Again laughing shrilly he continued his flight, but just as he reached the edge of the arroyo Grierson fired again, almost at random, and he felt a sharp searing pain dart along his left side and he toppled over the bank and rolled to the bottom, where he lay for a moment or two half stunned. Recovering a little he heard the excited shouts of the aroused household and judged that they had entered the house and found Gorby. He reasoned from this that there would be no immediate pursuit and that it was therefore an opportune time to get away.

Half an hour later, with his hat tilted jauntily and a large cigar gripped in the corner of his mouth, he pushed open the swinging door of McGuire's saloon and passing the bar made his way to the gambling tables at the end of the room.

On the morning of that same day Rose had determined to rise betimes. She had not slept well after her heart-to-heart talk with Fanny and her long wakeful periods had been occupied by disturbing thoughts. For the first time she began to doubt her own power to overcome individual opposition to her own good will and pleasure. Not entirely, but she felt a certain uncomfortable loss of perfect confidence and a shrinking from a plan of action which she had resolved upon—as the last resort. There might be no opportunity to execute that plan even, and the fear of that was to her even more disturbing. It was not to be thought of. Yet it was hard to dismiss, and as a result of its continuous dismissal most of her sleep was toward morning, and then it kept her drowsing later than she had intended.

Still, even with some particular attentions to her toilet she came down before Fanny Brant and "Has Mr. Trainor been to breakfast yet, Ching?" she asked the Chinese, who was the sole occupant of the dining room.

"Missa Trainor eat and go alleady," Ching replied.

And there was all that hurry for nothing! Rose particularly wished to see Stephen before he left the house to immerse himself in work. There was a matter that she wanted to discuss with him in private. She had meant to speak to him about Jennifer and his mine, for one thing. Her mind began to busy itself with speculation as to the chance of an undisturbed five minutes or so during the morning.

"He didn't go over to the mine?"

Ching didn't know. But Addington did. Addington came in presently, fresh and pink and very radiant at the sight of her. Ching hurried off to prepare his tea.

"You are late, aren't you?" said Rose artlessly. "I should think you and Mr. Trainor would be up long before sunrise; busy people like you."

"Oh, Stevie has been up for hours," replied Addington. "Up to his ears in work this minute with Mr. Grierson, I suppose. I've got to be bolting over there too. Bolt my breakfast and bolt—what? This is Stevie's last day, you know, and it's up against me, as you Americans succinctly phrase it, to get all I can out of him."

"Oh!" cried Rose, and if Addington's attention had not been diverted to toast he would have seen that she paled for a moment and involuntarily put her hand to her throat. "I—I thought it was on the first of next month that he was going," she said after a pause.

"That's only four days away," Addington pointed out. "But the old boy is in a dickens of a hurry to get off and he's been pushing things along. I say, you know, this seems awfully jolly, breakfasting with you. If ——"

"Here's Fanny," said Rose; and sure enough it was Fanny, and Fanny lifted her eyebrows just a shade as she looked at Rose.

Really, after all that had been said last night —— But she smiled charmingly, and Addington, as he received his full share of this morning radiance, felt his slight feeling of annoyance at the interruption wholly evaporated.

"Mr. Trainor has beaten us again, dear," said Rose. "He and Uncle Rick are the only ones in this house who oughtn't to be ashamed of themselves."

Fanny nodded understanding, brightly. Addington defended himself. "The late bird gets the belated worm," he laughed. "Not that you—— Of course you understand that! I'm not a bird, for that matter, and I'm jolly glad of it. Silly things! They never think of the early tomcat. 'Why should I from a comfortable pillow start to see faint flushes in the east awaken? A fig for any streaky part—excepting bacon'—what? Try this bacon."

"Not for me," Rose declined, rising from the table. "I've finished. I'll leave you two sluggards and see what the world looks like outside."

It looked gloomy outside, although the sun was shining its best. Stephen's last day! Events were justifying her forebodings. And for the time he would be totally inaccessible, working with Uncle Rick. If he had been in the cottage by himself she would have run across and knocked at the door, regardless of propriety. Now she would have to wait until luncheon.

But Stephen came in with Addington at noon and gave her no opportunity for a minute alone with him. His face seemed cold and forbidding when he turned it toward her, she thought, and once or twice when she might have contrived something his look chilled and discouraged her. The talk at the table was much of his going and of the general regret because of it. She did not voice hers; but her mother's effusive assurance of her own sorrow, tempered by a hope of an indefinite future meeting, should have consoled Stephen. And at last the three men went away—in a body.

At suppertime, perhaps. At some time in the evening, certainly! Rose frowned and set her little white teeth resolutely. No crowds of people; no exasperating eagle-eyed mother; no silly bluff of stern avoidance on Stephen's part should prevent her from coming to an understanding with him. It was just that—a bluff. He was miserable under his pretense at smiling, under his air of matter-of-fact philosophy. Miserable and worn looking. Ridiculous! Idiotic! Well, she would show him!

The afternoon dragged slowly on. At about four o'clock she went up to her room and prettied to an altogether unusual extent, fastening the gold-pan brooch at her bosom as a final touch. Then, like the Lady of Shalott, she sat before her mirror, which reflected the approach to the house. No "troop of damsels glad" came that way, however, and the nearest thing to "an abbot on an ambling pad" was old Luis jogging into the yard on his faithful burro. Fanny and Dan were in the tennis court, playing happily. Listening to them Rose felt much as Stephen had the day before. Happy people are sometimes very inconsiderate of the feelings of others.

It was an age to six o'clock, but the whistles set up their usual evening ululation at last. And then Rose left her mirror and going to the window looked directly out. Her heart beat quickly as she recognized Grierson and Addington coming along the trail from the mill. In a moment Stephen would follow them! But Stephen didn't, and she strained her eyes in vain, while from below came the sound of the two men's voices and a faint clink of the dishes that Ching was laying in the dining room.

Still no Stephen.

She remained in her room until the mellow clangor of the gong summoned her, and then she went down. Stephen's chair at the table was vacant, but she made no comment on the circumstance until supper was nearly over.

Then she said, "We don't seem to have Mr. Trainor with us to-night."

"No," added Grierson. "He said not to expect him."

"He's not still working in the office?"

"Oh, no," replied Grierson. "He's off somewhere. Didn't say where he was going, but he thought he might be late."

"Too bad! His last night," said Mrs. Grierson. "And Dan and Mr. Addington deserting us too! I'm afraid it's going to be a dull evening."

"I expect it's going to be a mighty lively one," said Dan, unconsciously prophetic. "I'm going to show Addington some of our American indoor sports," he explained to Mr. Grierson. "An educational tour, as it were, beginning at McGuire's, where the sports most do congregate. He's been pestering me for weeks to take him around."

"Oh, I say!" protested Addington. "You know I'd much rather ——"

"How do you know until you've been there?" Dan demanded. "Are you going back to London and have to confess your total ignorance of the most picturesque phases of our wild Western life? Be ashamed! And I doubt that it will cost you a cent more than you take with you," he added.

"Well, don't get into mischief," said Grierson good-naturedly.

"It's you ought to be ashamed, Dan," cried Fanny indignantly. "It's all very well for you, but Mr. Addington ——" She looked at Addington appealingly. "Don't let him take you to those horrible places—please! Rose, you help me to persuade him to stay with us."

"But I'm sure I don't want him to stay," said Rose flippantly. "I think it might do him good to go. Dan will take care of him, dear."

"You know I'm really quite used to taking care of myself," said Addington with a faint touch of resentment in his tone.

"With Gorby's assistance," said Rose ungenerously.

Addington laughed, but he was hurt, nevertheless. Rather a sharpish tongue, Rose had, he thought. He had noticed it once or twice before, now he came to think of it, while Fanny ——

"I don't think that was very nice," said Fanny.

It wasn't, but Rose wasn't feeling at all nice, and when a little later her mother privately reproved her she made a distinctly undutiful reply and the look that accompanied it silenced the dear old lady for once.

Soon after Dan and Addington had gone Rose threw a cloak over her shoulders and went out on the porch. The others had started a game of bridge and she felt tolerably safe from interruption. If Stephen came—well, she would be there. Presently she heard approaching footsteps and sat up, instantly alert; but it was only old Luis. She called to him and when he was close to her she saw that he was splendidly arrayed in his Sunday clothes.

"I'm go downtown for a *paseo*," he told her, waving his cigarette airily toward the town lights and rattling some silver in his pocket. "My work is done, so I have a little entertainment -no?"

"I hope you won't drink too much," said Rose gravely. "I think you have been drinking a little already. Luis, do you know where Mr. Trainor went this afternoon?"

"I'm away this afternoon," Luis answered. "Yet I know," he proceeded boastfully. "I know much, me, and people pay me good money to tell some things I know." He slapped his pocket and then tapped his forehead. "*Cabeza grande!* Yes, I know. More than that I know."

"I haven't any money with me," Rose began.

"That is nothing," said Luis with a large gesture. "I have money. I am reech—*muy rico.*" He showed a handful of silver dollars. "The Señor Trainor went to Pactola. Sure thing! I I saw him—maybe. Perhaps he goes to the Señor Jennifer. *Quien sabe?* That's bad man, is Señor Jennifer. Bad eye."

"When did he go?" Rose asked.

"How do I know? Two-three hour ago—maybe more. *Adios, señorita.*" He swaggered off.

Rose remained in deep thought for some time. Stephen had remembered her wish, then! He was going to see poor Mr. Jennifer, and there could be only one reason for that. He would get the ore that she had told him about, and having got it he was not likely to linger for the enjoyment of Mr. Jennifer's society. If he went there two or three hours ago it was nearly time for him to return. He might come at any moment; and then, of course, mother would come poking out and interrupting—or some of them.

She considered a moment or two longer and then stole around to the window and looked in. The four bridge players seemed intent on their game. In all likelihood she would not be missed. Gathering her dark cloak closely about her she tiptoed from the porch and went to meet Stephen.

She was not a timid girl by any means, but she had to summon all her resolution and courage for this adventure, for it was so dark that at times she could tell that she was on the trail only by the looser ground under her feet and the trend of the way toward the cañon gap, barely visible against the sky. Clear of the mills she knew that there need be little fear of meeting anybody other than the one whom she wished to meet, but this darkness was rather terrifying. Who knew what ravening beasts of the night might be lurking behind those big bowlders looming dimly white here and there? And snakes! She might step on one at any moment! At the rattle of dried seed pods on a weed stirred by the wind she almost shrieked with affright and stood for a moment or two in the trail, fearing to advance or retreat. Then she laughed nervously and went on, telling herself that she was a fool and worse than a fool doing such a mad thing as this. Would any really nice girl do it—deliberately set herself to compel a man to marry her? Could a man so compelled respect a girl so lost to all shame?

Her conscience shrugged its shoulders. "We-ell, hardly, perhaps. Not a really nice girl, Rose, my dear. A really nice girl should be modestly receptive, not brazenly aggressive, in an affair of such delicacy. Naturally and properly, it is the man's place to be bold and insistent. And just what do you intend to do when you meet him? Have you thought of that? Has it occurred to you that he may not care for you seriously, after all—that he may have been merely a little attracted by you, as any man may be attracted by a good-looking young woman who flatters his vanity by making eyes at him and otherwise allowing him to see her infatuation? Will not your highly—er—unconventional conduct shock him?"

"I don't care if it does," Rose answered, with an assurance she did not altogether feel. "He needs shocking."

She came to a large rock rent apart by the growth of a grotesquely gnarled and twisted cedar—a landmark whose oddly picturesque formation she and Stephen had admired on their return from that memorable ride. There she seated herself and resumed her debate with her inward monitor. The solitude, which the distant lights of Carbonate seemed to make more complete, fortified her wavering resolution; the thump-thump of the eternally pounding stamps in the mills below sounded curiously remote, intensifying the silence; the dim stars above her, hardly discernible, the dark blurred outline of the mountains with their suggestion of hidden mystery—all these gave her a sense of detachment from trivialities and a closer contact with the realities that existed. Doubts and misgivings were dissipated, fear vanished with them, and faith was supreme in her mind. Stephen loved her, loved her, loved her! To doubt that was impossible. He was no philanderer and no liar, and he had told her so a hundred times in a hundred wordless ways. What were words? And, loving him, should she let silly scruples of dignity keep her from showing him all that was in her heart and suffer a separation that would make them both miserable? That would be cowardly. At least there should be a complete understanding between them, and then, if in spite of that

he held to his foolish ideas, or if he advanced some better reason than he had hinted —— But he wouldn't. At least she need feel no humiliation in following a course that was honest and erect.

Yet when the first distant sound of Stephen's approach broke the silence she started up in a panic and hid herself behind the great rock. She was certain that it was he. Yet it might not be. How slowly he rode, and how fast her heart was beating!

But nearer and nearer he came, and when he was quite near, his horse stumbled and he spoke to it encouragingly. At that, still hidden, Rose upon a quick impulse raised her voice and sang:

"In the vale of Hanina, by one open door,
Tarry, O heart of me, tarry."

Clearly and sweetly, but with a quite involuntary quaver in the emotional appeal, the melody of the refrain floated out into the stillness and at the first note Stephen checked his horse with such suddenness that Rose was laughing aloud as she stepped from her concealment and stood in the trail confronting him.

On the instant, he threw himself from his horse and hastened toward her. Perhaps something of the iconoclastic spirit of the night solitude, that destroyer of worshiped convention and diminisher of difficulties, had entered into Stephen—or a temporary insanity seized him—for he uttered no formal greeting whatsoever, but only crying her name with indescribable passion, clasped her in his arms and held her closely.

"Mr. Trainor!" Rose protested indignantly.

Stephen released her immediately and stood dazed and shaken.

"I—I couldn't help it," he stammered. That she had silently submitted to his embrace so long as she had only increased his shame.

"Oh, if you couldn't help it," said Rose.

Her tone was that of a calm and gracious acceptance of a perfectly reasonable explanation.

"If you couldn't help it—of course ——"

It altered the case entirely. So much so that she flung her arms about his neck and raising her face to his obliged him to repeat his first offense with aggravated circumstances. After a full minute the horse, finding himself disregarded, set out for his stable, and it was only the loud snort with which he announced his departure that recalled the two to a sense of time and place. Even then they did not draw apart entirely.

"I shouldn't have done this, dearest one," said Stephen with emotion. "But I can't feel sorry just yet."

"You darling!" exclaimed Rose happily. "It was perfectly lovely of you to do it, and I'm grateful beyond expression. You don't know what you saved me from."

"What?"

"Oh, a good deal of stupid bothersome talk. Do you know why I ran away from everybody and came out here? Well, you never shall. To enjoy the quiet and the beautiful scenery, of course."

"We shall have to wait," said Stephen presently. "We may not be able to marry for years. It isn't fair to ask you to do that, sweetheart."

"It certainly isn't," replied Rose. "It wouldn't be any use asking, anyway, because I wouldn't think of consenting. Have you enough money to pay my railroad fare to—wherever you are going to-morrow, Stevie?"

Stephen could not help laughing, although even in his rapture the resurrection of the ugly old problem had caused his heart to sink.

"You remind me of my rival, old Jennifer," he said. "He has been urging me to marry you on two hundred dollars. I told him that I had as much as that. He considered it ample to pay the parson's fee and buy groceries enough to start us."

"Did he?" cried Rose, delighted. "The angel man! And how perfectly right and sensible of him. I think it must have made you ashamed of your own foolish behavior. Did it? Never mind telling me now. Why, Stevie, didn't you want me to be happy, and did you think I could be happy parted from you?"

"Do you know how much I love you, Rose?"

"I can guess a little. Tell me later. You say you have two hundred dollars ——"

"Oh, quite a little more than that. I didn't tell our friend that was all I had. But not enough ——"

"Please don't interrupt. I've got more than that myself. I can pay my own fare if you are too stingy to pay it for me. So that settles that! Now, are we going to-morrow, or —— Somebody's shooting! Wasn't that somebody shooting, Stevie?"

"It sounded like it," said Stephen.

They listened, and then came the sound of a third shot. Nothing after that but the thump-thump of the mills.

"We must go, Stevie," said Rose. "My darling mother will be sending out an expedition to look for me. Poor dear! This is going to be doleful news for her."

On their arrival at Grierson's they were spared the embarrassment that they had anticipated. The house seemed to be deserted, but there was no difficulty in finding the people, for lanterns lit the yard and a group, including one or two strangers, were talking in excited undertones just outside the open door of the cottage. It was quite evident that something had happened.

Crying Her Name With Indescribable Passion, He Clasped Her in His Arms and Held Her Closely

"Here Missa Trainor," said Ching as Stephen left Rose and hurried forward.

"What is all this?" Stephen inquired, and half a dozen answered him.

Burglary and murder had been committed. Mr. Gorby had been killed—his skull smashed—and the murderous ruffians had attempted to kill Mr. Grierson. A mercy everybody had not been slaughtered!

Here Grierson himself came out. "Nothing much," he told Stephen. "Somebody's been trying to rob you, I guess. Gorby got a crack on the head, but the doc says it's nothing serious. He's just beginning to come to. Beat it, boys," he continued, addressing a couple of miners. "The show's over. Sally and you, Ching you might as well get to bed; you won't be needed. By the way, anybody seen Luis?"

Nobody had seen Luis—except Rose. "Luis went downtown quite a long time ago, Uncle Rick," she told him. "Where's mother?"

"Inside here. Go in if you want to, sister."

Rose went into the cottage, but Stephen lingered for a moment. "I thought I heard some shooting a little while ago," he said. "Did they get clear away?"

"There was just one man," Grierson answered. "I don't suppose —— Yes, he got off, whoever he was. Took a couple of shots at him, but I don't think I came within a mile of hitting him. The boys—Addington and Dan—are bumming around town somewhere. They weren't in on it. Come in. You've got a busted cash box to take stock of, son; but that's better than a busted head."

Stephen went in. The cash box and the scattered papers were still lying on the floor in his room. He picked them up. Grierson showed him the drill.

"That's what laid Gorby out, I guess," he said. "Anything valuable missing?"

"Some currency," Stephen answered, frowning reflectively. "Doesn't amount to much. You say Gorby is in his room? Let's go and see him."

Grierson led the way to the back room, where, in a corner, Mrs. Blake, Rose and Fanny were standing talking in whispers while Mrs. Grierson stirred some medicine in a glass. Gorby lay on his bed with his head neatly bandaged. His eyes were closed but he opened them as Grierson entered, and mumbled indistinctly to the company doctor.

"You're all right," said the doctor. "You may have a little headache in the morning and you'll have to be careful about putting on your hat for a day or two."

"He was a boss-eyed blighter," said Gorby faintly. "Boss-eyed old blighter with a w'ite beard. Old chap."

"We'll get him," said the doctor reassuringly. "Don't you worry. Just take this and roll over and snooze."

He administered the medicine and then addressed the ladies. "I think that's all we can do for him to-night," he said. "It won't be necessary for anybody to sit up with him, I think."

Stephen said that he would sit up with him, and that being agreed to he was left to his vigil. In about half an hour Grierson returned.

"I've got them all off to bed," he said. "Now, Trainor, what do you make of this? I had an idea that it might have been old Luis. He's been snooping around the cottage and the house a good deal lately and acting sort of queer generally; still, it couldn't be him. Gorby says he had white whiskers; and I kind of thought so, too, the glimpse I got of him. He laughed as he was making his get-away, and it didn't sound like Luis. Now what did Gorby mean by boss-eyed? Cross-eyed? I thought so. Know any cross-eyed old fellow with white whiskers that's been around here lately?"

Stephen looked uncomfortable but made no reply.

"It's just an idea I've got. I may be wrong," Grierson went on. "How about Rose's pick-up—old Jennifer?"

"I don't know," Stephen answered. "I'd be sorry if it proved to be Jennifer. To tell you the honest truth, I've been thinking that it might have been, and wondering what to do about it. I'd like to ask you—if you don't mind—to—well, to wait and let me look into the matter and handle it. Of course I know that we oughtn't to wink at robbery and violence, but you see—he's an old man ——"

"And Rose has taken a great fancy to him," suggested Grierson, a smile wrinkling the corners of his eyes.

"We might give him the benefit of the doubt. I'll see him to-morrow. I intended to anyway."

"I'm glad you aren't leaving to-morrow," said Grierson, smiling again. "Took my advice, didn't you? Good for you, son! You're a lucky cuss."

"How did you know?" Stephen asked him, grinning, as he gripped the superintendent's outstretched hand.

(Continued on Page 59)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 15, 1921

We Can't Afford It

THE peasants, farmers, laborers, mechanics, tradesmen, merchants, manufacturers and bankers of the whole world want peace. Those who are not inspired by humanitarian motives want it for business reasons. The idea that anyone can make a profit out of war and keep it has been exploded. The theory that the world can continue its armament expenditures and keep out of bankruptcy has gone the way of the ZR 2.

Who is it then that wants war? Who then stands in the way of disarmament and world peace? When an overwhelming majority of the people everywhere want something that will above all else make for their happiness and prosperity—why can't they get it? Is it because the world's leaders are fumblers, unfitted for the responsibilities that they have assumed?

We are going to find out. We are going to have a showdown in November. We shall know then whether these leaders are sincerely for peace, secretly for war, or just incompetent trimmers; whether they are really statesmen or merely politicians with the vision and ideals of ward heelers, dressed up in broadcloth. In many of its aspects the Versailles fiasco was like a partisan convention where every petty politician of the dominant faction got his. We can't afford another like it.

The purpose of the conference has been carefully limited, but so far as the people are concerned there is no limit to what they can see, hear and learn about the wishes and qualifications of their leaders. And the limits have been imposed by the will of the leaders and not by the will of the people. The conference cannot go too far in the direction of disarmament and peace to suit the world.

Closed sessions, barred doors and stuffed keyholes will not keep the secrets of the conference. Platitudes, buck-passing, postponements until a more convenient season will not avail to excuse a failure to arrive at a clear-cut decision. This is the convenient season; this is the appointed hour in the history of the world; this is the leaders' big chance to prove up. For this is not only a conference but it is a trial. The world will not stand for another Versailles. Peace or a sword? is the fundamental question before the conference. Works, not words, must be the answer.

The names of the conferees are being announced. Some inspire confidence. Some were figures in the Versailles fiasco. Too many represent politics; too few represent commerce. One wonders why a Hoover with his experience and his passion for peace was not chosen. One wonders, too, why the farmers who furnish the bread and the boys; the laborers whose brawn and whose sons are conscripted; the manufacturers who give over their plants and their children to fight wars are not able to make their voices heard when their future and their very lives are at stake.

Among the representatives of the nations there should be none who has gained honors, preferment and political advantage as the result of wars, though there are in this class many men who are sincere and patriotic according to their lights. But even if some of the delegates are chosen from among them their presence will not be so important as it might be under different circumstances, because other delegates, though uninvited, will sit with them in the conference, watch their every action, weigh their every word and then, unasked, render final judgment on them and their work.

These uninvited delegates are those millions with nothing left to them but the memory of their dead—dumb peasants toiling in the fields on which their husbands died—for what? Mothers in France, in Britain, in Belgium, in Italy and in America, whose sons were shot down in the trenches—to what end? They were told that their men died to end war. Will this conference try to redeem that promise?

These wives and mothers of the world will listen, weigh, judge, brushing aside sophistries, impatient of political juggling. With them the maimed and the blind, terrible in their futile mutilation, will sit in the conference, and beside them those legions of our youth who came home physically unhurt but spiritually maimed and bereft of their rightful inheritance; and those other millions who planned, sacrificed and toiled, buoyed up in their labor of waste and ruin by the promise that this was a holy war to end war. There will be present, too, a multitude who thought that they were bystanders during the great conflict and who believed the old nonsense that war made nations physically and spiritually strong; that prosperity for some could be built up from the wreckage of others; that we could waste and maim and kill to the strengthening of the nation and the glory of God—in short all the believers in perpetual motion and the bootstrap theory of lifting oneself up to prosperity. They, too, will attend, bringing nothing more valuable to show for their war profits than a bunch of cigar-store coupons or a roll of Russian rubles. All these uninvited guests will strengthen the arms of those who believe that the thing must be done and done now, even if somebody's feelings must be hurt, even if recalcitrant nations must be forced to behave.

We hear on every side that the world has already forgotten the war. We doubt it. A man who has lost his place in the world or the results of a lifetime's work does not easily forget. A woman who has lost her husband or her son does not forget at all.

The world has not forgotten the war, but it has lost faith in its war leaders and in those who bungled the peace. Limitation of armament is a first step towards restoring that faith. But even should this conference shirk its full duty and so discredit itself, it will not have stayed the inevitable end of war—at least of war as we have known it. There will finally be a decision against war, if not by agreement, then by force—the force of bankruptcy, famine and world chaos. After that a new civilization will toil up from the depths—but first a new barbarism, for civilizations are centuries in the making.

Russia to-day is not only a thorough demonstration of the chaos that is communism but it exemplifies step by step the collapse of a civilization whose leaders hold to war after the people have decided against it. That during the Great War whole armies, despite threats, pleadings and promises, melted away to the farms and factories should furnish food for reflection to even the most bullet-headed war maker. The time is coming, if it is not already here, when the cannon fodder of all nations will ask themselves why they are standing in a filthy trench and, failing a satisfactory answer—for there is no satisfactory answer except defense against wanton aggression and invasion—will proceed to step out of it and fade away in the general direction of home.

The truth is that war must go because we can't afford it.

We can't afford it physically, in spite of the amusing little pieces that are written by apologists for war, telling us how it improves the health of a nation. Setting-up exercises and hygienic instruction are their major and minor premises, the weeding out of the unfit their conclusion. It is hardly necessary to start a war to give youth the blessing of setting-up exercises. They might be taught in the schools. We might even have compulsory setting-up exercises for all males under forty and compulsory golf for all over that age. But perfect physical condition and faultless hygienic habits are hardly worth while if, as soon as a man has acquired them, he is sent into a filthy trench to be killed by a germ or a bullet. It is hard to take much interest in the study of hygiene when one is covered with lice, hard to care much about adding an inch to one's stature when all it will gain for one is a longer coffin.

As for the argument that war strengthens a nation and weeds out the unfit, one needs only a brief glance at Europe to find the answer. The strong young men have been killed; the weak old men survive. That is the war. The children in whole nations are undernourished; in others, young and old alike are dying of starvation, of typhus and of cholera. That is the aftermath of war.

We can't afford it spiritually. The apologists for this fine old fashion of death and destruction tell us that it is good for the soul. Yet never were the pavements of the world so thronged with poor, pitiful streetwalkers—women who have lost their husbands, their sons, their all; never was contempt for law so rampant; never were lawbreakers so brazen; never was morality so lightly regarded; never has religion had so slight a hold on the people. And why not? When men disregard the teachings of religion, when they license destruction and the taking of life in the sacred name of war, when they throw common sense and reason in the discard and decree force as the arbiter and death as the portion of the world—just why should they expect in the sequence a sweet, camp-meeting spirit of holiness to possess mankind?

We can't afford it economically. We can't afford to have the mark at a cent, the lira at four, the franc at seven, and the pound sterling at three-seventy. There can be no comeback in world trade while that condition lasts, and it will continue as long as France keeps eight hundred thousand men in the field, and Great Britain, Japan and the United States maintain their great navies. We can't afford to rob American business of billions every year to be sunk and shot up and wasted in wars and their aftermath. Even less can other nations afford their gigantic tax bills for armaments. We can't afford these forty-five-million-dollar battleships that are built out of the pennies of the poor; these three-million-dollar dirigibles that go up in flames; these great armies of unproductive men, endlessly consuming and wasting, that must be carried on the bent backs of the producers. We can't afford any or all of it, and least of all can we afford the propagandists of hate; the fat-headed politicians who build up artificial economic barriers between the nations; the pompous rulers who scheme for personal power and aggrandizement, no matter what the cost to the world.

We can't afford to have these hordes of the unemployed; to have our farmers work from sunup to sundown for a bare subsistence; to have our manufacturers shutting down and going bankrupt. But we cannot cure these conditions until the world stops wasting its stored, as well as its surplus, wealth in wars; until we make our leaders understand that we will no longer stand this indefensible confiscation by taxation, this damnable squandering of our substance and our lives in war.

Every nation must be prepared to sacrifice something, to abate a little of its demands, for the sake of world peace. Even partial disarmament will prove an impossible task for petty politicians, but a few men of vision and decision can initiate a program at this conference that will finally lead to peace. The world is going to attend the conference and back up these men.

We do not underestimate the practical difficulties that work against the limitation of armaments, but there are even more practical necessities that will force it. Pride, prejudice, passion—all yield finally at the approach of hunger and of death.

Our Food Supply and the Tariff

By Thomas Walker Page

HAVE we reached a stage in this country where we can import much of our food more cheaply than we can produce it? And if so, does the public welfare require that we permit free importation, or that we restrict it by means of the tariff? Even the first of these questions is not so simple as it looks, while the answer to the second will depend upon the view that may be taken of what really constitutes the public welfare.

There are, of course, some varieties of food that we cannot furnish at all, or not in sufficient quantities to supply our needs. For the most part these are tropical or subtropical products, such as coffee, cocoa, cane sugar, nuts, fruits, and the like. And there are perishable foods of limited keeping quality of which we produce a superabundance at certain seasons, but the supply is not equally distributed throughout the year and is commonly supplemented during some months by importations. Thus many fresh vegetables, fruits and melons come to us from the West Indies before the domestic season opens, and late supplies are sometimes drawn from Canada.

Still a third group of imports consists of foodstuffs which, though in general comparable and competitive with domestic products, yet possess some peculiar quality that makes them specially suitable for a particular use. For example, potatoes grown in the cooler and shorter summer of Canada make better seed than do those of our more southern clime; and Argentine flaxseed, with its higher oil content, is better adapted to the manufacture of linseed oil than is our domestic grain. Finally, it should be added that there is a certain amount of trade with the countries adjacent to us which is based in the main on transportation conditions and which fluctuates seasonally.

On the whole, considering the vast extent of the country, the wide diversity of soil and climate and the agricultural skill and aptitude of the population, our importation of foodstuffs is surprisingly great. An interesting bulletin of the United States Chamber of Commerce, prepared by Mr. C. D. Snow, gives an analysis of our foreign trade in 1920. It shows that our imports of foodstuffs in that year were valued at about $1,627,000,000. This large sum includes some $20,000,000 worth of copra, of which only about a third is used in food products; but that item is more than balanced by the omission of many fruits, nuts and vegetables which, though each is relatively unimportant, yet when taken together reach a considerable value. Most of the sum, however, is made up by half a dozen articles. Sugar alone accounts for little less than two-thirds of it, while coffee, tea, cocoa, bananas, copra and spices, which we do not produce, amount to nearly a quarter. In other words, aside from sugar, the domestic supply of which is altogether insufficient for our needs, we imported approximately $250,000,000 worth of foodstuffs that may fairly be regarded as competitive with our own products. Of these, wheat, meat and cattle were the items reaching the highest value.

Competitive Foodstuffs

IN REGARD to those foods that we do not produce no intricate tariff problem is presented. In the case of tea and spices, for example, Congress has only to determine whether or not the Government's need for revenue requires that the importation of them should be taxed. But a decision in regard to foods that we do produce involves consideration not only of the need for revenue but also of the expediency of protecting domestic producers against foreign competition; and even among the staunchest and most uncompromising protectionists it is generally admitted that the expediency of such protection differs in degree with different products. Each of the numerous products involved presents aspects peculiar to itself, and each one, therefore, requires individual study by the committees of Congress when a revision of duties is under way. But bread is the staff of life and meat is of little less consequence, and the most desirable materials for these necessities are wheat and cattle. Partly, therefore, because they are nearly indispensable, partly because, with the exception of sugar, they are imported in greater quantities than other competitive foodstuffs, and partly because the production of them is the oldest, the most widespread and, in some respects, the most important among American industries, they stand out as deserving peculiar attention.

Now it is a notable fact that our production of neither of these commodities has kept pace with the growth of population. Throughout the nineteenth century the greater part of our people were country dwellers, living chiefly by agriculture and producing a large surplus of the staple foodstuffs for sale abroad. Even as late as 1900, although there had long been a marked trend to the cities, the urban population was less than a third of the whole. The recent census, however, disclosed the fact that the cities now contain more than half, or, to be exact, 51.9 per cent, of the population. This change of habitat signifies, of course, a change of occupation. More of our people are engaged in manufacturing, commerce and personal services than in agriculture. In other words, there are at present more than twice as many to eat as there are to produce food.

It is obvious that for the reduced fraction of the population engaged in agriculture to continue feeding our own people and producing a surplus to sell abroad, one or both of two things must occur: The labor needed must be substituted by improved machinery, implements and other labor-saving devices; and greater skill and more scientific methods must be applied to extract a larger yield from the land. In fact, both these things have been taking place in substantial measure. Our extensive system has been giving place to one more intensive. But this means better training and more equipment for agriculture; and as training and equipment must be paid for, the procuring of them is a part of the cost of producing food. Let us see how this has worked out in the case of cattle.

Thirty years ago we had in this country, without counting dairy animals, 31,136,842 cattle. The number had increased by only about 3,000,000 in 1910,

(Continued on Page 108)

WHY NOT?

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

XV

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"I HAF told you," asked Olga Olgovska, "to prepare for theengs, for acts most eccentric and strange from me, haf I not?" The time was two days later; the scene the safe-deposit department of the great trust company, with its sense of subterranean calm; her hearer the very carefully dressed and garnished official in its charge.

"You have, yes," he replied, in that almost amorously deferential manner which he employed toward all, young or old, and very notably toward friends of Mr. Fairweather.

"So now here at once you vill see it. I desire already to breeng in another box—and to take out once again the first one."

"Anything, anything, my dear Miss Olgovska," responded the official. "We are here to serve you to the limit of our ability."

"You are so kindt; so friendly to a strangaar," said Olga Olgovska, giving him a look of gratitude from her wonderful and enigmatic eyes.

"Not at all. Not in the least."

"This afternoon again I shall meet you here, bringing others vith me."

"The more, the pleasanter."

"And you will not mind also," she further urged him, "the appearances—the looks of those who will vork for me in thees—thees moving. They vill seem rough perhaps. Yet I myself will vouch for them—their goodness, their honesty!"

He laughed courteously. "My dear Miss Olgovska," he said lightly, "you must not think because we are in here out of the light of day that we do not see strange people. Indeed," he said, coming nearer and evidently speaking confidentially, "I know no place where you see stranger specimens of humanity than in a safe-deposit room."

And yet he could not but view with a considerable interest and even curiosity the two men—apparently, though carefully dressed, from the lower East Side tenement district of the city—who came in, bearing the rough wooden box which they exchanged for the one so similar to it already in the vault, which, in fact, had to a certain extent already piqued his curiosity—a curiosity of course which he could not in his position satisfy.

But after they had gone out he did venture an unusual act for him. Leaving his assistant in charge he passed out into another room, with a small window looking upon the street, and watched the attractive young foreign woman with her older box and its two rough carriers pass across the crowded sidewalk to their motor car—a great black ancient hulk of a limousine such as is used much for funerals and weddings upon the East Side of New York. The three got in and went away, the younger of the two men driving. Italians, he judged them to be, both of them, the older markedly so. And yet the woman herself was apparently Russian.

The three made a queer company, undoubtedly. And yet of course he recalled his early warnings, that the visits of this young foreigner to her deposit in his vaults would be somewhat eccentric. He had understood, too, that many of Fairweather's recent connections were all of that.

"After all, it's his business and not mine," he said to himself, going back to his routine and thinking no more of it or them until Mr. Fairweather and his new friend appeared that afternoon, together with two other ladies.

"No, it ees I," the young foreigner, that Miss Olgovska, was saying. "It ees me. I haf inseest."

"We should not have done it," said Mr. Fairweather.

"Oh, no," Miss Olgovska was saying to him. "Eef you had not I vould have inseest my own self."

They all passed into a private room which the custodian placed at their disposal, and he then heard the sound of iron tools—the wooden box apparently being opened.

"It's All—All for Love," Said Olga Olgovska, Speaking Very Slowly, Her Face Very Still

"You see now, do you not? Ees it not interesting? The Russian goldt, you see, in bars. The imperial Russian bars, you see?" Olga Olgovska was now saying.

"How interesting!" said Miss Barnum, peering over. "Isn't it, Vera?"

But Miss McBride, looking also, gave a merely perfunctory answer.

"I thought ——" she said then, looking at Olga, and stopped.

"You thought what?" said Mr. Fairweather after a moment, prompting her a little coldly.

"I was surprised, that's all," she answered him. "I understood you to say at first," she said, now addressing Olga Olgovska, "that it was in rubles."

"Haf I?" inquired the other in surprise. "Oh, I think not; not villingly. Haf I to you?" she asked Mr. Fairweather.

"You have not."

"I don't recall anything like that," said Miss Barnum, confirming him.

"I asked," said Olga Olgovska, now setting her inscrutable eyes again on Miss McBride's, "for I haf alarm at the mistakes I do make from time to time in the speech of English. If I haf said thees at any time to you it ees my error in my speech no doubt."

"Oh, no. Very likely I merely misunderstood you," said Miss McBride, dismissing the matter.

"I hope," said Mr. Fairweather now to Olga, in a manner of apology, "that you will not think us intruding or discourteous in any way in all this—that you will understand."

"Oh, no! I understandt perfectlee," she answered him. "Eet ees only business—American business, as Miss Vera, my dear friendt, has shown to me. Only vat all American business men do," she said, looking into Miss McBride's blue eyes with her dark ones, and smiling.

"I am glad you feel so," said Mr. Fairweather. "I was afraid a little that you might misunderstand—think us officious. And I for one," he said, still explaining, "would have been glad not to have put you to this embarrassment, knowing you as we now do. I think myself it was a mistake," he concluded, making his statement as complete as possible.

Olga Olgovska thanked him warmly for this, but on the other hand he thought he observed Miss McBride flush and bite her lip slightly, as if not entirely pleased with his remark, although she did not say anything at that time.

When they were alone again, however, she did reopen the conversation with him.

"I think," she said, flushing suddenly now, "that that last remark of yours was entirely uncalled for."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," said Mr. Fairweather a little stiffly, but not going on, realizing of course that it is in this way that lovers' quarrels often develop, especially with a high-spirited and beautiful girl like his fiancée.

"I do. I certainly do," said Miss McBride. "I resent it. What I asked of her was perfectly justifiable."

"I'm sorry," responded Mr. Fairweather, using the passive or nonresistant manner which is so often employed with success by the man in a crisis of this kind.

Miss McBride nevertheless went on.

"After all," she asked, her face still flushed, "what do we know of her?"

He gave her a somewhat quizzical glance as she said this.

"What do we?" she insisted upon inquiring.

"She speaks for herself—to me," said Mr. Fairweather. "Rarely, if ever," he said, going on again after a moment, "have I met a woman of such distinction and such intelligence, to say nothing of her elegance. After all," he added, now in turn continuing the conversation himself in her silence, "the Europeans have many things which we have not attained."

"The European woman, I presume you mean," responded Miss McBride, flushing now still more vividly than before. "Thank you! But just the same I am perfectly willing to say—feeling my crude inferiority in manners as I do—I still desire to say I am not yet fully satisfied about that woman."

And again she failed to notice the somewhat quizzical look he gave her.

"For one thing," she went on, explaining her new position, "I don't think, I am positive that she did not say that that gold, that Russian gold, was in imperial bars. But she did say it was in rubles!"

"What of that?" inquired Mr. Fairweather.

"She said nothing whatever about bars."

"What of it?" asked her companion again. "She might easily have described it as so many rubles, and yet have it

(Continued on Page 24)

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(Continued from Page 22)

in the form of bars. Besides, what difference? There it was. We saw it, didn't we?"

"And another thing," said Miss McBride, not answering this, going on with her own thoughts, "I have a memory, a distinct memory, of having met her somewhere before; and under very disagreeable circumstances."

"Where?"

"That I don't know. I can't say," responded Miss McBride, still in a high, hard voice. "I've had so many things and faces to remember in the past few years! But I shall recall sooner or later."

Mr. Fairweather gazed at her a short period before replying. And as he did so the quizzical expression in his face grew markedly deeper.

"You don't mind, do you, Vera," he said now, "if I ask you one question—no, two?"

"Not in the least."

"I think it might perhaps clear up the situation very materially," he said.

"Go ahead," she answered coldly.

"Was it you or was it not," he then asked quizzically, "who introduced her here? Or did I dream that?"

"I did," said Miss McBride, "but ——"

"That is the first question," said Mr. Fairweather, continuing. "The second is this: Suppose she were entirely untrustworthy, as you seem to intimate; that her gold was an entire fraud—how could she possibly defraud us? She is giving us her gold, not taking ours. So what possible motive could she have in deceiving us?"

"That," said Vera McBride inflexibly, "is what I propose to discover!"

XVI

THE three women alighting from their limousine again found themselves in the dim, damp, rich-smelling interior of Susanne's. It was the luncheon hour again. At the far end of the cigarette smoke they could again discern the staff of The Earth at their special table, and again Mr. Merle Bloodgood came forward with his elastic step to greet them.

He went first this time to Olga Olgovska.

"What a historic occasion! This is really your initiation to the staff of The Earth," he said to her, smiling cordially, with his usual words of jesting sincerity on his lips.

He next turned to Miss Barnum, and last of all—as Vera McBride could not help noting—to herself.

They then threaded their way through the narrow spaces between human backs to their destination, Mr. Bloodgood making way for Miss Barnum and Olga first, with Miss McBride again coming at the end.

They stopped at last at their special hat tree and removed their wraps.

"Oh, Penelope, your gown again!" cried Miss McBride solicitously to Miss Barnum, stepping forward just as the latter was starting to shake her hand at Mr. Dibble.

"What is it now?" asked Miss Barnum a little sharply.

"Unhooked," explained Miss Vera McBride, again starting to right the difficulty with deft long fingers, while all the others stood waiting.

"I wish sometimes you'd leave my clothes alone!" said Miss Barnum, passing on abruptly after a look downward.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about my efforts at order I will certainly desist in future," said Miss McBride, passing it off as usual in a jest, but feeling the remark, nevertheless, as something entirely uncalled for.

Both had spoken in low tones, and now moved forward with the rest, smiling to greet the still standing staff of The Earth.

"We have with us to-day!" suggested Mr. Bloodgood, holding Olga Olgovska by the arm.

And the staff of The Earth gave a subdued cheer for its new contributing member. Vera McBride did not really see the necessity for it herself. It seemed entirely too conspicuous a gesture.

Miss McBride was, too, distinctly at a disadvantage as she stood there. Her hair had reached that stringy stage which comes when you are letting it grow again after bobbing and made an unpleasant combination with her military costume—spoiling the military effect, and creating no other; while the other women were of course much more elaborately dressed and coifed.

There was still another thing about that Russian woman that needed some explanation—that street dress of Russian green. She spoke of it—and the other one of rose—as nothing, but any woman with any eye could see that a dress like that cost money, and would scarcely come from some little East Side shop, where she said she had found it.

They were soon seated and ordering the food from their despondent waiter, who as usual maintained his stand mostly beside Miss Barnum.

"It's wonderful to have you with us—a member of The Earth," Merle Bloodgood was saying to Olga, who sat again at his right side, with Miss Barnum at his left. He spread his napkin as he said this, with the air of one with pleasant anticipations. And when he had done so he leaned over and gave the young Russian the opportunity of the first sniff at the blossom in his button hole.

"Isn't it wonderful? At this time of year?" he asked her, looking down from where he still leaned over her.

"Eet ees, yess," replied Olga Olgovska sibilantly, raising those black, heavy eyelashes.

On her other side, between her and Miss McBride, Mr. Fairweather was endeavoring to secure and hold her attention, to explain matters she was asking about, again turning her eyes up to his with a very deep and interested light in them.

Miss McBride, on the other side of Mr. Fairweather, turned away a little impatiently to listen to a discussion between Mr. Konski, the labor expert, and Mr. Conor, the bearded young representative of the new Ireland, on the ridiculous fatuity of the incoming national administration.

"It is uproariously inadequate," Mr. Conor remarked.

"It is worse; it is puritanical," said Mr. Konski in his wise, deliberate speech.

The conversation progressed with various shades of amusement over the manner in which the country was being operated, about the futility of the mental effort of those in high places toward pulling the world together again. From this they went on to other discussions of importance to them, which they conducted quite largely to the exclusion of Miss McBride. As she listened from outside one of those reactions from the usual self-propelling enthusiasm of life which come to us all at times now seemed suddenly to sweep over her. It seemed to her that for years she had been listening to the staff of The Earth discussing the half dozen subjects, or possibly a few more, that really interested them, shedding exactly the same rays of light on them, from the same mental angle, in the same terms of expression, even the same rather frilly adjectives.

So now she turned her attention to the group on the other side, in which her fiancé Mr. Fairweather was vying with Mr. Bloodgood in holding the attention of Olga Olgovska, who watched them in an absorbed and foreign silence.

"Has anyone told you," inquired Mr. Bloodgood, "that you are very, very wonderful in that gown you have on?"

(Continued on Page 26)

"Officer," She Said, Extending Her Hand Toward Him, "Please, Please! It Is All a Mis-take"

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(Continued from Page 24)

"You theenk so then?" she asked, raising the heavy curtain of her lashes from her deep, enigmatic eyes.

"I do indeed. What is it? Russian, is it not?"

"The seemple green of my Russia! Yes," she answered.

"Very wonderful. Very mysterious. Like all things Russian. Do you know," asked Mr. Bloodgood again, "that you yourself are a very mysterious person?"

"I hope not, if you shall by that mean anything that ees not nice," she said, her deep unreadable eyes still upon him.

"Far from it! Far from it, mysterious lady! But it's true, isn't it?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, now bringing Mr. Fairweather into the conversation also.

"To a high degree," assented Mr. Fairweather, who was watching with grave interest the little comedy and the woman's difficulty in understanding it.

"I have sometimes wondered," Mr. Bloodgood was now generalizing, "whether we haven't gone too far in excluding, in driving mystery from the world to-day, especially the world of women. Have we? Have some of our friends of your naturally mysterious sex revealed themselves too freely?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, elaborating on his scheme in a spirit of jest, which was yet not all jesting, as was clearly perceived by Miss McBride. "Too freely—mentally, morally and physically. Are we soon to see a reaction, when there will be less self-revelation by the more elusive sex? Or shall we continue," he raised the question, "stepping on from frankness to frankness until we reach the perfect Freudian day and a complete candor?"

There was very clearly a spirit of challenge as well as jest in his words, a challenge which was promptly taken up by Miss McBride.

"I for one," she stated, flushing somewhat, "vote for frankness."

"The trouble with this country to-day," stated Mr. Konski, now reaching forward from beyond Miss McBride, and speaking, as always, *ex cathedra*—"the trouble with this provincial continent we live on is one thing only—Puritanism; the rotten aliminess of Puritanism—self-restraint, self-discipline, the suppression of all normal, natural human instincts and desires, as against the freer, opener, more sane European attitude and custom—as witness your Russia to-day," he said, leaning still farther out, and nodding with ingratiating seriousness to Olga Olgovska, who although smiling a sad and grave smile did not answer him, but turned, ready to set her dark and intelligent eyes upon the next debater.

Although he had come to her rescue in the matter of argument Miss McBride felt no gratitude to Mr. Konski for this as she saw him reaching forward and looking by her as he talked at the woman from Russia. They all in fact seemed to address their conversation to her and her enlightenment—all the men.

"I feel ——" Miss McBride now began, but even as she said the words the conversation swept by her.

"But can we have too much understanding, too little mystery, about women? Would it do?" inquired Mr. Bloodgood with an especially quick and ingratiating smile.

"I doubt it," said Mr. Fairweather, with his English manner of quiet, refined skepticism.

Miss McBride flushed still more. Rarely if ever had she had less attention paid to her existence.

"I think ——" she began once more, and again the conversation swept on in the hands of the men.

"I remember seeing when I was in Paris," said Mr. Bloodgood, "a bit of drawing showing Adam and Eve in the garden just before the crisis there—you know how well the French do those things—and Adam, looking accusingly to Eve, saying to her: 'My dear, you are concealing something from me.'"

"Which was probably true!" said Mr. Conor.

"But wasn't that lovely? That raises the great question, Can a woman be obvious if she tries?"

"But will they ever try?" inquired Mr. Konski.

"But the men ——" again attempted Miss McBride, but again was unable to enter the conversation.

"A woman without mystery" Mr. Fairweather was saying, without having heard her, "is a contradiction in terms."

"Certainly," said Mr. Konski, "for they are coterminous, when the mystery stops the woman ceases."

Smiling suddenly in the direction of Olga Olgovska he displayed a very yellow set of teeth.

A dark and pronounced flush now spread over the face of Miss Vera McBride. Never in her life had she felt more isolated. She sat now, grimly listening to their utter foolishness.

"You reach now," said Ernest Dibble, abandoning his tête-à-tête with Miss Barnum and entering with a jest the conversation which centered about that woman in the foreign costume, who sat watching, using her eyes and eyelashes with such ridiculous openness on all of them—"you reach now, in mystery—the mystery of woman—the realm of poetry, of the muse. The mystery of woman—lose it? Never!" he exclaimed, with his shy half-apologetic enthusiasm; the manner which, thought Miss McBride, now regarding them dispassionately with the air of objective criticism an entire outsider might assume, was the characteristic of the entire gathering, with the exception of Mr. Konski, and possibly the Irish representative. All their enthusiasms—slightly emasculated in the first place, for young males—were always cloaked beneath a knowing, half-apologetic jest.

It was a queer atmosphere, Miss McBride reflected now, viewing the pretty, delicate, thin face of the young poet, leaning out beyond his friend Miss Barnum; a tone of mind which must treat all of life with a light and knowing irony, from a mental viewpoint where the constant studied care for proper poise did not allow frank, youthful enthusiasm ever to come up in the open.

"I have it!" cried Mr. Dibble, now extracting a paper from his inside pocket. "This is the long-awaited time which I shall snatch to inflict upon you my latest masterpiece; the one," he said, now glancing meaningly at Olga Olgovska, "I have warned you from time to time to be coming."

The eyes of all the men again focused willingly upon that striking and little-understood personality to whom this remark was addressed.

"Its name for the present," said Mr. Dibble's light and rather pretty voice, "must be My Stars."

"Hear! Hear!"

"How charming, Ernest," said Miss Barnum.

But Mr. Dibble was glancing now away from her, turning his gaze directly upon the dark, heavily fringed eyes of Olga Olgovska, as he read, swaying slightly, his new work, with the inflection and rhythmic melodiousness demanded by vers libre:

Twin stars,
Above pale slippery seas—
Never closed
All night long!

Mysterious wondering!
Pale
Virginal
Silences!

Twin eastern stars,
Unclosed
All night!
Soft murmurings.
Deep rhythmic sighs.
And then at last—
The dawn!
The blood-red
Dawn!

"It's wonderful, Ernest; very wonderful!" said Mr. Bloodgood, speaking first. "But I hope not too personal," he added, and all the men looked now at Olga Olgovska, who gazed back with her dark, mysterious, unfathomable gaze.

There was something ridiculous, almost repulsive about it, Miss McBride felt, watching them—about the way in which a woman of that type could get men performing, each in his own special way, like schoolboys throwing cart wheels before the young belle of a picnic. It was too repulsively silly, Miss McBride was thinking to herself, as they went on with their futile discussion.

"Freudian, I should say," injected Mr. Bloodgood in his lightest vein.

"Very few if any *clichés* there," commented the Irish patriot.

"I'm not so sure about that," said the author. "There are *clichés* everywhere. But you like it, perhaps, a little?" he asked in his pretty pleading way of Olga Olgovska.

"Oh, so much indeedt!" replied Olga, giving an interesting foreign gesture—of one holding the poem to her bosom.

"I knew, I felt it must be personal," said Merle Bloodgood. "But, jesting aside," he went on, now turning and occupying the attention of Olga Olgovska, as he had during the major part of the meal, "they certainly do say things—wonderful things, with the new verse. Or perhaps you do not have a similar form in the Russian?" he asked her.

He was doing his best, it seemed, to entertain her, to keep her attention from her right-hand neighbor Mr. Fairweather, to whom, in spite of his comparatively unversatile conversational powers, she displayed a constant tendency to revert

"I do think," stated Mr. Bloodgood, continuing vivaciously, "that they do go too far sometimes in their desire to avoid *clichés*, to get new effects of all kinds. You take, for instance, that recent verse, given conspicuousness by one of our valued rivals and competitors—that one the skeptical spoke so much about recently as the little loathsome lay. Oh, you must recall it!" he insisted upon her plea of ignorance. "The first lines, anyway, that the godless jested so about," he said, repeating them:

I love the loathsome!
Delicious half-ripe rottenness.
I dream deliciously
As it slips
So soothfully
Down my grateful
Amorous throat.

"We must make allowances," said Mr. Bloodgood, slightly shaking his head. "But there is such a thing as going too far! And it does seem to me they went just a little too far in using that!" said Mr. Bloodgood, raising his little finger, as he did sometimes when he made a fine distinction. "No matter who the author may have been."

"He is well known then?" inquired Olga Olgovska, much interested.

"One of our foremost Freudians," said Mr. Bloodgood. "With the usual large current circulation for his works, from that appeal," he added with his quick smile.

"That from you—of all men!" exclaimed Miss McBride, now again breaking vivaciously into the conversation.

"Why, Vera! How most unkind!" replied Mr. Bloodgood, smiling a somewhat fugitive smile in her direction, and again returning to his conversation with the new member of the staff of The Earth.

"But you have contributed nothing to our main theme," he said to her.

"Which theme is that?" she asked him, using the heavy Russian *t* at the end of her sentence.

"As to mystery and woman"

"Should I know, indeedt?" she asked him. (Continued on Page 66

Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park

THE surprising things you hear about Hupmobile low costs and long life are true.

In the Hupmobile, all important parts and processes are exactly as fine as those used in cars of much higher price—but the lighter-weight Hupmobile gets more out of them in the way of economy.

Hupmobile manufacture and development are entirely under Hupmobile control—free from outside influences which might hinder or hamper.

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CALL 'EM AS YOU SEE 'EM

By a Major League Umpire

I AM forty-four years old this month. For twenty-four years of that time I have been a baseball umpire. Despite that fact I am sound and healthy, of pretty good nature, and I have a fairly good chance of being elected to the legislature in my state at the next election.

Umpiring is not such a bad profession as you might think. Oh, yes, I have been chased off the field and roasted in the newspapers. I have been even hit by a pop bottle. I have been through it all. Still, there is to me just as much fascination in facing a crowd and feeling my authority to-day as there was when I first started.

Umpires are said to have the most thankless job in the world. I know it to be true, but what of it? In itself that is a source of satisfaction. In the long run there is not much to a job when a man has to be thanked to know that he has done good work. I know just as well as anybody when I have had a good day, and it is that knowledge that makes me sleep well and improves my digestion. There are a lot of successful men, more important than I may hope to be, who never get thanked for the good work they have done. How about judges, financiers, trust presidents, school-teachers, scientists and editors? They should worry about somebody patting them on the shoulder as they wash up and go home every night!

A former baseball star, now hustling around to make a living as best he can, met me on the street the other day and for a few minutes we thrashed over old times.

"Say," he said, "sometimes I wish I had been an umpire instead of a player."

"You would have missed all that hero stuff in the papers," I suggested.

"Yes, but I should have still had a job. When it comes to a good living, baseball playing is like a sprint. Umpiring is a Marathon. I'm through, but you'll be out there making bad decisions until you trip up on your long gray whiskers."

There is something in that. You will notice also that this old star, true to the traditions of his trade, had to get in that little dig about bad decisions. At that, both his presence and his remark made me feel a little cheerful.

When I first broke into the big league an older umpire told me once that if members of a ball club let me know that my work was satisfactory I could rest assured I was a rotten umpire. It was a mighty comforting bit of advice, and he was dead right. In my whole career I cannot recall a single occasion when baseball players or club owners voluntarily came to me and complimented me on my work. And I have held my job.

Understanding the Players

SATISFACTORY umpiring to a ball player or a partisan fan means getting the best of the breaks. In the past few years I have had many evidences of that old truth.

Big-league managers always have had so much trouble with inexperienced umpires on their training trips that in recent years they have engaged, at their own expense, official league umpires to accompany them. The practice is allowed and encouraged because it helps to give the umpires as well as the players a little preliminary training. An umpire, you know, has to be in good physical condition for that two hours' work on the diamond. He has to do more running about than the athletes themselves.

On a Southern training trip three years ago one of the managers insisted on personally paying all the expenses of a well-known umpire, as well as salary, so that he could be sure of having him for the practice games.

"Say," said the umpire to him one day, "now that you are paying all my expenses, just what do you expect of me? You see, on the face of it, I am in your exclusive employ."

"Oh, nothing at all," insisted the manager. "All we want is for you to umpire the games in big-league style, so that the players can go at their work intelligently. We don't want you to do a thing for us. Nothing—well, except, maybe, to see that we do not get any the worst of it on the close ones."

I think I understand ball players. If I didn't I should n't be much of an umpire. That faculty of understanding human nature, by the way, is the main requisite of successful umpiring.

The general cussedness of ball players toward an umpire, when understood, is not such a terrible affliction. By tradition they regard successful umpire baiting as an accomplishment—not poor sportsmanship. Believe me, some of them are artists at it too.

This former star—he was a famous pitcher—who met me on the street that day and expressed regret at not having been an umpire was in his day the orneriest, most tantalizing goat getter that I ever have known in my life. And this in spite of the fact that he was held up to the youth of the land as a model for clean living and sportsmanship.

He may have forgotten, but I'll never forget how close he came to squelching my ambition when I got my first assignment in the big league.

I had been taken in tow by a veteran umpire to be shown the ropes. At dinner we were discussing the characteristics of the prominent players—things an umpire must know.

"How about the big fellow?" I asked, referring to the pitching star, then in the zenith of his career. "I hear he's the easiest man to get along with in the league."

"Well, I don't know about that. Maybe so—sometimes."

I was surprised. The older umpire's attitude showed plainly that he did not agree with what I had always read in the papers and had been led to believe.

"Why, they tell me he's never been put out of a game in his life; never has been known to quarrel with an umpire."

"That's so, I guess," he agreed, "but that don't make him easy to get along with. He's—well, I might as well put you right—he's a whiner."

The Tactics of the Whiner

IN MY experience in the little leagues I had never heard that expression as umpires use it—didn't know what it meant. But I stalled so as not to expose my ignorance.

"The chances are you'll catch him to-morrow," my friend informed me. "You'll see."

I did, too.

Though it was unusual to assign a new man as umpire in chief I was given the job of umpiring behind the plate, calling balls and strikes.

For a couple of innings everything went smoothly. This great pitcher was working with perfect control. He was certainly a master. I had never seen such pitching. In a close place, though, I called one that missed the corner of the plate a ball. He had expected it to be a strike.

The big fellow stopped for a second and looked at me hard. The fans noted the slight hesitation and began yapping at me. On the next pitch I called another ball, putting him in the hole and ruining his plan.

The pitcher—the great idol—took the return throw from the catcher in a peevish way and shrugged his big shoulders. He said nothing but assumed a pose of martyrdom, looking vacantly toward the top of the stands as if to invoke the aid of the gods.

A few minutes later I upset him again by calling a ball just when he could not afford to waste one. He took the return throw and deliberately dropped the ball in front of him. With arms akimbo he looked at the crowd, his eyes turning into that far-away stare, as if to say: "Isn't it awful to have your work ruined by an incompetent? But what's a fellow going to do? I can't quarrel."

The crowd understood perfectly what he meant. In a minute they got aboard me with hoots and jeers and rode me for the rest of the game. I saw red, but there wasn't a thing I could do about it. No rule had been broken. He had deliberately got my goat. My début, I felt, had been a failure. I was heartsick.

What gnawed at my insides was that this big star, firmly established in his profession, had set about to make me feel cheap—me an innocent newcomer—despite the fact that my rulings had been correct. At the same time he had ingratiated himself with the fans. The papers roasted me to a fare-you-well, and even spoke of the great pitcher's patience and forbearance in not beaning me.

In all fairness I must say that this star pitcher did not realize the cruelty in his treatment of a young man trying his best to make good. He regarded it as an art.

That night I knew what the old umpire meant by a whiner. I know now that they are ten times worse than the ignorant scrappers who merely lose their tempers and cool down later.

Now that I have grown older and more observant I have discovered that the United States is pretty well populated with whiners. That type of man is not limited to baseball. He is the citizen you often meet, who never takes any personal interest in public affairs, but who looks wisely in the distance and says: "Well, what could we expect with such men as that in office?"

I met one on the train the other night. There was trouble with the Pullman-car service. Someone suggested that the company ought to be notified; that they would be glad to adjust it.

"Oh, what's the use?" said this whiner, the most bitter complainant. "It's the punishment a man must expect for riding on such a railroad."

I suppose you know a lot of whiners.

Getting back at those fellows is like shadow boxing. There is never anything to hit.

Don't think me a cynic or that I am sour. I am not. I have a lot of fun out of life and I get just as many laughs out of baseball as the players do. I am just as proud of being up around the top in my profession as you are in yours. My task is hard: that's true. But, after all, is there anything worth while that isn't hard?

Umpiring is an honorable profession and one that is absolutely essential to the pleasure of the sport-loving public. I say "honorable." I mean that in more ways than one. Did it ever occur to you that in the whole history of the major leagues there has never been a dishonest umpire? There has never been a charge of one being dishonest. An umpire's ability is often questioned and he is the target for bitter attacks in the sporting pages, but nobody ever charges one with not having honest intentions.

During the forty or more years that major-league baseball has been in existence there have been a few—very, very few—instances of players being dishonest, but at no time has the umpire's integrity been questioned.

In the recent baseball scandals at Chicago it developed that a number of players had been involved with gamblers. Did it ever occur to you how much simpler it would have been for the gamblers to have fixed the umpires if such a thing had been possible? It was so impossible that they did not dare attempt it. Possibly such a thought never occurred to them.

In my whole experience I recall only one instance where an umpire was even approached with the idea of influencing his decisions. That happened in New York in 1908. A man is said to have tried to thrust some bills into an umpire's hands under the grand stand at the Polo Grounds. The indignant umpire immediately reported the matter, and this man, a fan, was barred from all league ball parks for the rest of his life.

As I said before, I have worked twenty-four years to be a good umpire; and, believe me, it was no easy climb. I am now an old-timer in the major leagues and my salary is around five thousand dollars a year, though my actual working time is but six months. Salaries range from twenty-five hundred to six thousand, according to ability and length of service. Umpires earn every cent of it.

In addition to his salary an umpire is allowed seven dollars a day for living expenses during the playing season. Ball players do not get their expenses paid when in the home city. An umpire, though, has no official home.

This living-expense money amounts to twelve hundred and fifty dollars a season. If the umpire can live cheaper that is his own affair. The money is paid to him just the same. It takes all of it to make ends meet. The umpire can be no profiteer.

The league of course pays all railroad fares.

Where Umpires Talk Shop

AN UMPIRE is permitted to live at any hotel he pleases provided it is not a hotel patronized by ball players. Under no circumstances are umpires and league players allowed to live under the same roof. An even more stringent rule is one prohibiting umpires from traveling on the same trains with ball clubs if it is possible to reach the destination by any other route or at any other time.

Everything is arranged so that the players and the public never see the officials until after they appear on the field in uniform, ready to start the game. Those are wise regulations. Nothing tends to hamper discipline so much as intimacy. Naturally it is not easy to dine with a ball player to-night and order him from the field to-morrow.

Umpires of both major leagues usually patronize the same hotels in the several cities. These hotels are what you might call umpire homes. They are well known to baseball people, but by tradition players never invade their seclusion. The life of an umpire is lonely at best and these hotels offer his only opportunity for companionship—his only place for talking shop.

Experience has taught umpires to be extremely wary of accepting invitations or favors from outsiders. In the different cities we have a few personal friends who take us for an automobile ride or to a home dinner occasionally, but that is about all. Under no circumstances can we visit the racetracks or other places where there is betting. Any place that is frowned upon by the better element of people must be avoided by an umpire. Our dignity must be preserved at all times. I guess that is why from the beginning we have been called "Mr." in the box scores and other official records.

Talking about that "Mr." or "Messrs." custom, I met a ball player one day, a big leaguer who was not very

(Continued on Page 30)

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Sept. 1, 1921, to Dec. 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers"
By Byron Morgan.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author
of "Three Weeks"

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World"
By Ernst Klein
Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaw

"The Golem"
A unique presentation of the famous
story of ancient Prague.

"Dangerous Lies"
With David Powell
By E Phillips Oppenheim
A Paul Powell British Production

Cecil B DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Jeanie MacPherson
Suggested by Schnitzler's play
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye.

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by
John S. Robertson

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne.

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
With Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart

William DeMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand,"
A William S Hart Production

George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
With Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller.

Famous Players-Lasky British Production
"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
By Ian MacLaren.
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik"
With Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by
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Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
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Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 28)

strong on reading and writing. He had just been poring over the box scores in the paper.

"Say," he called out to me, "who is this guy Messrs. that umpired out in Chicago yesterday?"

I didn't get him for a moment and reached for the paper. In the summary of the box score the umpires were "Messrs. Dineen and Connolly." In all seriousness he pointed his finger at the word "Messrs."

"That's the same guy that was umpiring out in the American Association when I was out there," he declared, "and I ain't seen him yet."

I have a very good friend, an excellent umpire, who lost his job once for having been seen in a gambling house. There was no charge of his having gambled. As a matter of fact, he was tricked into entering the place by a gambler who had threatened to make him lose his job. He thought it a private residence, but once inside, a flashlight photograph was taken of him and the incident reported to the officials. For this indiscretion he was dropped like a hot brick. But, as he says, it was a punishment necessary to discipline, and he accepted his medicine. Later he was reappointed to a major-league job. He is now one of the best in the business.

It is from old-timers who understand things like this that the young umpire gets his coaching in careful conduct. It takes quite a time to make a new umpire feel easy in his job.

After my own first experience with that pitching star I was much discouraged. It seemed such an unfair advantage to take of a beginner. I was nervous and halting in my work for two or three days. It came near being ruinous.

A few days later I got a letter from the old umpire who had first taken me in tow.

"The one thing you want to remember," he wrote, "is always to call them exactly as you see them. Forget the colors of the uniforms. If you can go to your hotel and feel that your decisions were correct you'll sleep well. That is all the satisfaction an umpire ever gets. If you have made mistakes talk them over with some other umpire. Under no circumstances allow yourself to get discouraged. Remember that the only friend an umpire has is the president of the league and that he will back you up. Forget the others."

That letter did me an immense amount of good. I have it to this day, have just copied it word for word. This veteran continued to write to me every week or so, and his kind advice was always helpful. I found that he did that for other young umpires. None of them will ever forget him.

My next important assignment was to be a tough one and I knew it. It was what we call a crucial series, one of those sets of games that decide the leadership. There is bound to be a lot of scrapping, and the umpire is equally bound to get the brunt of it.

Ready for the Trouble Makers

SEVERAL of the star players started bulldozing me right off the reel. I was constantly in hot water after the first inning. No matter what I did there was a kick. Finally they got my dander up and I forgot that I was a newcomer. I ordered two of the crack players of the home club off the field and the home team lost the game.

My ears burn to this day when I think of the roars of that crowd and what the papers said about my incompetency. They even criticized the president of the league for not having furnished two of his best umpires for so important a series.

Two days later I heard from my friend, the veteran umpire.

"Never hesitate to assert your authority as you did. Remember always to aim your severest discipline at the home club if you want an orderly game. Don't let the home players get the jump on you or they'll turn the crowd on you and spoil your day. A young umpire must be more severe than an old-timer. You see, you've got to establish yourself so they'll know you are running that ball game even if you are a beginner. If you are timid you are a gone coonskin. The president will back you up to the limit. Go after them.

"Don't forget," he wrote in a concluding paragraph, "that practically all trouble starts with the home club. The moment one gets after you pop it to him, and do it quick. The home fellows have all the power. They can lead the crowd. The visitors couldn't put the crowd on you if they tried all day. The fans, you know, are just as strong against the visitors as they are against the umpire. Just put the thumbscrews on the home-club trouble makers and you'll have a smooth ball game."

That was real stuff—inside stuff. The psychology of it had never occurred to me before. Think that over and you will understand why that old umpire was the greatest in his line.

A ball game, just like a theatrical performance, must run smoothly and snappily to make for entertainment and draw big crowds. One of those long-drawn-out, wrangling games hurts baseball a whole lot. The modern club owners know it very well. You may talk about crowds liking a lot of scrapping and quarreling all you please, but they don't do anything of the kind. They like a snappy game, full of fight, certainly, but stupid wrangling that delays the action disgusts them. Being official representatives of the league it is our business to have the games run smoothly. Otherwise the league as a whole will suffer. Umpires are responsible for the general conduct of the game as well as for the decisions in play. Therefore it is imperative that trouble be stopped in the beginning. And, as the veteran wrote me, the way to stop it is to sit right down on the baiters on the home club before they get a chance to influence the crowd.

Next to the whiners the most irritating element in a ball game is the false-pep guys, as we call them.

On every ball club, you know, there are a number of recruits as well as regular substitutes—utility men. These fellows have few opportunities to display their ability on the field. They don't get in the game often. They are bench warmers, eagerly waiting a chance to make good. For fear of being dropped before having a real chance they try to impress the manager with their pep and fighting spirit. A manager often will hold on to a young fellow simply because he has this so-called peppery spirit.

How Umpires Break In

THE bench warmers advertise this pep by making cracks at the other players and yapping at the umpires. It is so apparent sometimes—this false pep—that it becomes irritating and disgusting. Such players are allowed to go as far as they like by their managers because if they get put off the field or suspended it makes no difference. Regular players, badly needed in the games, are usually very careful. I have known some managers to fine regular players for getting put out of games. The players should be too. For the sake of getting back at the umpire they not only hurt themselves but weaken the playing strength of the club.

In the old days it was not at all infrequent for ball players purposely to get put out of games. They were perfectly willing to pay the fine for the fun they intended to have during their absence. There is a rule now that automatically suspends a player three days without pay when put off the field, and he may be fined besides. This has put a stop to the fellows who deliberately tried to get put off.

Many years ago out in St. Louis the race track was within a few hundred yards of the ball park. That's where we had our troubles. Nearly all ball players like to play the races. When I first had an assignment there I couldn't understand why umpires had so much trouble over decisions that were trivial. Every day two or three players were ordered off the field. Finally I got on.

I'll never forget one day when the star third baseman of the visiting club, now a prominent baseball man and a great lover of horses, kicked violently at a decision that was not even questionable. He called me an ugly name, but I attributed it to a sudden burst of temper and walked away, pretending not to have heard it. Instead of cooling down he followed me across the diamond, threw his glove to the ground and hurled his cap in the air in derision. That, by the way—tossing the cap or glove in the air—is the last straw with an umpire. It is taken to mean a defiance of authority—insubordination. I turned and was about to order him off the field. Then:

"No, you don't!" I said to him. "You get right back there and play third base. There isn't a chance of your getting put out of this game. If you've got a tip on the races you'd better telephone your bet between innings. Nothing doing!"

He had a sense of humor and we both laughed. He took his medicine and went back to the bag.

An additional laugh to us at the time was the terrible kick put up by the home club on me for not putting the third baseman out—for letting him get away with that kind of stuff.

Perhaps you have wondered what it is that makes a man stand for all this unpleasantness, isolation, loneliness—why he should want to be an umpire, in other words. I often have wondered at it myself.

My roommate says, "Why, because it's a job."

That may be the answer, but I don't think so. A lot of young umpires could have had other jobs that paid them much more at the start. No, that isn't it.

My personal opinion is that it is the thrill that comes with occupying the limelight, of having supreme command, of having a big crowd of people hang in expectancy on every word one says, the feeling of responsibility that goes with absolute authority.

That, as I say, is the thrill. The thing that makes one hang on until superannuated is the fascination of meeting and deciding new problems every day. No two ball games are alike. The complexion of everything changes overnight. I have a newspaper friend who says it is the same thing that fascinates a police reporter with his job. There is something new every day, and he's always afraid he'll miss it. I know this fellow can go out and make twice as much money in some other line, but he simply can't turn loose.

For the original germ, though, the mental workings of a man or boy who starts out in life to be an umpire—oh, there are lots of them—we must go back a little further.

Not long ago I stopped off in a little town near a big college and was asked to umpire a ball game between two of the class teams. I had no equipment whatever. I knew I could find what I wanted quickly.

"I beg pardon," I said to the clerk at the corner cigar store, "but what is the name of that young fellow around here who umpires?"

"You mean Ed Spurgeon?"

"Sure, that's the fellow."

I had never heard of Ed Spurgeon in my life, but I knew him to be the boy I was seeking.

"Why, I guess you'll find him round at the hardware store. He works over there."

Sure enough, I found Ed and borrowed his mask and protector. When I told him I was a major-league umpire he wanted to give me the hardware store.

Now there is an Ed Spurgeon in every village in America. In stories we have come to know the village gossip, the nosey old woman, the town imbecile, the cut-up at the railway station, and so on. The boy or man who always wants to umpire is just as definite a fixture in the small town as those other characters. Right off I'll bet you can easily remember the name of the young fellow who always umpired the ball games in your town. But I'll also bet you cannot remember how he came to be selected as the town arbiter, and why. You can't because he wasn't selected. He appointed himself.

It is from the ranks of those little-town fellows that most of the major-league umpires come. It explains why comparatively few of the prominent professional umpires have been ball players. To be a good umpire a man must start out with an ambition to be an umpire, and stick to it. It gets to be an obsession with him. Ball players are drilled in a different school and as a rule have not the umpire's turn of mind. The few who have succeeded are exceptionally good, though. It might interest you to note that nearly all of these have been pitchers. I attribute this to the fact that pitchers have the best angle of view on all plays at the bases and are thoroughly equipped for deciding close plays when they start in as umpires.

Learning the Job

I AM a small-town fellow and was never a ball player. I tried to play on the little team in our town for a while but wasn't much good. I was an enthusiast; though, and they carried me as a substitute because I was always handy in doing the detail work of getting up the games. I yearned to be in the spotlight—to be an authority on something.

One day the umpire, a cigar-store clerk, was run off the field, neither side being willing to continue with him. Nobody else was available and I volunteered. I did a pretty good job of it, despite the constant wrangling, and felt somewhat glorified that night. I was only seventeen.

Like other small-town umpires I considered it a wonderful thing to be the authority, to be the absolute boss of the field, with the crowd applauding—or booing. I was the absolute center of things. People came to me to decide things, and that makes a young fellow feel mighty important.

A man—even a boy—very quickly realizes the responsibility that goes with the authority vested in him. He acquires an iron determination to let nothing make him recreant to that trust. Once he gets that the germ is firmly planted. He is an umpire for life.

I read about the big-league umpires and studied the principles of the game as a young lawyer would his Blackstone. In time I got a job in a Class D league and gradually worked up. My experience is very similar to that of most umpires.

I have found that it makes little difference from what walk of life an umpire comes. It is not necessary that he be a ball player. That is often a handicap. Of course he must love the game and know it. Nearly all American boys have that qualification. Being an expert on the rules is merely a matter of close study and application. You may be surprised to know that very few major-league ball players know the rules thoroughly. I venture to say that not 5 per cent of them have ever read them. Just the other day we were discussing that odd feature of baseball at a gathering of umpires. We could not recall but one player in both major leagues who had read and digested the rules so that he has a thorough knowledge of the finer points.

An umpire's success depends entirely upon his temperament, his force of character. Many of the most prominent ones have never had any occupation other than umpiring. I have found that umpires who start out depending on some other job to fall back on in case they fail usually do fail. Umpiring cannot be a side line. It must be a man's lifework to get results. In that respect it differs little from other professions. Nobody makes a success of anything unless he centers his whole attention upon it. Several of

(Continued on Page 32)

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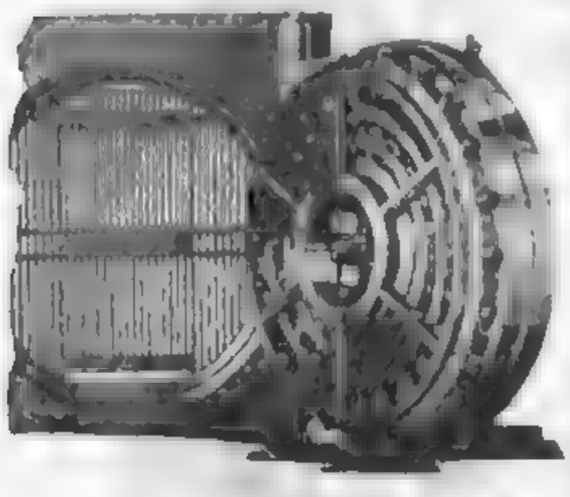

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(Continued from Page 30)

our most able umpires have become interested in some other business during the winter months. But those are the side issues. Umpiring must come first. It cannot be a side line.

Every umpire has at least one city in the circuit where he is thoroughly disliked, a place he always dreads. In some way he has offended the fans in that particular place and they never forget him. These local dislikes are due to some hard decision that becomes historic—one that has smashed the hopes of the home team just when they were in a spurt. In time every umpire has one of these to make somewhere. The forfeiture of a game, for instance, is never forgiven, no matter what may have been the provocation.

Not long ago an umpire came into the league heralded as a wonder in the minors, and got his rough medicine right off the reel. In one of his first games the home team had the bases full with two out and needed a couple of runs to win. A popular slugger came up and hit to the center-field fence for three bases, sending the three runners across the plate. The fans went crazy with joy. The young umpire, though, was cruelly vigilant. His job, as judge of base plays, was to watch the runner at all times, and he did. The crowd, you know, usually watches the ball, which, by the way, accounts for their frequent disputing of decisions. This umpire saw that the batter—the hero—had stepped over first base without touching it.

After three runs had scored and the slugger had pulled up at third the second baseman of the visiting club called for the ball. He ran over and touched first base.

"How 'bout it?" he demanded, calling to the umpire.

"The runner's out," was the decision.

This meant of course that none of the runs counted, the offending batter having made the third out. Technically he had not reached first base.

You should have seen that crowd!

In that city that umpire has no peace of mind to this day.

"Well, I didn't miss it far anyway," said the player sheepishly when called out.

But, you see, the crowd didn't hear that. They think to this day that their hero was a martyr. Ball players never explain that side of the case to the fans. No, indeed!

The president of the league happened to be present that day and gave the umpire a lot of encouragement by assuring him of his support.

Tricks of the Trade

All umpires improve as they grow older, and this improvement is in the knowledge of the players, their personality, mannerisms, and so on. Some players can be smoothed down by a calm discussion of their mistakes. Others have to be given peremptory orders. It is wise to listen to the protests of some. Others must be brushed aside. The old umpire understands the difference between the whiner, the false-pep pest and the well-meaning player.

The younger umpire cannot know these things at first and he must hew straight to the line to uphold his dignity and maintain the strictest of discipline. Right or wrong, he can never linger on a decision. Once established he may be able to temporize and smooth out bad situations, but to attempt this at first would be suicidal.

Now take crack base runners like Max Carey, Ty Cobb and Eddie Collins. These men have peculiar and decidedly individual methods of sliding into the bases. Unless the umpire is familiar with their mannerisms he is very likely to make a mistake. By knowing how they usually slide he can station himself so as to be sure whether the runner's foot touched the base or not, or if he was actually touched by the ball. It is impossible for a person in the grand stand to have any idea as to the correctness of one of these decisions. If you could be on the field once and observe the difference in the angle of view you would understand this.

The veteran umpire also becomes so familiar with the style of play of a team that he can frequently anticipate what they are going to attempt. He soon learns the signals and knows them as well as the players. Thus prepared he is usually on the job. To be caught napping on a trick or unexpected play is an awful predicament. Frequently the players, to make sure that the umpire is ready, will tip him off in advance.

Umpires have their individual characteristics as well as the players. Some of them are keen wits. Others are simply droll. We have one major-league umpire who has a way of disarming enraged players by singing or humming. It is impossible to arouse his anger. Long ago the players quit trying.

One day the star hitter of the New York club was called out on strikes. He had not even taken a swing at the ball. Disgust was written all over his face.

In a fit of temper he threw the bat from him and turned on the umpire, who was busily dusting off the plate with a whisk broom.

"What's the idea—trying to make a sucker out of me? Are you blind?"

The umpire didn't look up, kept dusting away, humming to himself:

I'm afraid the hero will have to be bolder,
Can't git no hits with that bat on his shoulder.

The big fellow glared at the back of the umpire's head, then walked around him and stooped over, trying to look him in the eyes. But the umpire kept right on humming, refusing to look up, the crowd roaring in laughter.

Disgustedly the player finally walked away.

"Whatcher going to do with a guy like that?" he remarked as he neared the bench.

Another stunt of this singing umpire is his manner of warning players that if they don't keep quiet he'll put them off the field. As a player rages away—maybe several of them—this arbiter will wield that whisk broom on the plate, keeping perfect time as he hums:

To the clubhouse he must go,
To the clubhouse he must go,
Oh, fair lady!

When the crowd is roasting him this fellow will stand behind the catcher humming a song of his own invention that they all know very well. It begins "Oh, the pro-le-ta-ri-at is peevish—is peevish, is peevish," and so on. I don't think anybody remembers the rest of it. I have known the catcher and the batter to get so convulsed at this weird ditty that the batter would step out of the box and hold up the pitcher for a second.

Another umpire, long since retired, had a way of completely throwing a blustering player off his stride by addressing him as if he were an old friend just arrived.

In a tight game in Boston one afternoon this umpire had a tough decision to make. Even before the crowd could get on him the toughest, rowdiest player on the home team—a terror to most umpires—rushed out from the bench like a maddened bull. It looked as if he intended to commit murder or something. His rage was not assumed either.

As the player came rushing toward the plate, eyes distended, the umpire calmly walked out to meet him, his face spread in a most cordial and gracious smile.

"Why, Harry," he called out unctuously, extending his hand, "I am so glad to see you! How have you been?"

The Wrong Watch

The ball player was so flabbergasted for a second that he took the extended hand. Realizing how he had been caught he shook the hand violently. Then he began to sputter. The crowd caught the humor of the thing and in the laugh that followed the player gave up and walked back to the bench with his tail between his legs.

There are some of you older fans—much older—who perhaps remember Watch Burnham, a celebrated umpire in the days of the old Baltimore Orioles. Very few know, though, how he got the sobriquet of Watch.

A great outfielder in those days, one of the Baltimore players, was responsible for it. The fans of Baltimore had bought a magnificent watch to present to this outfielder and had left it with the boy at the clubhouse until the star came in from the field. The boy, a little afraid of the responsibility, handed the watch to Umpire Burnham when he arrived at the park, asking him to take care of it.

During the game the star outfielder, noted as a chronic kicker, started a violent protest over some decision. It finally resulted in Burnham's ordering him off the field. The outfielder refused to go and other players gathered around to join in the wrangle.

"I'll give you just one minute to get off," said Burnham. "If you are not off by that time I'll forfeit the game." He pulled his watch, an old trick employed by umpires to indicate that they meant business.

"Oh, you will, will you?" shouted the outfielder. He ran to the umpire, deliberately knocked the watch out of his hand and stamped it in the dust with his foot. With that he started for the clubhouse.

"While you are off," Burnham called to the popular star, "you'd better save up about a hundred and fifty to get this fixed."

He handed him the watch, the beautiful present from the admiring fans, now a complete wreck.

An umpire's duty does not end with merely judging the plays on the field. He has an additional responsibility in protecting the public. In this he is held to strict accountability. Though it is not generally known, the police regulations of most cities recognize the absolute authority of the umpire over the entire gathering. He can order any objectionable person from the stands, and the police are instructed to take orders from him. It is very seldom that an umpire uses this power. I do know of one occasion, in New Orleans, though, where a newspaper reporter was ejected from the press box, under the umpire's order, for having criticized the umpire in a loud, objectionable manner. The police obeyed the umpire and the incident created a sensation, especially when the reporter went into the courts to question the official's authority over a spectator. The court held, I believe, that the umpire was within his rights; that he was responsible to society for the conduct of the assemblage and must, therefore, be clothed with full police authority.

On account of his absolute authority to punish by expulsion or by forfeiture of the game, if necessary, it may seem an easy matter to enforce discipline. But it is not. Suppose, for instance, players refused to leave the field—as in the case of Watch Burnham and the outfielder—and the umpire did forfeit the game. He would disappoint a large gathering of people, and very soon such captious acts would destroy the sport's popularity. If possible an umpire must see that the crowd get their money's worth. He must smooth out the situation by his force of character without resorting to the extreme measure of forfeiture.

Tendencies Toward Fair Play

I have been in a predicament like that several times. One time I did forfeit the game, because the manager and players absolutely refused to continue. There was the dickens to pay about it too. Spectators demanded their money back, storming the ticket windows. No preparations had been made for an immediate refund and the ball club suffered heavily in prestige.

Fortunately the club that had started the trouble was the one to suffer. You may rest assured that manager, after a hot session with the owners, never stood for another forfeited game.

In the old days we had much more trouble with crowds than we do now; in fact the greatest improvement I have noticed in more than twenty years of baseball is the growth of sportsmanlike spirit in American crowds. Twenty years ago we had practically no public sporting spirit in professional games. Men actually thought it clever to take any unfair advantage. I don't like to say that, but it is true. Most all of us can remember well when it was considered quite proper to win at any cost. There used to be a slogan in those days which ran something like this: "Win fairly if you can, but win."

Many of the clubs were owned and managed by men of a type who do not understand the real meaning of sportsmanship. Baseball had not become such a recognized national institution and it was not at all uncommon for the teams to be owned by saloon men, gamblers, and so on.

Nowadays the club owners are of a much higher type, men of affairs in the professional and financial world. Even the sporting writers are much broader in their views and are able to discuss things dispassionately.

I have seen an umpire knocked senseless and have heard the crowd applaud. But that was many years ago. It is not at all uncommon now to have the crowd protest against a decision that gives the visiting team all the worst of it. There is a distinct tendency toward fair play.

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Even small annoyances, not important except as they require time to correct them, are eliminated in the improved Essex design.

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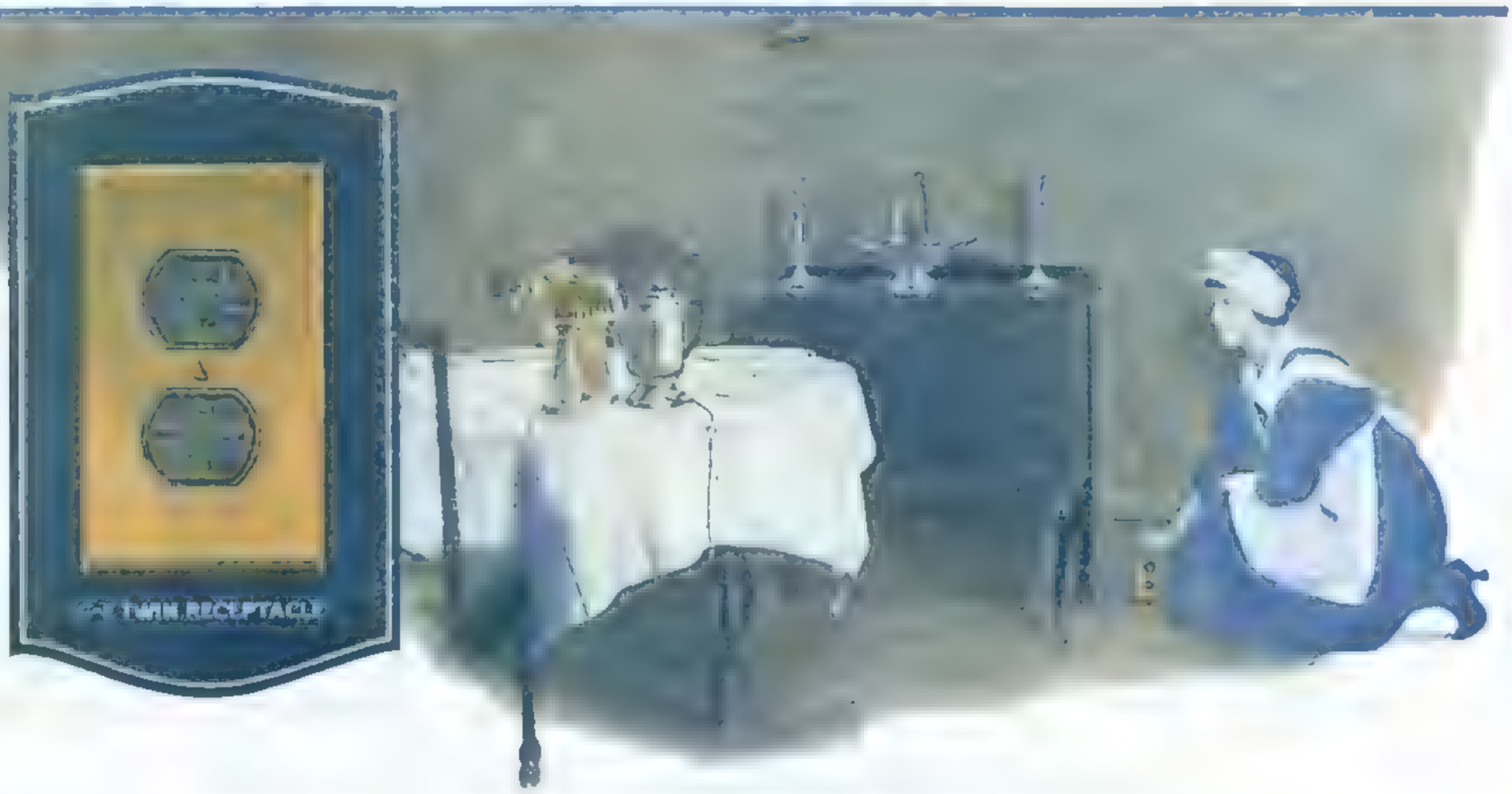

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Everybody's Business

By Floyd W. Parsons

Economy in Management

THERE is greater need to-day for economy in the management of business than there has been at any other time in years. Directors' meetings are being given over to discussions of ways to reduce expenses. "How can I cut down my operating costs and save on overhead?" is the common question of corporation executives.

Realizing the importance of this matter of exercising greater economy in our commercial and industrial operations at the present time, I grabbed the opportunity one day recently to participate in what might be termed an experience meeting of the managers of several large business organizations. Many of the ideas presented may prove helpful to other executives who are searching for ways and means to effect savings.

Ability to buy right is just as essential to success in business as ability to sell. The first point of attack in every economy campaign should be the purchasing department. Efficient salesmanship cannot overcome loose practices in purchasing articles or materials. The purchasing agent must have a personal knowledge of just what is required of the materials he buys. He must not be guided solely by the price of an article, for oftentimes the highest-priced article to-day is the cheapest one in the long run. He must keep in close touch with the sales department and encourage the manager of sales to supply him with all the information available concerning market fluctuations. He should always take advantage of a cash discount, but in the interest of fair play should not ask for such a discount after the prescribed period during which it is allowed has expired.

The purchasing agent should stand firmly on his rights when the fault is not his. He should never forget that the prompt delivery of goods is an important factor in the production scheme and may seriously affect the profits of a concern. The buyer for one large company keeps a careful record of the delivery dates of all goods ordered. Two weeks before the consignment is scheduled to arrive he sends a return post card to the producer, requesting information as to the status of the goods and as to whether or not they will be delivered on the date promised. Five or six days later another post-card reminder is mailed to the producer. If the order is an important one and there appears to be likelihood of a delay in shipment the agent uses the telegraph to speed up the delivery. The courts of several states have ruled that when a buyer specifies that goods shall be shipped via a certain railroad the seller cannot make a valid delivery under the contract unless he ships over the route designated. Generally goods are sold on the basis of delivery at the point of shipment. However, if a seller agrees to furnish goods on a delivery basis at the point of destination he should always prepay the freight charges, and the purchaser who insists upon such prepayment is wholly within his rights.

Many concerns operate with the idea that the storeroom is only a dumping ground for miscellaneous articles not immediately needed. It has often occurred that the whole production schedule of a company was seriously delayed because of a lack of system in the storeroom. The model storeroom is one that is centrally located, with a door and counter at each end, and with all the shelves running at right angles to the entrances, making it possible for anyone to stand at either door and see the full length of the room. More and more storerooms are being constructed with inclosing walls of strong wire mesh. This plan provides far better light and ventilation than can be obtained when the storeroom is surrounded by walls that are solid.

Economy surveys in many plants are disclosing forms of waste that were totally ignored when business was booming. One large machine works, which formerly permitted employes to place the tools used each day in the men's lockers, found on investigation that more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of tool steel had been stored away in this manner. An order was issued that all tools must be returned after the completion of jobs, and as a result the company has less than one-quarter as much money tied up in small tools as was the case under the previous plan. There should be no exception to the rule that all supplies must be kept in a storeroom under lock and key, and issued only upon requisition signed by someone in authority.

One clothing manufacturer recently reduced the material used in each garment by less than one-quarter of an inch, and thereby effected an annual saving of fifteen thousand dollars. Another company reduced the waste of material in one manufacturing department 65 per cent, and saved twelve thousand dollars in a year. This was accomplished by establishing limits of waste and giving workmen a bonus for maintaining or bettering the standard fixed. A bonus for economical practice is just as essential as a bonus for quantity production. Another large company discovered that in its chemical department rubber gloves were discarded when they showed the first signs of wear. A simple and inexpensive vulcanizer was purchased, and hundreds of dollars formerly expended in the replacement of gloves are now being saved.

One of the most promising fields for saving money in manufacturing to-day is the opportunity that exists for reducing the time it takes for goods to pass from the receiving room to the shipping room. Most companies have large sums of money tied up in goods in process of manufacture or distribution. In solving this problem it is necessary to plan production carefully; not only making sure that no more of any particular part is in process of manufacture than is needed but at the same time taking care that no delays occur in the prompt movement of parts from one operation to the next. One large company, after attacking this problem, effected a reduction of more than two million dollars in the value of goods in process by eliminating all the needless factors of delay.

Each and every manager should occupy his time in determining, not how things are being done but how they should be done. One executive said: "If one article in a lot of goods can be produced by a cheaper method in a shorter time, all the articles of the same type can be produced constantly by this improved method. The primary effort should be to search out the best and the shortest way, and then make this the standard way. One of the most satisfactory schemes to improve the morale of men is to post the records of individual accomplishment for the inspection of all workers."

It is an exceptional factory or office that does not present opportunities for the greater practice of thrift. One manufacturer of pianos found that nearly 25 per cent of the cost of finishing wood went for rags, which were necessary in the process of filling the wood. An investigation showed that a bale of rags can be used ten or twelve times, on an average, before they must be thrown away, if the rags are properly washed. This particular firm installed a washing machine, which not only saved the cost of the machine the first year but reduced the annual expenditure for rags to less than one-sixth of what it formerly had been. Several companies are now saving hundreds of dollars each year by filtering lubricating oils that have been once used. It is not a difficult matter to remove dust, dirt and fine metal particles from a used oil, converting the product once more into a satisfactory lubricant. The manager of a large Eastern factory effected a considerable saving in the use of power by persuading the department heads under him to take up the heavy work of their departments in succession instead of simultaneously. Under this new plan one foreman would handle his heaviest work from ten A.M. to eleven A.M. The foreman of another department would schedule his heaviest work from eleven to twelve, and so on. As a result of this common-sense arrangement the company's power load was distributed evenly throughout the day.

The conservation of what we have is the sanest kind of thrift. One manager told of the use of bitumen to protect various kinds of material. Concrete floors are prevented from dusting by coating them with bitumen or bitumastic paint. Experience has shown that bitumen will protect practically all materials against the corrosive action of acids, fumes and smoke from burning fuels.

In every factory and office there should be a systematic plan for salvaging scrap. Salvage substations should be located throughout the plant, and all scrap should be carefully classified before it is sold. One successful manager operates his salvage department as a branch of the company's department of inspection.

Modern business will likely be carried on under some form of budget control. The chief benefit of the budget system is that it provides a warning to the management of unhealthy business conditions, and if the budget is properly conducted it will serve the warning early enough to permit prompt action to stop the losses before they reach a dangerous stage. One danger in most budget plans lies in the possible failure of management to vary the expenses in accordance with the fluctuations of the business, especially if the trend of business is downward. Though budgets must be kept four-squared with themselves, it is necessary to move carefully and sometimes slowly in making adjustments to meet the changing tides of business. A drop in sales may mean that greater expenditures are necessary rather than that expenses should be curtailed. However, a limit must be placed on such an assumption, and if the sales are not restored within the time limit decided upon, expenses should be brought into line promptly. The fact that expenses are normal according to the budget is no assurance that all is well. The volume of sales must also be equal to the estimated figure in the budget; otherwise the expense of selling will likely be so high as to destroy all profits.

Among the interesting developments in the way of economy at the present time are the various plans for collective buying and united marketing. Retailers handling certain lines in several districts have banded together with other dealers in near-by towns and have devised a plan whereby the purchases of articles for all the stores are handled as unit transactions. The duties of the individual buyers in the different stores are not increased, for the buying of several lines is divided among the various stores. The buyer in one store purchases stoves, another cutlery, a third paint, and so on. This plan of collective buying not only secures goods for the retailers at a lower price but reduces the freight charges through enabling the manufacturer to ship goods to the central town of the district in carload lots. In addition, freight cars are released, for fewer cars are sent on their way partially loaded, and in the case of long hauls the delivery of goods is materially speeded up.

Economy is the crying need of the moment and opportunities for its practice in business to-day are plentiful. However, there are wiser and safer ways to save than by scrapping industrial-relations departments and abolishing all betterment work. The prevalence of unemployment is increasing production per labor unit. Workers are plentiful and wages are declining. But this situation will eventually change, and managers who have shown plainly that their interest in the welfare of their employes was temporary, selfish and insincere will find it no easy task in the future to mollify discontented workers, who will not have forgotten their treatment when men were plentiful and jobs were few. A grave time like the present affords a great opportunity to lay the foundation for a satisfactory working arrangement and to develop a force of loyal workers who will prove to be a valuable asset when orders again are plentiful and men and materials are scarce.

Jim Henry's Column

Economy

It seems as though every time I am invited to a cabaret, or to play a million dollar golf course, or to ride in some other fellow's limousine, I listen to a pitiful lament regarding the departed glories of loose money.

We all enjoyed it while it lasted, but after all it was just a debauch of spending. The only trouble with the country is that it is sobering up, which is not always pleasant, but usually a good thing in the long run.

Of course, the above is a roundabout approach to the subject of the price of Mennen Shaving Cream. I want to be perfectly frank and candid—Mennen's is relatively expensive. At 50 cents a tube 200 Mennen shaves cost exactly ¼ of a cent apiece—about 7⅛ cents a month.

With ordinary hard soap you can save probably 3 to 4 cents a month. Now, 4 cents is 4 cents—especially in these days of tight money—and I feel it is up to me to justify asking you to load up the family budget with this extravagance.

Let's get at it by comparison.

Doesn't the hard soap lather you are using get dry and powdery half way through the second lap? Mennen lather absorbs so much water that it simply cannot dry out while you are shaving.

Don't you have to pummel your present lather with your fingers in order to make any impression—getting your sleeve full of suds? Mennen's without any finger friction reduces your beard to the suppliance of an adolescent mustache.

Does hard soap leave your face crackly and smarting? After a Mennen Shave it feels great—smooth and soft and benevolent.

Now, even if you think the difference is worth the 4 cents a month, don't let me persuade you into rashly speculating 50 cents for a full tube of Mennen's. Take it easy and send only 15 cents for my demonstrator tube. Then I'll leave it to you.

and afterwards- Mennen Talcum for Men it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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THE GREENWICH VILLAGE VIRUS

(Continued from Page 15)

THE VILLAGE EPIC

'Way down south in Greenwich Village,
There they wear no fancy frillage,
For the ladies of the Square
All wear smocks and bob their hair.
There they do not think it shocking
To wear stencils for a stocking,
That saves the laundry bills
In Washington Square.

'Way down south in Greenwich Village,
Where the spinsters come for thrillage,
Where they speak of soul relations
With the sordid Slavic nations,
'Neath the guise of feminism
Dodging social ostracism,
They get away with much
In Washington Square.

'Way down south in Greenwich Village,
Where the brains amount to nillage,
Where the girls are unconventional
And the men are unintentional,
There the girls are self-supporting,
There the ladies do the courting,
The ladies buy the eats
In Washington Square.

A song so momentous cried for proper midnight settings. Here is merely a briefest extract from an authentic list of tea houses and primary-colored cabarets that whizbanged into being all over the Village synchronously with the outbreak of the song—some here listed having died of their own feverishness after brief existence: The Purple Pup, The Klicket, The Camouflage, The Pirate's Den, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Aladdin's Cave, Three Thieves, The Wigwam, The Open Door, Romany Marie's, The Tea Wagon, The Mouse Trap, The Four Winds, The Vermilion Hound.

Village Monopolies

You get an idea of how closely these centers of uplift and æstheticism were matted together when I tell you that the police on one of their soulless attacks on the good, the beautiful and the true—the raid I have in mind happened soon after an Eighteenth Amendment to the batty old Constitution of the perfectly ridiculous old United States had begun to put a crimp in Village tea drinking—found four of these jolly little places housed in one little old three-story building.

Greenwich Village long before this had come firmly to believe that it owned and controlled, in fact had discovered, many startling phenomena which we of the bourgeoisie later, in a manner necessarily crude, have tried to understand and take into our own daily lives—things such as sex, for instance, and the soul, batik, bobbing the hair, smocks, strictly modern art, tortoise-shell cheaters, Playwright Eugene O'Neill, contrasting black with orange.

I am fallible, of course, but I offer for what it is worth the thought that perhaps the Village intellectuals sometimes almost go a shade too far in their claims as discoverers and monopolists. Modern art, yes, that is theirs. Greenwich Village intellectualism alone grasps instinctively that if you can tell even once in three guesses which edge of a painting is the top, you know what the painting is a picture of; if you know what it is a picture of, you can tabulate the art; the instant you can tabulate an art it ceases to be modern art, therefore rotten.

Many of us outside the Village, however, have souls and sex understandings of a sort. Batik dyeing was brought from Java.

Eugene O'Neill has been called, and perhaps justly, the foremost playwright of our theater; certainly he is the greatest product of Greenwich Village whose career and development consisted of courses of study at Princeton and Harvard, business ventures in North, Central and South America, two years at sea, a job as reporter on a Connecticut newspaper, followed by a permanent residence on the tip of Cape Cod, where he lived and wrote his plays, and still lives and writes his plays.

Nevertheless Mr. O'Neill—whose name instantly is yelled aloud whenever you ask a Greenwich Villager to mention a single contribution to art that ever came out of the Village—is undoubtedly the most worthwhile Greenwich Village playwright in all Massachusetts. It is all I can do to keep my temper now that the intelligentzia of Scranton also are claiming Gene as a Scranton development. Scranton, like Greenwich Village, also hired a hall recently and put on some amateur productions of The Emperor Jones and other O'Neill plays.

But both sides of the controversy, it seems to me, miss the main point, the Village as well as Scranton. The main point is that if a few years ago the Village had slid into the Hudson or Scranton had caved into its coal mines, Gene certainly would have gone into the butter-and-egg business or something, never could have written a line.

As for the Village's other great art contribution—painting everything in sight orange and black—how about Princeton sophomores running amuck with brushes and paint on victorious football nights after the freshman team has held Lawrenceville or Peddie down to a tie? And tortoise-rimmed specs—how about Col. George Harvey?

Which leaves, among all these essentials to intellectual uplift, only bobbed hair and smocks unaccounted for. And the Greenwich Village *doyens* of modern cubist-futurist art never even rose to the heights of contributing smocks or bobbed hair to our civilization. A noted professional dancer in Broadway musical comedy found her hair falling out temporarily after a siege of typhoid fever and had her tresses snipped to half-portion size. Instantly bobbed hair. And it was the political radicals, meaning the long-haired gents' short-haired lady friends, who first peppered the Village with smocks.

The Village Evolved a Genius Who Makes the Loveliest Ukuleles Out of Cigar Boxes

Above all it was the political radicals of a few years back who caused Greenwich Village—I mean the Greenwich Village of notoriety, please remember—to rearrange its ethics until they bulged from the line of beauty.

The Greenwich Village radicals had got into their real stride just about the time that the Hohenzollern boys were calling across to the Hapsburg family next door that it seemed a bright peppy day to start something. Daily the Village streets, especially when the radicals nightly began to come up for air and cabbage soup, were sprinkled with harveyized spectacles, rat-nest hats and hair, and the looser flowing varieties of neckties, ideas and vocal organs. Everything that was, especially everything that was American, was wrong. Always excepting, of course, the thoughts and thinkers that held forth all night in a clubhouse off the southwestern corner of Washington Square.

Uncle Sam Comes to Town

Toward the end of 1914 the Greenwich Village radicals—who by this time had nominated themselves a clearing house for all correct thinking in the country, in the entire macrocosm—were still, of course, denouncing all war and they hoped Germany would win. Loud cheers from the comrades. Then the asinine old United States took a hand in the European ruckus.

Up to this time about the only direct action permitted to the Greenwich Village revolutionists was to stand on doorsteps all over Manhattan and give three rousing cheers to the parading pickets in the bimonthly cloak and suit workers' strikes. At intervals also the radicals of the Village would wind black bands round their sleeves and hawk-nest hats and mill themselves slowly up and down the sidewalk in front of 26 Broadway or at Broad and Wall Streets and thus put the Standard Oil and the House of Morgan financially flat on their backs. But with the United States not only declaring war but actually pushing the jest to the extreme of asking all the boys—yes, and girls—to fight for it, the Village radicals at last had something right up close that they could sink their teeth into.

Not a soap box was safe in the Village.

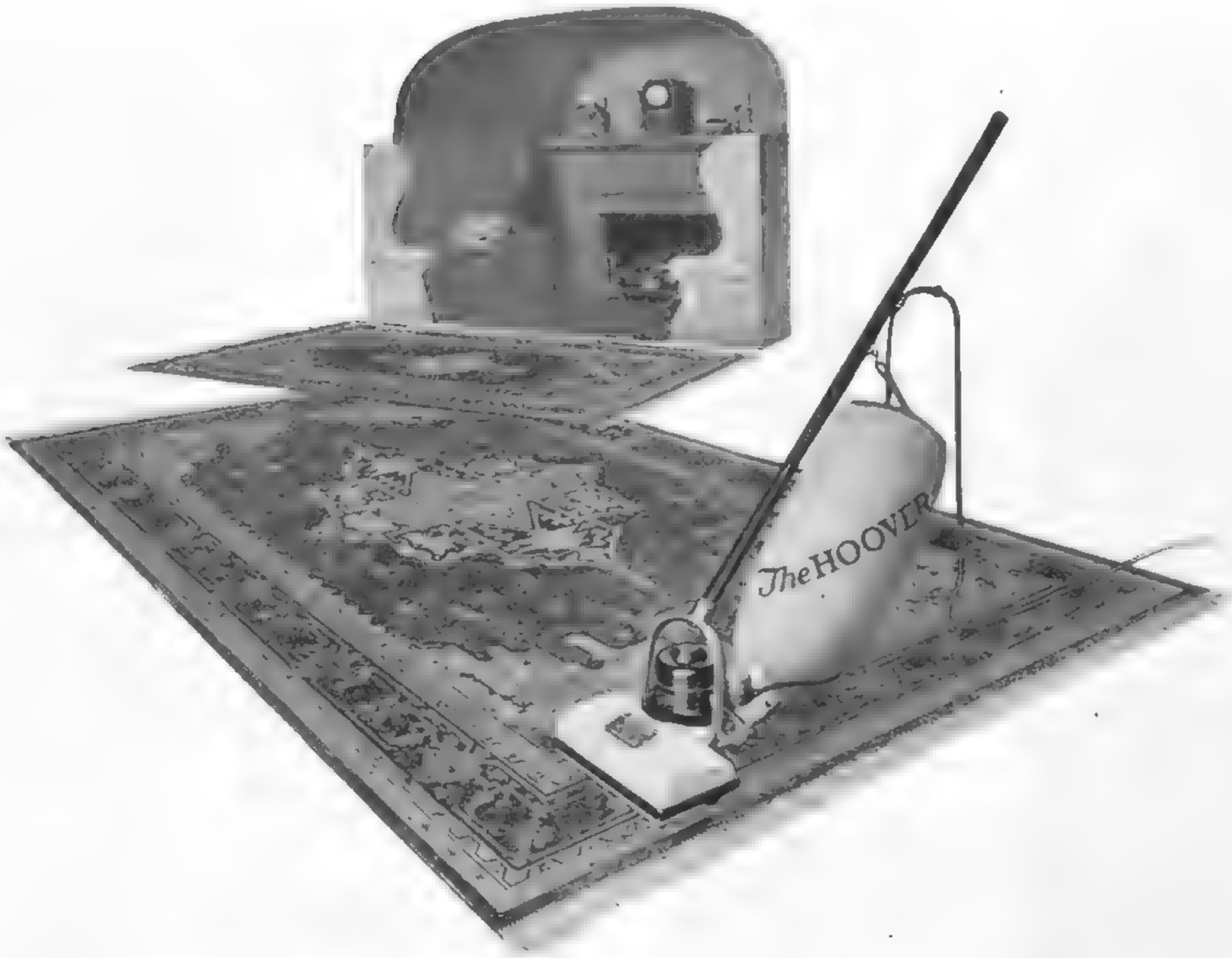
And then one early April evening back in 1917 into the Village racket came strolling a funny old gentleman. If he had been any place but Greenwich Village, his make-up alone would have attracted attention. He wore an aged beaver plug hat, a hawk nose, white wisp of chin whiskers, a red-and-white-striped swallowtail coat and blue trousers that were spangled with stars from his gallus buttons down to ankle straps. On leash he led a pet bald-headed eagle wearing a dirty look in its eyes.

"Boys, boys, boys!" interrupted the old party gently. "Yas, and you gals, too. For a considerable spell now your chatter has give me lots of chuckles, but now thet some trouble thet's been brewing between me and some folks across the crick has come to a head I don't seem to git the same sort of a kick out of your goings-on. And while the trouble's on I gotta ask you to go easy on the noise, boys and gals."

"And suppose we tell you to go chase yourself, Unk?" cried the radical ladies and gentlemen, all now vastly amused. "What are you going to do about it, you delicious old thing?"

"Wal, boys and gals," drawled Unk, still gently, as he cut off a hunk of eating tobacco, "in thet case I dun't suppose I'll do a goshderned thing but just naturally haul off and slam you one so hard in the slats that you wunt wake up again this side o' Atlanta or Leavenwuth."

(Continued on Page 38)



It is no longer considered good housekeeping to overlook, between semi-annual housecleanings, the continual accumulation of germ-breeding dirt in the depths of one's rugs. For a new standard of cleanliness, that of rugs kept totally free of dirt the year around, has been introduced by The Hoover. This efficient cleaner thereby minimizes the danger of sickness and repeatedly saves its moderate cost by preserving all rugs from wear. In one easy, rapid, dustless operation guaranteed to prolong rug life, it gently beats out all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from beneath rug surfaces, electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects trodden nap, revives colors and suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all this. Get a Hoover and live in an ever-clean home.

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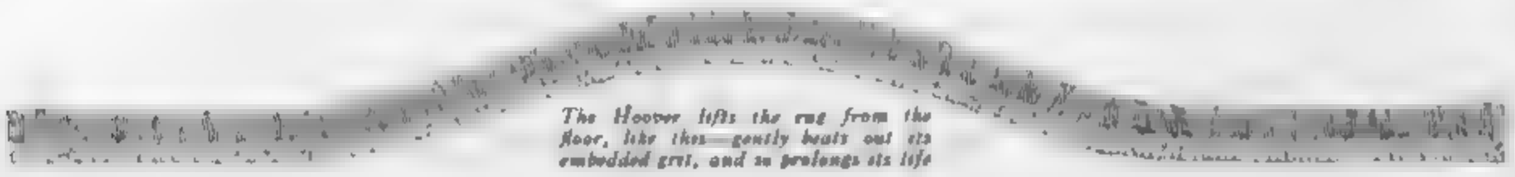
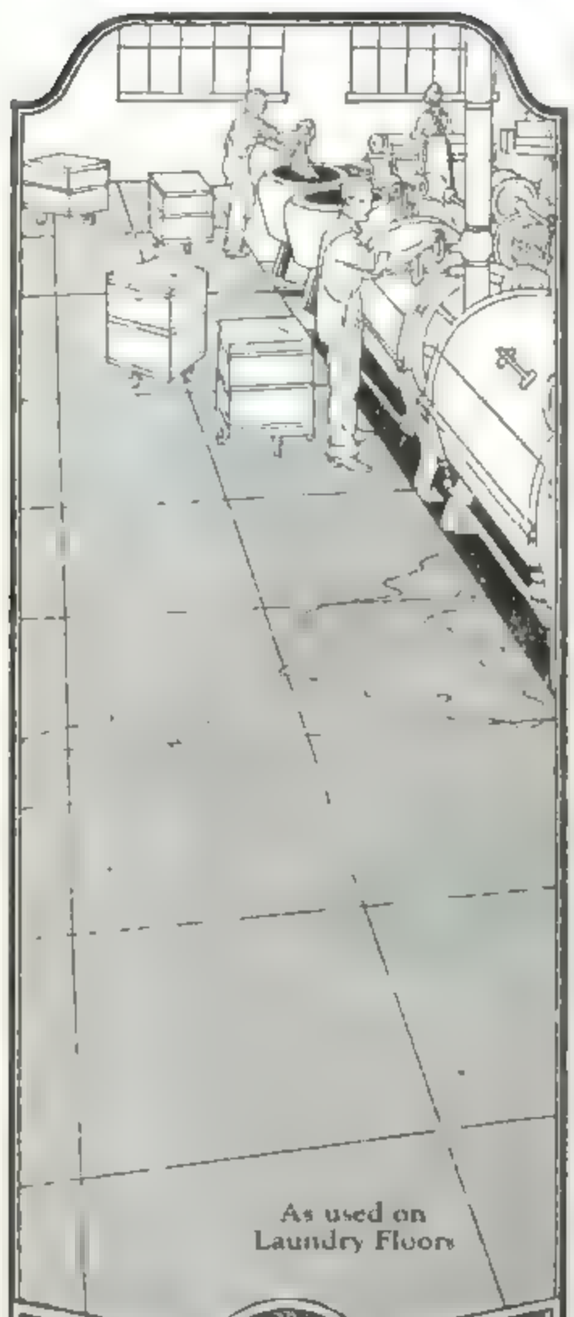


The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



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(Continued from Page 36)

"We deefy-y-y ——" began some Village comrades who were quickest at speech. Somebody turned the sun off and there was an announcement that nothing in the smoking line would be sold on this train after leaving the station, and the conductor said it was the Mississippi they were crossing, and the next station sure enough was Leavenworth, and a coarse person was observing gruffly above the jangle of the big bunch of keys he always carried that they could tell it to the keeper on the night shift because his name was Sweeny.

Even the Village parlor reds paled to pink. The real fadeout occurred upon Unk's second visit to the Village. He announced now that the radicals' appeals to be permitted to lead the carefree life of the merry Bolsheviki had so touched him that he had bought him a little boat and would take all who insisted right straight over to that dear Russia and no fair crowding. The guy lacked soul.

It was capitalism, of course, that delivered the final wallop. Capitalism in the guise of the owner of the radicals' clubhouse got the unbrotherly notion that the comrades ought to come across with an occasional contribution of rent money. Finally a moving van was backed up to the door one day by a benighted slave who annually voted a straight old-fashioned party ticket and never had so much as heard of anyone named Karl Marx, except a guy of that name up in Harlem who some time previously had changed the name of his place of business from Karl Marx's Kaiserkeller to Charley's Star Spangled Banner Café.

Feminists in Good Standing

With the oozing away of at least the most passionately incarnadined radicals several stupid old American idiosyncrasies began to litter up Greenwich Village to a more noticeable degree again. The laughable old institution of marriage, for instance. It was the political radicals who had introduced into the Village the economical practice of using but one Greenwich Village apartment mail box for the display of the name cards of both gent and a lady-friend soul emancipator. With the passing away of the reds the single Mister-and-Missus card again began to appear on the private mail boxes or beneath the arty brass door knockers instead of one card for Mister and another for Miss. And when in these latest days you happen to see, as you still not infrequently continue to see down Greenwich Village way nowadays, the Mister and the Miss cards on the same door you usually will find upon investigation that there really is no reason for calling a cop.

The Village lady still using her maiden-name card beneath—above, rather—the gentleman's card on the door is merely taking this means to tell the world fair that she is a Greenwich Village feminist in good standing. Ten to one if you entered the apartment you could shame the couple into admitting, amid blushing confusion, that their last-moment memories of the old home town upstate were a futuristic conglomeration of having been chased through storms of rice, shrieks and old shoes; the flutterings of white satin ribbons tied to the hired hack; a surplus of cut-glass olive dishes and a paucity of solid silver; somebody named Billy stumbling up the chancel steps and all but gumming up everything by getting soused too soon; the discovery when detraining at Niagara Falls that some fresh thing had plastered the trunks with big placards running, "Just Married—Ha! Ha!"—in a word, all the awe-inspiring concomitants of modern marriage solemnity. Scare 'em and they'll admit they are married.

The Miss and Mister cards still encountered occasionally beneath a lone arty knocker are but one of various Village tendencies which the political radicals left behind them when Unk gave them the gate. Farmers have found the same trouble when rotating crops. If they sow the ten-acre lot to potatoes one year, alfalfa the next and corn the third year, they may come out all right, but if they start in with potatoes and then rotate to even one year of skunk farming they'll never find the old farm the same place again.

Therefore it is that when one begins to nose about, even in these disinfected days, among Greenwich Village aesthetic tendencies especially in the passionate department known as the aht of littuh-cheh—one can't get away from the fact that somebody has left something open or that something has recently been messing round the old place or something.

A gifted writer—unfortunately an American—for more than fifteen years had been turning out admirable books of tales, verse and essays. Needless to say the writer was not to blame for having been born so far from Russia; nevertheless the taint of Americanism in his blood caused the Village intellectuals to ignore his work. Then on a recent day somebody believed he had found sex suggestiveness in the writer's latest novel, and had the book legally suppressed.

Despite the gentleman's regrettable nationality the Village intelligentzia instantly took him, meaning his writings, to its bosom rhapsodically. As recently as the past summer every Village bookshop—yes, and tea houses and the cigarette girl's well-known tobacco window—held sales displays of all the gentleman's past performances. His books, heaped high, were littered with lurid placards. But not in a single instance could one find in all the advertising placards smearing the book piles a mention of the writer's name or of the titles of his works on sale.

I looked over the books most ostentatiously displayed on the tables in one of the Village's heftiest book stores. Shaw, I noticed, being strong for socialism and a diet consisting largely of nuts, still gets a look-in. Freud was everywhere. Spectacled spinster aesthetes—loosely supposed to look the way they look because they have no husbands, when the truth is that they have no husbands because they look the way they look—have found in psychoanalysis much that even Freud probably never had in mind at all, certainly never after he had achieved long pants.

The book table nearest the street door was given over solely to Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious.

One American writer also had a table to himself. It was heaped highest with his best seller, in which the heroine, following four hundred and some pages of back-breaking, wholly unproductive efforts to elevate her Middle Western corner of America to the Greenwich Village viewpoint, finally takes things in her own hands and achieves the lone aesthetic victory to which the rest of the story leads up. She paints a kitchen table in the Swedish rest room of the Thanatopsis Club a ravishing Princeton color scheme and promptly peters out in a last chapter filled with three rousing cheers.

Thus the Village's artistic intake. As to its output in the arts, its creative accomplishments in aestheticism, these are largely —— But why repeat? We went into this phase of the Village thoroughly by describing the oyster-stew night at the Plastered Porcupine.

The Village Reforms

The Village's ultra-intellectualism decided some time ago that even the creating of art should be subjective, clandestine. One of the Village's most soulful local publications, which carries consistency to the point of circulating clandestinely, spoke severely on this very subject only recently in a scathing editorial. It described the estate of writer or painter who turns out work that we of the bourgeoisie would look at, perhaps even buy, as "that so-called 'progress' in the 'technic' of the arts where the 'artist' has finally developed the quality of salable mediocrity." Some kindly folk of wealth not many years ago, noting the steady influx of potential genius in youths' and misses' sizes from all over the land, decided to get together and open an art school in the Village in which genius could first learn something of the rudiments of line, color and form. Noted artists gladly offered their services as instructors. Merely because the sponsors of the school feared genius would balk at any suggestion of charity the sponsors placed the tuition fee at twenty-five cents a week. But you can't run much of a school if it's impossible to drum up a few students. The school blew up almost a-borning.

Nevertheless it must be said in justice to Greenwich Village that Manhattan's own Latin Quarter all this time maintained a zippy artistic atmosphere, especially from nightfall to dawn, that Manhattan recognized as the real thing. And Manhattan knew the real thing when it saw it. Right on Broadway, Joe Weber, Lew Fields and dainty Marie Dressler had given without the aid of a net a Weberfields version of Trilby that had made even Henri Murger's stuff sound as real as a political party platform.

College boys, salesmen, visiting buyers in town and other patrons of the arts, all flocking nightly in increasing droves to the Greenwich Village empurpled puppy dancing floors to take a fall out of æstheticism in the raw, were enjoying the new uplift far more than were the Old Ninth Ward folks or the writers and artists who, having fallen for salable mediocrity notions, prosaically lived in the Village to work and were trying to work in the Village to live.

A rumor did reach the Village one night that the sale of hooch had been stopped. There was consternation until it was learned that the rumor was false. All that had happened, the Village was relieved to learn, was that the United States, following its old habit of booting the ball with the bases full, had merely commanded that the hooch sales be stopped forthwith. Whereupon the æsthetes, instantly coming to again, ordered another round of the same with gin as a chaser, and the jazz bands resumed where interrupted the scherzo movement of Adamsinzki's Them Old Beach Haven Blues in E-flat. Art was long-suffering but ——

Before he could be stopped somebody had swiftly turned off the sunlight again, even kicked the moon itself for a goal! And to the eternal glory of Greenwich Village and the Old Ninth Ward let it be recorded that the booting was done by none other than Greenwich Village itself.

The Dryest Spot in Manhattan

The congregation attending a church just to the west of Washington Square—to touch on merely a few details—finally had found that the church entrance had become virtually hemmed in with futuristic hooch hatcheries of the late-running variety, three of these detonating nightly directly across the street from the church and a fourth hitting steadily on all cylinders three doors to the west of the church door.

The pastor of a second church in the Village—to touch on another detail as testified to by the pastor in a public hearing of protest recently before the mayor of New York—had more than once come from his parsonage in the midnight hours to visit the dying, and had found little radical groups of the long-haired lions and bobbed-haired lionesses just out of the cub age kneeling in drunken derision on the church steps.

The Village, the real Greenwich Village, went down to the City Hall. The Village of superintellect—having inherited much of the political radicals' proficiency in laughing merrily at all ethics, religion, American decencies—laughed its merriest. And the bands played on.

The mayor, shocked to incredulity by the detailed testimony presented to him by Greenwich Village itself, quietly made a personal night tour of the merry hooch belt.

The police department unleashed its hooch hounds instanter. Simultaneously the Village, the real Village, hastened to Albany and landed the real wallop. Albany immediately introduced and passed the Cotillo Bill, which makes it obligatory for any potential tea house or cabaret proprietor to appear in person at the department of licenses to obtain a license to open up shop if dancing is to be included in his temple of uplift. If one can't liquor up all night, can't even dance all night—can't open up shop at all without the approval of the neighbors—where, one would like to know, in hell, asked the Village of supercerebration, does art get off?

The Old Ninth Ward returned from Albany one night in the recent early summer, wound the clock, put out the cat and slept the first night's sleep it had had in a considerable spell. The last time I was in the Village the site of the Cerise Chipmunk was occupied by a long-haired woman shopkeeper who had faith enough in the reborn Greenwich Village even to include baby clothes in her little window display, regardless of the display of batik blous—bloozes still remaining in the bobbed-hair shop next door. And the new Village, I found—in fact, absolutely proved—was the only section of Manhattan in which it was impossible to buy the makin's for even a synthetic souse. I even saw a small boy playing with a soap box while obvious uplifters passed without grabbing for it.

That Careless Request

"GIVE ME A QUART OF OIL"

must go!

THE motorist who says "Give me a quart of oil" is inviting trouble. He is inviting the garage man to put in his car incorrect oil—inferior oil—hit-or-miss lubrication. The motorist who makes this dangerous request says, in effect:

1 **"I don't care whether my oil really suits my engine."** The lubricating requirements of two automobile engines may differ widely. Bore and stroke, valve construction, number and fit of piston rings, piston design, cooling system and many other factors must be considered before oil of correct body can be determined for a given engine.

2 **"I don't care about protection, compression, gasoline and oil economy or freedom from carbon troubles."** "Give me a quart of oil" disregards entirely the necessity for free distribution of the oil to all moving parts. It overlooks heat conditions, cold-weather requirements and piston ring seal.

3 **"I don't care who made the oil."** Many "quarts of oil" are mere by-products in the production of gasoline and kerosene. Gargoyle Mobiloils are the specialized products of the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication—the Vacuum Oil Company.

* * *

Only one oil is best for your car. That is absolute. The Chart printed here is the scientific guide to correct lubrication. The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils listed for your car was specified only after thorough analysis of the requirements of your engine.

That grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils will give you full protection to your engine, full compression, gasoline and oil economy, freedom from carbon troubles and fewer repair bills.

To avoid substitution we advise that you buy in the original sealed containers.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication." It contains the complete Chart which specifies the correct oil for every make and model. After reading this booklet you will understand why "Give me a quart of oil" causes at least 50% of all engine troubles. In writing for the booklet, please address our nearest Branch.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh
Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919	1918	1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter				
[illegible]								

Prominent Makes of Engines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Have You Had Your Teeth X-Rayed?

Many ailments are traceable to conditions of the teeth that an ordinary examination cannot disclose. Trouble in a tooth socket is not always locally painful. The fact that such trouble can be diagnosed from an X-ray plate by a competent specialist is another one of the blessings of modern science.

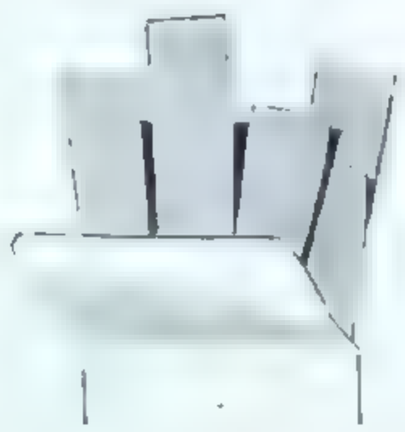
When professional treatment of the teeth has extended itself to take in X-ray photography, it seems strange that there are still people who neglect the ordinary daily care which may prevent real trouble later on.

A twice-daily brushing of the teeth and gums with Pebeco Tooth Paste will, first of all, make the teeth clean and white.

In addition to making the teeth pleasing to the sight, Pebeco leaves a fresh, invigorating sensation in the mouth—a feeling of fine cleanliness.

Finally, Pebeco used night and morning tends to counteract the condition known as "Acid-Mouth," a condition responsible for most tooth decay.

A simple test will show whether or not your mouth is in an acid condition.



Have You "Acid-Mouth"?

It Is Thought To Be the Chief Cause of Tooth Decay

These Test Papers Will Tell You—Sent Free With 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco

There are probably many causes that contribute to decay of the teeth, but dental authorities seem to agree that in the vast majority of cases decay results from over-acidity of the mouth. You can easily tell if you have "Acid-Mouth," and also see how Pebeco tends to counteract this tooth-destroying condition, by the simple and interesting experiment with the test papers, which we will gladly send to you upon request.

Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Just send a post-card for Free Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
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171 Madison Ave., New York City. 10 McCaul St., Toronto

Also Makers of Lysol Disinfectant, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap

DO THE FILIPINOS WANT INDEPENDENCE?

(Continued from Page 16)

personal sense, he could not be relied upon to form unbiased and unprejudiced opinions of their performances. About General Wood they had very little to say except that they were honored by the selection of such an important man. It suddenly enhanced their own importance and brought them prominently before the world in a stronger light than had shone upon them for many a year.

The truth was that they were afraid of Mr. Forbes because they were thoroughly familiar with him and his standards, whereas General Wood was an awesome kind of military figure representing powers and possibilities not to be too freely discussed.

An amusing incident in connection with their preparations for the arrival of the party illustrates better than anything their attitude toward their former governor and serves to prove that their expressed objections to him as a judge had their source in a consciousness of their own shortcomings.

It will be remembered that during his long service in the Philippines Mr. Forbes specialized in road building. He went into a Philippines that had no roads and no modern lines of communication of any kind, and he left a Philippines fairly well provided with really magnificent highways. His tirelessness and enthusiasm in this regard, and his never-ending insistence upon good roads as a primary necessity, won for him the nickname of W. Caminero Forbes—*caminero* meaning road worker. His system of maintenance was excellent in every detail, and included the permanent employment of hundreds of *camineros* to patrol the highways and keep them in constant repair. These *camineros* wore bright red calico trousers and broad mushroom hats, which made them not only conspicuous but exceedingly picturesque. Each of them had his own section of road of so many kilometers, all necessary implements and a plentiful supply of reserve surfacing material that was kept in neat basketlike containers almost as close together as telegraph poles along the roadside, and his duties were to keep his section clean, its grass borders trimmed and clipped, where there were grass borders, and to repair at once every smallest damage that might be done.

Getting Ready for Inspection

It will be remembered, also, that one of the many charges that have been brought against the Filipinized government as it functioned under the executive direction of Mr. Harrison is that it permitted the roads to go to ruin to such an extent that the work of building would have to be begun all over again. But this is not true. Indeed, it is so far from being true that one must believe Mr. Forbes succeeded in communicating to the Filipinos his own conception of the value of roads and his own enthusiasm as a road builder. During the Harrison administration they nearly doubled the extent of the highways, and they maintained those already built with admirable care and continuity. But along toward the close of this era the *caminero* system of upkeep was abandoned and practically all road work came to an end, the reason given being that they had run out of money—which was true.

Naturally, in such a climate, the roads began at once to disintegrate, and it was not long before those in the near vicinity of the city of Manila especially, where traffic is particularly heavy, got into an execrable condition. At the same time some of the city streets—the municipal government also being stony broke—became all but impassable. So the charge that the roads had been allowed to go to ruin was based on a certain amount of truth, though in its wholesale character it was very unjust.

The amusing incident has to do with these neglected sections of roadway that Mr. Forbes would be sure to see before he had been in the islands twenty-four hours. The responsible Filipinos looked upon them and grew apprehensive. W. Caminero Forbes was coming to judge them! It was a certainty that the first thing he would do would be to get into an automobile and go for a drive round about the immediate country. He would want to see his magnificent *caminos* that had been the pride of his life, and he would find them in such a condition!

I have no idea how they did it. There was no executive order, no special appropriation, no preliminary preparation or discussion of any kind that anybody knew about; but within just no time at all after it was learned that Mr. Forbes was coming those roads were blocked to traffic with steam rollers and road workers in such numbers that they looked as though they must be getting in each other's way. One was reminded of a lot of boys who had been instructed by their dad to keep things spruced up around the place during his absence. They had failed to obey, and now dad was coming home! Never was such excellent work done in such feverish haste. But it was funny, and as something to laugh about it served for a good many weeks to light up the general gloom.

The Two Flags

Meanwhile the dominant politicians were extending themselves in an enormous effort to buttress and strengthen the structure of their political supremacy by means of a campaign of self-laudatory publicity on the one hand and secret organization on the other. The organization of the Nationalist Party lies like a great confining net upon the entire population, and the character of its control is such that it is able to exact obedience that is all but universal. It was therefore with considerable interest that one observed the too-evident intention of the leaders to instruct the people with regard to the kind of reception that General Wood and Mr. Forbes were to receive. There is a strong element of revolt against the leadership of these men, developed and developing, throughout the islands, but for the time being they were able to dictate, and the result they were unquestionably aiming at, for reasons best known to themselves, was to have the commission met by a sullen people demanding what they themselves knew to be the impossible. The people obeyed so far as carrying the banners and voicing the demand were concerned, but it was wonderful to see their assumed sullenness give way to smiles of eager welcome when the two big men came to greet them with smiles.

But, as usual, I am either getting ahead of my story or lagging behind it. I think I must be doing both. It is a story with too many ramifications to be put in direct and consecutive form, and I must continue to lag behind it long enough to wonder if it is generally known that the American flag no longer flies alone in the Philippine Islands. I knew this, but only because I am specially interested in the Philippines and manage to keep myself fairly well informed with regard to their affairs. The average citizen to whom they are a mere incident in the general American scheme of things might read in his morning paper that a Filipino flag had been raised alongside the American flag without giving such a significant bit of news more than a passing thought. He would not get the picture of it.

I knew, as I say, that this had happened and was therefore more or less prepared for it; but, nevertheless, when I landed in Manila and saw the two flags side by side for the first time I could not restrain a sudden feeling of anger. I thought that while my flag remained in the Philippines and represented to the Philippine people everything they enjoy of liberty and prosperity, modern advancement, serenity of days and security in all things it should be permitted to fly alone. But maturer consideration served to modify my view.

The difficulty with me was that I remembered the days when, after a good many years of American sovereignty, our flag was still subjected by certain elements in the population to intolerable insult. I remembered that it was a common practice to haul it down in seditious demonstration and to run up in its place the Katipunan banner—all in theatrical performance, of course. I remembered the supineness of the American authorities until they were brought to a realization of their responsibility by a spontaneous outburst on

(Continued on Page 43)

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

THERE'S A TANG to Heinz Tomato Ketchup that delights the appetite and makes everything taste better. The distinctive flavor of Heinz Ketchup blends so deliciously with everything it touches, that it makes every meal a success.

Such wholesome goodness can only come as the result of the skill and care in preparation for which the Heinz kitchens are famous.

Luscious tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best, are picked when red ripe on the vine. Then they are skillfully spiced and cooked by Heinz experts—long experienced in giving perfection to 57 varieties of good things to eat.

Heinz Chili Sauce

HEINZ Chili Sauce adds a surprisingly delicious flavor to everything it touches. Carefully selected tomatoes skillfully spiced and seasoned make it a delightful relish.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter

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Make Old Rooms New with Beaver Board

When the wallpaper is soiled and torn, when the plaster is cracked and sagging—that's the time to get new warmth and new brightness by applying Beaver Board directly over the old walls and ceilings. At a surprisingly small cost, without litter, muss and confusion, Beaver Board can be directly applied over old plaster as well as nailed to new studding. In either case, the result is a room of lasting charm—a *permanent*, attractive, panelled effect.

The big handy panels of flawless manufactured lumber come ready to apply with a minimum of sawing and cutting. By a patented process, the surface of each panel is sealed and sized for tinting. Perfect results will be assured if you use *Beavertone*, a velvety flat finish paint we prepare especially for use on Beaver Board.

Send for our free book, "Beaver Board and Its Uses." It contains complete information as to the many uses of Beaver Board, contains directions for applying, tinting and decorating it, and tells how you can call upon our Builders' Service Department for practical assistance.

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BEAVER BOARD

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

BEAVER QUALITY

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

(Continued from Page 41)

the part of American citizens and soldiers who took the situation in their own hands, tore the Katipunan banner down, lifted the American flag above the mob and defied the world to touch it on pain of immediate and most undesirable consequences.

Within twenty-four hours—overnight, to be exact—the Philippine Commission passed the Flag Law which decreed that the American flag not only should fly alone in the Philippines, but that it should be greeted with proper manifestations of respect wherever it might unfold itself within the view of the people.

That was the one and only mob demonstration on the part of Americans that has taken place in the islands since the United States took possession of them, and a good many men who still belong to the American community participated in it.

Respect for the flag, after the Flag Law was passed, was rigidly enforced, and the Katipunan banner, as it was then called—it is now the Filipino flag—was never seen again until Mr. Harrison, as governor-general, suggested that it might be a good idea to resurrect it. It is not difficult to imagine the protest of Americans who had helped to make the early history of our association with the Filipinos, but the Philippine government—consisting almost entirely of Filipinos and Mr. Harrison—proceeded to a consideration of the project. The only question was as to what position the Filipino flag should be permitted to occupy, and it was finally decided that it should fly on a level with the American flag on a staff of its own, enjoying equal honors if it could not have equal rights.

And this is what it is doing to-day all over the archipelago; on every government building; on every schoolhouse; in every public place where a flagstaff stands. And after one gets over a first feeling of resentment one realizes that it is a very good thing after all, because, curiously enough, instead of detracting from the dignity of the American flag it serves rather to emphasize it. To forbid a people to have an emblem of their own is a very serious procedure; it engenders a bitterness that has not its equal in bitternesses, and it lends to the emblem proscribed a special sacredness and significance. For more than ten years the Filipino flag lay buried, but it would be to belittle their sentiments unfairly to say that it did not lie buried in the hearts of the people. It did. It was brought forth and unfurled alongside the sovereign flag; and behold, it no longer possesses dramatic value of any kind. That it flies in protest against its superior rather than in grateful acknowledgment of that superior's protecting power is the only reason one has for objecting to it.

Taking a Back Seat

Came then the day when General Wood and Mr. Forbes were to arrive. The army transport Warren had been sent to Nagasaki to take them off the transpacific ship and bring them direct to Manila, and social circles for a week or more were chiefly concerned with the question as to how long it usually took the Warren to make that particular run. Since the venerable old tub had been doing it for nigh on twenty years, everybody knew, of course; but everybody liked to speculate about it in terms of hours and minutes. It served to pass the time and relieve the tension.

There was something strangely secret about the preparations for the reception. If nothing had been said and Nature had been left to take its course the whole town would have met the party in one seething throng; but the general and Mr. Forbes had cabled that they wished to be received with a minimum of ceremony and demonstration, so the authorities worked out a program which included a preliminary and systematic discouragement of anybody and everybody who might have been planning to witness the great event. Nobody was to be admitted to the army pier at which the Warren was to dock who was not able to show a card of invitation issued by the reception committee, and since the reception committee did not publish its membership nobody could be held directly responsible for the distribution of wholesale disappointments. To the American Chamber of Commerce, for instance, was allotted just one lone ticket. The president of the chamber refused to use it; no member could be found who was willing to accept such a conspicuous honor, and as there was considerable indignation expressed around the clubs and in business circles the committee reconsidered and made it ten. Then it was decided that no women at all were to be invited. This annoyed the women exceedingly, but I decided afterward that the men were right about it. It was a men's affair and a most serious occasion. To have imbued it with social atmosphere would have been to rob it of its grave effect.

I was invited solely in my capacity as a correspondent, not as a special favor, and I was accompanied by a young woman friend. But even we were not permitted to stay on the pier. The quartermaster general, in charge of the ceremonies, courteously suggested that we would probably be much more comfortable on the deck of a transport that was tied up on the opposite side. But this suggestion didn't appeal to me in the least. The pier is a great shedlike structure with corrugated-iron walls, and I wanted to be inside of it, not outside. Of course the walls slide back to make openings of any width required, but I didn't think of that. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness and told him we would go away back and make ourselves just as inconspicuous as possible, whereupon he acquiesced with a kind of polite gesture of rather worried resignation and left us to our own devices. But a man friend who was not so gently fearful of offending us—in the capacity, as a matter of fact, of the proverbial brick house that has to fall on certain kinds of persons before they are able to take a hint—came up and said:

"See here, don't you girls know the colonel is trying to get rid of you? You're an embarrassment. You're clutterin' up the scene. He wants you to go up on the deck of the Sherman. He'll throw the doors back so you'll have just as good a view as anyone. Don't you think you better do it?"

General Wood's Reception

Well, of course! It was news to us that we were an embarrassment. We obediently climbed the gangway of the Sherman and presently found ourselves occupying what might be described as box seats. We had an unobstructed view of the entire scene. And, mind you, I relate this incident merely to emphasize the fact that it was, and rightly was, a men's occasion. Men were solemnly met together to inaugurate a new era in the conduct of affairs that can only be thought of as men's affairs.

The great concrete-floored pier was empty and clean. A detachment of American soldiers, detailed as a guard of honor, was stationed just opposite the section where the gangway of the Warren would be pulled up. The world-famous Philippine Constabulary Band, with Major Loving—the colored American who created it and who stands on a level with all the best bandmasters of his time—once more conducting, was standing at ease alongside the guard of honor, while a group of men, Americans and Filipinos, stood away down near the entrance of the pier. That was all.

From our vantage point we saw the Warren steam up the bay and in past the breakwater. We were tremendously excited, but we were not saying much. Nobody was. There was the great boom of a formal salute from a battleship; there was the great boom of a formal salute from old Fort Santiago; but otherwise there was a vast silence—everywhere. There was not a ship in the harbor that was dressed for the occasion; there were no flags flying save the usual ones in their usual places.

The Warren acted as though she understood English and was obeying orders intelligently. She glided into her berth with an exactness that commanded one's amazed admiration.

Then with the utmost military precision the gangway was hoisted to her deck and the officers on the pier were standing beside it in erect and instant readiness.

General Wood was the first to appear. He came to the head of the gangway and looked down its steep length as though he were interested in nothing but a hope that he might be able to negotiate it in safety. General Wood is lame as a result of wounds, and one's heart naturally would miss a beat when he stumbled just ever so slightly. But he came slowly down and stood at last facing the guard of honor. Utter silence was maintained. It was so still that the fut-fut of soldiers' hands on gun stocks as they brought their rifles to salute was a thing to make cold shivers run all over one.

(Continued on Page 45)

WU-TING-FANG
writes regularly from China for the
Public Ledger Foreign News Service

"Wu Ting Fang," says an American editor, "is remembered here with a personal regard rarely vouchsafed a foreign diplomat." He was one of the most popular ministers ever accredited to Washington. He is today one of the most influential leaders in China.

He has joined the staff of the Far Eastern Service of the Public Ledger and his articles are now appearing regularly.

They are also printed in other newspapers by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

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Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Public Ledger Foreign News, including the despatches of Wu Ting Fang and other distinguished correspondents, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

Velie

The Velie Quality Six At the Price of a Four

CONSIDER the overwhelming verdict of the motoring public in favor of the Six. What the Six has proved in steady, vibrationless power—easy control—comfortable riding—fuel and tire saving—long life and low upkeep of the entire car. The supremacy of the Six is undisputed.

Ever since the advent of the Six, Velie engineering has been concentrated on its highest development. Today Velie is building Sixes second to none.

Now comes an added advantage worthy to mark a new chapter in motordom—*the Velie Quality Six is priced as low as many fours.*

What this Quality means is constantly demonstrated by Velie victories—in conquering the Grand Canyon—in mountain climbing—in endurance runs—in economy tests.

Model 34 is the outstanding car of the present Velie line. "The greatest car Velie ever built"—the envied car in any company. Furnished in several new color combinations—in different leathers and nickel trimmings—*giving you a car of individuality and distinction—a car apart from the monotonous sameness of the ordinary.*

You would search the market over to find a value to match this. See what Velie gives you for your car money before you buy; eight body styles on two sizes of chassis: Touring cars, Sedans, Coupés, Roadsters. Write for descriptive literature.

"Some Day You Will Drive a Velie"

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILLINOIS

Just Announced!

New Low Price

Ask about it

(Continued from Page 43)

Then came Mr. Forbes—our old governor—and I heard a man near me just barely breathe, "And there's old Cam! My God!" That was the way everybody felt. He came quickly down the gangway, not having in eight years changed even his hat, as somebody observed; the same old Filipino lid that always was a disgrace. He is accused of hiring somebody to wear out his clothes before he will consent to put them on. Nobody ever saw him looking new, but he is considerably distinguished; he is greatly loved. He took his place beside the general, and with his old hat against his breast received his salute. Then they were immediately joined by Admiral Joseph Strauss, in command of the American fleet; Gen. Francis J. Kernan, in command of the Department of the Philippines of the United States Army; Mr. Charles E. Yeater, vice governor under Mr. Harrison and then acting governor-general; Mr. Quezon, president of the Senate; Mr. Osmena, speaker of the House of Representatives, and the aides and secretaries of the commission.

The guard of honor, with a great American flag all shining-silky and gold-betasseled lying in folds on the shoulder of its flag bearer, stood at salute, and the silence was yet unbroken when Major Loving lifted his baton and the constabulary band of eighty pieces and altogether Filipino swung into the mighty melody of The Star-Spangled Banner. I tell you it was the most dramatic thing that anybody ever saw. Instantly the American flag came to stand for all that it had ever stood for. Instantly American pusillanimity gave way to American strength. Instantly American shame gave way to American pride. Instantly the whole atmosphere was changed. Real American representatives had arrived! I am not particularly emotional, but I had lived through so much of all that had gone before, and I don't mind saying that I just put my head down on the deck rail where I stood and frankly wept.

I wondered what the Filipinos thought of it—Mr. Quezon, who plays politics incessantly; Mr. Osmena, who is so dignified and so honestly opposed to American sovereignty; the Filipinos among the business men with material interests to consider. I observed them, and observed that their demeanor was a perfect example of faultless courtesy and complete noncommitment.

After that there was a general break-up, an informal and very joyous reception, and finally the commission and the distinguished local citizens, two by two, got into automobiles and drove off into the streets that were lined with waiting throngs.

The Rising Generation

The question in the general Filipino mind was as to whether or not they had met the American requirements and were ready for their long-promised independence. The pity of it! What a mistake it has all been! So few of them have any idea at all of what independence really means. An old house boy of mine stoutly assured me that he was in favor of independence, because, being independent, they—the Filipinos—would control the public printing press and would be able to make enough money to stuff everybody's pockets full, so that everybody would be rich and nobody would ever have to work any more. He is of average intelligence, but I just gazed at him in mute astonishment and decided not to try to enlighten him.

But wait for the next generation! This same boy of mine has a lovely little daughter who is just finishing the part of her education that is obtainable in one of the best intermediate schools in Manila, and it will not be long until she will be able to instruct her father. I have just had a letter from her—better written, incidentally, than most American children of her age can write—in which she thanks me very prettily for certain little odds and ends of favors. Then she reminds me that she is about ready to enter a school in the United States in which she may be prepared for college, calls my attention to her well-known poor situation and assures me that she has no doubt that I will make it possible for her to realize her ambitions. And she signs herself "Your loving daughter, Gloria." She has simply adopted me, that's all, and it would never occur to her to question her right to do so. She would question my right to restrain her in any way or to dictate the process by which I am to make it possible for her to realize her ambitions; but failure on my part to make good would undoubtedly astonish her and would probably cost her her sweet faith in American friendship.

And this is a perfect illustration of the way most Filipinos think when they think of us. It is a single example of a general attitude. Uncle Sam is the great and powerful wholesale benefactor, while individual Americans are individual benefactors. That is what we are for. There is no other really important reason why we should exist at all.

But before I go on to develop more fully my meaning in this connection I want you to take a look at this rising generation of little brown brothers. Twenty years ago the Filipino people was benighted, superstitious, slow-footed, unkempt, undersized, undernourished and disease-ridden. Today you look at the children and realize that a new people, actually, is in process of development. That is the best thing the United States has done in the Philippines. Contact with Americans has resulted for the Filipinos in a physical betterment that is almost miraculous. Americans went in and eradicated dread disease throughout the islands; they introduced new ideas of sanitation and right living, along with modern sports and the American conception of sportsmanship, and the only possible consequence is the consequence that is now to be observed.

Philippine Schools

The youngsters in the intermediate schools are perfectly splendid. For the most part they are handsome, well set up, well brought up, healthy, clean, neatly dressed, nice mannered and more consciously proud and ambitious than our own children of the same generation. They are the product of a period of intensive training, and I could not escape an impression that they are wise with a wisdom beyond their years. My American friends who have lived their lives in the Philippines will laugh at me and accuse me of being visionary; but I would invite them to wait and see—if they can live long enough. It is likely enough that none of us will live long enough to see anything in the nature of an ultimate result; but our nationality goes on, and as a nation we are engaged in the upbringing of a very fine people, having the best material to work with that exists in the brown-skinned world. This I believe.

The difficulty is that these young people are not getting the right kind of an education, and this is to be profoundly regretted. The schools in Manila are fairly good, the best teachers, naturally, being drawn to the capital; but out through the provinces, in the *barrios* and villages and small towns, they are inadequate—that is, if the American people have any idea of accomplishing the thing they set out to do.

In the beginning we recognized that if we were to build for the Filipinos the kind of future their leaders were asking for, the first necessity was to give them a common language. They had had three and a half centuries in which to acquire Spanish; but the Spaniards had no wish to unite them within a bond of actual nationality and purposefully kept them divided into small groups, linguistically isolated and absolutely incapable of intercommunication. That was how we found them. The only language we had to offer them was English, and English is regarded as one of the most difficult languages in the world to acquire. But it is the language of world business almost to the same extent that French has been the language of diplomacy. The Philippines lie actually at a crossroads of future world commerce; they can be made marvelously prosperous, and what better thing than that their people should speak the language of world business?

I doubt if our pioneers in the islands had any such vision. They went in and began at once to stumble over a lot of little kids in the streets who should have been in school. But there were no schools. What was to be done about it? Within a week after the American Army occupied Manila our soldiers had opened schoolrooms in the old walled city and were shooing the youngsters in off the streets and setting them to the unaccustomed task of learning their A B C's in English. It was the American way. It was the only way. Then came the organization of the great public-school system on the American plan, with English as the language of instruction. Giving an absolutely new language to a

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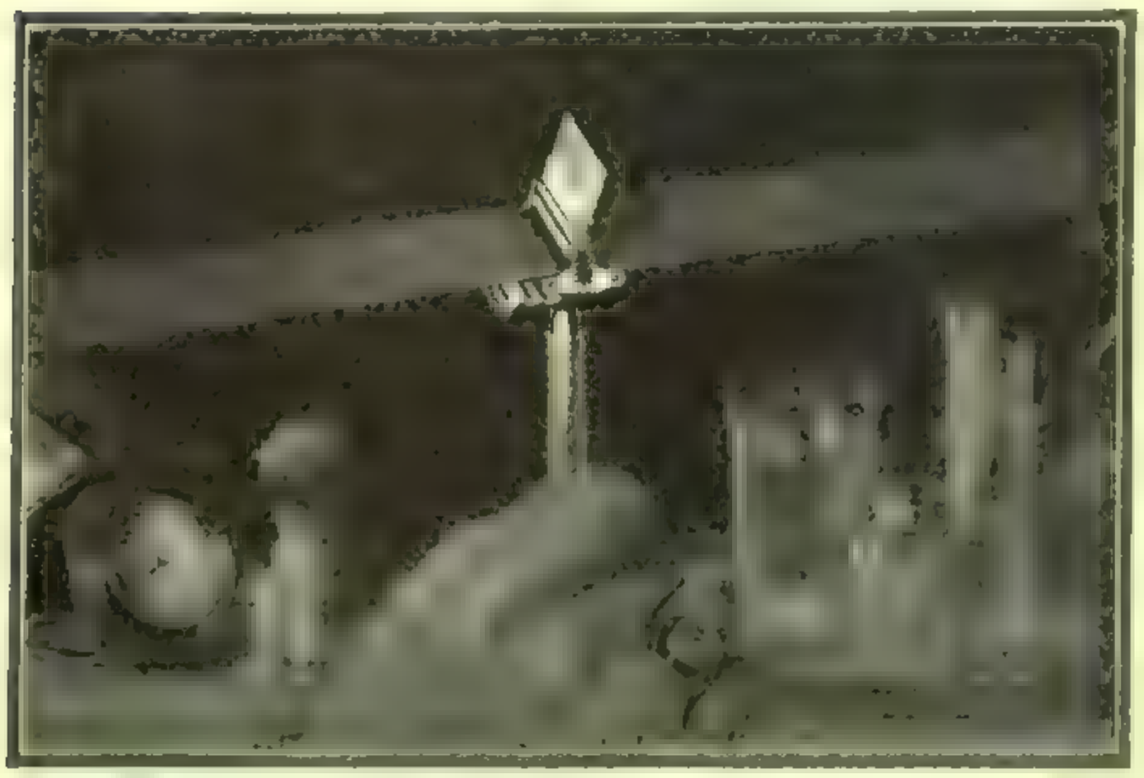

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population numbering something in the neighborhood of ten millions is no minor proposition; but that was the thing we set out to do. American school-teachers by the hundreds were employed and the great work was well begun.

But with the inauguration of the new era and the institution of a new government by the Filipinization process there came a sudden change. The Filipino politicians made the school system, like everything else, a part of their system of political control, and it was not long before the American teachers were driven out in favor of a host of half-educated Filipinos and Filipinas who are absolutely incapable of teaching in English. Many of them may speak it fairly well; but they did not get it in their infancy, and they speak it with an abominable accent. It would be impossible, of course, for a people to live for more than three centuries in direct contact with a language without acquiring some elements of it, and among Filipinos there is a universal and seemingly natural inclination to use the Latin pronunciation of the vowels. A, e, i, o, u are to them ah, a, ee, o, oo, and they find the English pronunciation very difficult. Incidentally these soft vowel sounds are common to nearly all primitive languages and correspond with the basic sounds in most of the Philippine dialects.

As an illustration of some of the extraordinary effects that are achieved I must tell a story that was told to me by a young-woman friend who lives in Manila. She was in a small town up country somewhere—just where I have forgotten, and it is immaterial, anyhow—and accepted an invitation from the local school-teacher to visit the school. Just as it would happen in our own country, the teacher called a reading class, and by way of showing off her pupils had them give an exhibition of their progress in reading English.

My friend says it all sounded like some strange and most outrageous language in which she could recognize only an occasional likeness to English; but the teacher seemed perfectly satisfied, so she said nothing until a little girl uttered the sentence "Late bee-gon-yays bay bee-gon-yays." Then her curiosity got the better of her smiling self-restraint as an approving visitor and she interrupted the child to ask if she might not see the sentence. The child obediently brought her reading book and pointed it out. It was "Let bygones be bygones."

American Teachers Needed

Acting Governor Yeater, in his annual report as Secretary of Public Instruction, discusses very strongly what he calls the serious defect in the propagation of the English language throughout the islands, and says among other things: "The great mass of teachers, which in all number roughly about seventeen thousand, have had a limited professional education. A large part of these teachers are only graduates of intermediate schools taught by Filipino teachers. Thus the children, when their minds are soft to impressions, are taught incorrect English pronunciation. In the city of Manila there are a few American women teachers in the first grade, and in their rooms the children absorb approximately correct pronunciation. It is, of course, impossible from a financial standpoint, as well as from the fact that we have difficulty in securing less than one hundred and fifty teachers a year from the United States, to employ several thousand American teachers for the lower grades."

But why should a thing like that be impossible? The whole difficulty, when you remove political obstruction, becomes financial. The American teachers were driven out in the first place by clever regulations which made it economically impossible for them to stay. And in the meantime millions of dollars have been wasted and dissipated in governmental projects that were wholly visionary and uncalled for. Also, I would call attention to the fact that they have spent and are spending more money on education than was ever spent in the old days. They have more money—more revenue, that is—three times as much as anybody dreamed of ten years ago. But they are spending even educational appropriations politically, and not constructively and for the benefit solely of the youth of the country. How many American school-teachers do you suppose they could employ with the million pesos a year they appropriated for the purpose of keeping the American people reminded that they want independence?

In his tours all over the islands General Wood has been saying to the people: "What you need is about two thousand American school-teachers in your primary schools. The first requisite to a national existence is a common language, and you are not getting it."

He said this first in an important provincial town not far from Manila, and a very great deal was made of it in the public prints. It was a direct criticism—the first he had uttered—and it gave the people a kind of definite line on his thinking processes.

For some time after their arrival neither he nor Mr. Forbes would permit himself to be drawn into a discussion of the independence question, although that was the question round which the thoughts of everybody were revolving. For weeks there had been a lively argument going on with regard to whether or not the preamble of the Jones law—which is not a part of the law itself and has no legal force—was morally binding on the American people, and if so what was meant by the word "stable" as it was employed therein. What kind of government could rightly be described as a stable government? The general and Mr. Forbes kept themselves aloof from this controversy and confined themselves wholly to matters directly touching the immediate welfare of the people.

Stable Government Defined

But one evening they were being entertained by a club of young Filipinos whose determination to get from them some expression of opinion was not to be resisted. These young men asked direct questions and begged to be answered. They asked General Wood to define for them the term "stable government," and he dropped a little bomb into their midst by replying:

"A stable government is a government under which capital seeks investment at normal rates of interest."

He might have left out the reference to normal rates of interest, because, after all, in these days business men in our own country might smile at it and wonder what stable government amounts to. But "A stable government is a government under which capital seeks investment." That was a sufficient sentence to reduce the whole problem to a problem in economics, and if there is a line of thought in the world that the Filipinos are incapable of following he had introduced it.

Next morning the newspapers of the Nationalist Party breathed dismal discouragement and considerable wrath. It was as though they had made up their minds that they were being trifled with, and one of them even went so far as to say that it could see no reason for continuing the "investigation"—in quotation marks, oh, an awful sneer—because it was plainly evident that General Wood had arrived in the Philippines with his final decisions as to Philippine independence all in his baggage.

To erect a Philippine republic was not what General Wood was sent out to do. He was sent out to investigate a very serious economic and governmental situation which was the result of combined American unwisdom and Filipino incompetence, and he remains to carry on his country's work in the very important task of straightening it out. I can imagine that he would be very grateful if the Filipinos would stop talking about independence for a while and get down to the business of helping him to create a situation in relation to which such talk would not sound quite so foolish as it sounds now.

That there should be a question, after all these years of clamor, as to whether or not the Filipinos want independence seems rather strange. But strange as it may seem, there is such a question, and our main difficulty in getting a satisfactory answer to it is lodged in the fact that few Filipinos can be induced to express publicly what they privately believe.

This is a result, undeniably, of the submission of the many to the domination of the few, which is and always has been the most conspicuous feature of Filipino life. In each little group throughout the islands there is an individual who is known as the *cabeza de barangay*, which means, literally, "head of the ship." A *barangay* is described as an Indian vessel worked with oars, and in its application to the Filipino social

(Continued on Page 48)

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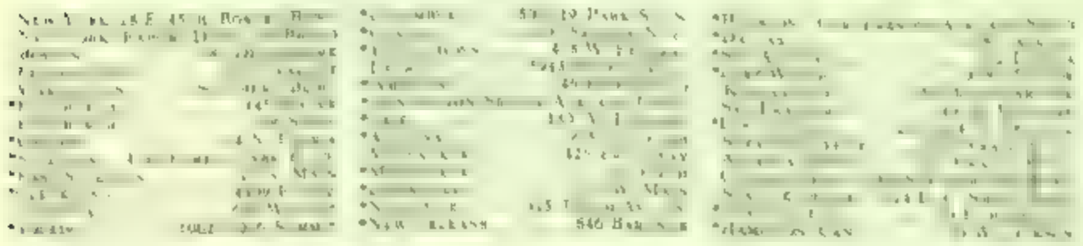

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(Continued from Page 46)

organization as each group of forty-five or fifty families into which a Philippine village is divided.

This opens up alluring vistas of colorful speculation. The Filipinos themselves are aliens in the Philippines; just the same, let us say, as the American people are alien on the North American continent. That is, they came from somewhere else and established their supremacy by virtue of qualities that were superior to the qualities of the aboriginal population. They probably were Malay pirates cruising round over the equatorial and many-islanded seas, looking for treasure and trouble.

In the old days the *barangay* must have operated in considerable fleets. They were manned by galley slaves, and in command of each of them there was a pirate chief. And, come to think of it, there must always have been a kind of flagship carrying a Number One *cabeza* in charge of the whole expedition.

It is not difficult to imagine such a fleet entering the beautiful and intricate waterways of the archipelago that was to be named a few centuries later in honor of King Philip of Spain. This fleet follows a magnificent mountainous coast line and finds its way into a splendid harbor; slaves are sent ashore to explore the jungle and to gather the fruits to be gathered while Number One *cabeza* sits under a silken canopy on the high deck of his vessel reflecting upon the advantages of a fine harbor, and finally deciding that he has found a good place in which to establish a headquarters. When he turns his prows seaward again he leaves behind him a detachment of slaves under a minor *cabeza* with orders to clear the jungle and build houses.

Back to First Causes

There must have been some fine fighting with the aborigines; but the invaders were the better armed, though it may be that, save in superiority of numbers and equipment, they were not the better fighters—witness the fact that the Filipinos have always lived, and live to this day, in fear of the aborigines. In any case the aborigines became the wild tribes with which the American people must now conscientiously deal.

The pirate fleet returns, bringing more slaves and many women. The population increases. A town is built. The *cabeza de barangay* gradually abandons the sea and devotes himself to the business of leadership on land; but he continues to be known as the *cabeza de barangay*.

In a volume one might develop in some detail this theory as to the process by which the Philippine Archipelago was peopled by the race whose future is now in our keeping; but I wish merely to flash a brief light back into the past just to reveal the very probable source of the Filipino social organization as it now exists. The slaves became the people that we now know, and actual slavery—according to Mr. Dean C. Worcester, who was for fourteen years Secretary of the Interior in the Philippine government—continued to flourish long after American sovereignty was instituted. When the Spaniards discovered the islands they found them peopled by as many different tribes as there were desirable locations on the coasts, the total population being about eight hundred fifty thousand. They established their authority through cooperation with the headmen; but, save that they introduced Christianity, they did little in three and a half centuries to change the form of tribal life.

The dominant and definite position of the *cabezas de barangay* explains the ease with which an all-controlling political organization was established and how it happens that the leaders can command a practical unanimity of what they are pleased to refer to as public opinion. For the most part the people have only a very hazy idea of what they are doing or saying, but they can be depended on to do or say very nearly what they are told to do or say.

On the other hand, the *cabezas* themselves and their chiefs, the big leaders, are hampered by fear of each other. Everybody is afraid of everybody else, and all kinds of authority, down through all the grades, is maintained by means of a sort of terrorism. There can be no doubt about this, though, of course, habit contributes largely to the eventual result.

The average person of a low order of mentality comes in the end to believe what he is instructed to believe.

Just before General Wood and Mr. Forbes arrived a Philippine periodical called Spotlight ran an editorial which said in part:

> The Filipinos, of course, realize that the political status of their country hangs in the balance pending the report of the investigators. Those genuinely desirous of immediately cutting the ties that bind the islands to America will lose no opportunity to plead their cause from the standpoint of political fitness and preparedness for self-government. Those who can see the dangers of such a course will also have an opportunity to state their views. We doubt if they will openly and publicly advocate anything but complete and immediate independence, for political reasons of local significance; but there are a few, very few, who will lay aside their political mantles and privately state their real views to the investigators. We hardly expect any of the latter class to come out frankly and assert their real convictions. It just isn't done in the Philippines.
>
> Mr. Quezon and his "group of serious thinkers" have set the style in this respect, and they must now take the consequences. Not a half dozen Filipino speakers could be found openly to advocate a moderate course. Nevertheless, the Filipino leaders and most of the educated natives are perfectly aware of the perils involved. If they would at least be honest with themselves and divulge their real thoughts and sentiments to the Wood-Forbes Commission, they would be doing their country a great service. But the fact that in a country of ten million people not a dozen can be found who will fearlessly advocate their firm convictions is in itself a rather sad commentary on the moral fiber of the nation; and moral fiber is a prime factor in self-government.

This gets at the root of one of the many difficulties that Americans encounter in dealing with the Philippine problem; but it does not subject this curious reticence on the part of the people to analysis. My own conclusion that it is grounded in fear is not an original conclusion by any means. It is generally understood.

The leaders have made an idol—and, incidentally, an indispensable political issue—out of a grandiose conception of independence, and they compel each other and the whole population to worship and adhere to it. Openly and frankly to question its sacredness and desirability would be blasphemy and treason.

This is what the common people have been taught to think, and there are grievous social and other consequences to be feared by anyone who thinks otherwise and has the temerity to express his thoughts. However, during the past eight years the people have learned a good many things they never knew before, and one observes a growing tendency, on their part at least, to whisper in American ears another kind of fear—a fear of what may happen to them if their welfare is finally and unqualifiedly intrusted to the political ring which has succeeded in embracing within its circle the fates and fortunes of such a tremendous majority.

Moros for American Rule

General Wood and Mr. Forbes began at once to encounter this tendency, and they had not been in the islands long before they were asking the leaders embarrassing questions about their evident failure to uphold the principle of free speech.

In one of the big towns in Northern Luzon, on the first of their journeys of inspection, they received a petition asking for immediate independence that was signed by all the school-teachers. Because these teachers were supposed to represent the really intelligent opinion of the district, they afterward interviewed a number of them in private and learned that practically all of them were secretly opposed to independence, but had to sign the petition or lose their jobs.

In General Aguinaldo's home town a small company of Democrats—men of the very weak minority party—prepared a banner which they proposed to carry in the parade of welcome when the distinguished visitors should arrive. It said, "We are tired of the rotten government of the Nationalist Party." But they were not permitted to carry it. The municipal government, being entirely *nacionalista*, issued an order forbidding the display of banners, transparencies or any such paraphernalia, their mistake being that they forgot to take into consideration the possibility that their opponents might tell on them. That was what happened. General Wood asked to see the forbidden banner, and he now has it among his multitudinous exhibits that will be forwarded to the United States Government.

It seems a poor Moro had the courage to get up and boldly charge the Filipinos with misgovernment in his province and to voice the universal Moro demand for a continuation of American sovereignty, and it cost him his life.

The Moro who was representing his people in the Philippine senate was appointed a member of the special commission on independence that visited the United States last year. He accepted the appointment and kept perfectly quiet until it was nearly time for the commission to sail; then he made the fatal blunder of forgetting himself and saying aloud to someone, yes, sir, he was going to the United States and he intended to tell the President and the Congress that if they gave the Philippines independence, and included the island of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago, they could jolly well look for trouble with the Moros, because the Moros wouldn't stand for it. His appointment was canceled. Just by talking too much he missed a trip to Washington and cut the American people out of what probably would have been a very amusing incident.

The non-Christians of every tribe in Northern Luzon want an American government. American authority is the only authority they have ever acknowledged, and they had come to regard their American *apos*, or chiefs, with the utmost devotion when the old order of things came to an end. They do not want Filipino governors, and they simply won't have them. They were very positive about this in their communications with the general and Mr. Forbes.

Mr. Osmena's Views

I could go on piling up such instances, and I could write a book about the interviews I myself had with various kinds of persons variously conditioned. The general run of Filipinos want independence right enough. It is very unfair to try to make out that they do not. But—to change want to wish—it is a soul wish which does not link up at any point with their intelligence. The more intelligent among them have developed what they call a head argument versus a heart argument. Their heart argument expresses an aspiration that floats aloft on a nebulous kind of race consciousness—a desire, half formed but real enough, that the Filipinos should be recognized as a people among the worthy peoples of the earth; their head argument is altogether against any immediate attempt to realize this vision.

That as to the people themselves, the educated class, of course, and the young crowd that has grown up under the influence of American institutions. But you see the subject has as many angles as a kaleidoscope has variations in color schemes. I am almost convinced that the hearts of the leaders, or of most of them, are not affected in any way—unless it may be that they get heart failure when they think of the possibility of losing the sovereignty of the United States. All they want is to continue to lead, and without the independence issue they would have nothing upon which to hang their political bunk or around which to play with their oratorical thunder.

I believe that Mr. Sergio Osmena is an honestly and thoroughly convinced *independista*. At least he is frankly and consistently opposed to the political domination of white men. He was the one man in the islands who refused to admit to me that the Filipinos were not yet prepared for self-government. He expressed a belief that they had dispensed too hastily with American professional assistance and advice, said he was in favor of the reëmployment at any cost of American technicians and teachers of all kinds and called attention to the fact that even Japan is not too proud to-day to continue to employ foreign specialists and advisers; but so far as the actual conduct of government is concerned he thought they were capable of going it alone. He hoped the United States would be able to provide for the time being a guaranty of their national integrity; but if this was too much to ask he was quite willing to take a chance without it. I liked his sincerity; but realizing that he is thoroughly familiar with conditions as they exist, I could not help but regard his attitude as being rather reckless.

General Aguinaldo, who is also conspicuous for his honesty and high moral

(Continued on Page 51)

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(Continued from Page 48)

character, acknowledges that a compromise is necessary, and says he wishes to do all he can to help the American authorities in their efforts to work out a solution of what he recognizes as a very difficult problem. He is altogether reasonable, but is at the same time as much of a real patriot as the Filipino people have ever produced. That he is a man of his word he has amply proved by his conduct throughout the period of American sovereignty.

But there are other kinds of patriots. I said to one of them—a man high in the government service and with a reputation for administrative inefficiency that is the equal of anyone's:

"In the event of our recognizing your independence and setting you up as a republic, I suppose Mr. Quezon would be your first president, would he not?"

"Not while I have plenty of guns and ammunition and ten thousand bolos in my province," he replied.

"Would you say that to General Wood or Mr. Forbes?" I asked. He laughed and answered:

"I don't have to. They already know it. They may be getting a lot of later developments and new details in their investigation; but when it comes to conditions in general in these islands nobody can tell either of them very much. They know! We are not in any danger of independence as a result of the recommendations they'll make!"

In conversation with another man, also a high official in the department of government that has to do with law and order, I asked the usual question:

"Are you in favor of our hauling down the American flag and getting out of the islands?"

"I can answer that best by saying that I wouldn't be here to see it happen," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I would go first. When such a catastrophe becomes imminent—and God forbid that it ever should!—I'll gather up my little family and all my belongings and leave the islands—and I'll be just one of a very large crowd."

"I understand," I continued, "that a good many substantial Filipino citizens have already cached their treasures in foreign banks and otherwise secured themselves against what might happen in case we left."

"That's right," he replied. "In fact, I doubt if there is any body who has anything to lose who hasn't put something away in a safe place."

And now I ask you, is that not a fine sense of security to be enjoyed by a people under the American flag? I wish I could mention the names of these men, but for obvious reasons I cannot.

A leading Filipino politician of my acquaintance can be induced to talk as freely as anyone about the dangers that the Philippine people would have to face in the event of separation from the United States. Incidentally, he discusses these dangers with an intelligence and analysis indicative of prolonged and exceedingly sober thought about them on his part. But he invariably prefaces such indulgences in sincerity with an attempt to exact from his listener a pledge of confidence. He said to me:

"I'm going to talk to you, to begin with, in a general way and with the utmost freedom, and afterward I shall tell you what to write!"

The exclamation point is my own, and is by way of indicating the kind of impression this made upon me. This politician has known me for a good many years, and I just wondered where he picked up such an idea of me as a correspondent.

American Protection Wanted

He may deny my statements ever so vigorously, but I will be generally believed just the same when I say that in a long talk I had with him he convinced me that he has about as much desire to see the American flag hauled down in the Philippine Islands as he has to see the islands sink into the depths of the Pacific Ocean. Yet he has made the issue of Philippine independence particularly his own. He has spent his entire adult life in unremitting effort to keep it to the fore as the principal issue of his people's existence. But I assure you he is exceedingly intelligent. I said to him:

"But you have exacted a pledge from the American people that they will grant the Filipinos independence. Isn't that a dangerous thing to have done? We are in the habit of taking our pledges seriously, you know, and of redeeming them when we can. Suppose as a result of the Wood-Forbes investigation the United States Government should decide to withdraw from the islands. Suppose we should haul down the flag and take our Army and our Navy and—more important than all—our eagle and go home." He laughed.

"No such thing is supposable," he replied.

"Well, what do you really want?" I asked.

"What we want is self-government with American protection, and that is what we will eventually get."

"But you already have self-government and protection, naturally, as long as the flag stays."

"We have self-government—practically but not quite."

"And you've made a horrible mess of what you have, haven't you?"

"We'll have to admit that we've made a good many mistakes, but people learn by mistakes. There can be nothing fatal in anything we do as long as the United States is responsible for us," he replied. "And the United States will always be responsible."

"But there is a large party in the United States that regards our retention of the Philippines as a dangerous policy."

"Yes, I know," he said, "the get-rid-of-them crowd. You can't tell me anything about the American Government and American sentiment."

"Well, isn't it just possible that the arguments of the get-rid-of-them crowd may carry sufficient weight to get us out of here and back on the safe side of the Pacific?"

"Not a chance on earth! It may be that we will get political independence. I know the American people are perfectly willing that we should have it; but I know the American people too well to fear that they will ever turn us loose entirely on our own resources until our resources are sufficiently developed to make it possible for us to take care of ourselves, and even then if we should get into trouble they would come to our rescue.

"This will be as true a hundred years from now as it is to-day. America may not want us herself, but she'll never let anybody else touch us."

"We are a grand old nation to tie to, aren't we?" I said, laughing somewhat ruefully.

"The best on earth!" he replied with a most emphatic nod.

There was an awful lot more, but I shall have to stop now. I wonder, though, just what would happen to these leaders of the Philippine people, and to the people themselves, if they should suddenly be bereft of their ideal by having it realized.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of papers by Mrs. Egan on political conditions in the Philippines.

WASHINGTON AVENUE

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'm going West Monday."

"If I write to you will you answer?"

He thought this over, then slowly inclined his head.

"I'm taking charge of a summer stock company in"—he named a city in the Middle West—"until August. Homer Melville, the director, is going abroad. I shall be very busy." She saw that this was fact, not evasion, and waited. "But I will try to answer if you write to me. Adelphi Theater. That's address enough."

"Thank you," she said abruptly; then started the motor and drove him back to the house.

As they were closing the garage door she said this:

"I'm going to do something. I don't know what, but—something. I can't go on much longer like this. Got to take hold—take a stand—or just naturally smash up."

♥

THONE awoke at noon with an uncomfortable conscience and a woolly mouth. He owed the Baines an apology, of course. It seemed rather a dreadful thing, running off with that child and crawling in long after midnight, whether they were drunk or not. Though he was putting it the wrong way around. It was she who had run away with him, of course. That was the devil of these "modern" girls (mentally he put that word in quotation marks). Still he couldn't help feeling responsible. Something would have to be said, surely, as a matter of ordinary decency.

He dreaded the day. That demoralized little Indian would be at him sure as shooting. Probably friends would drop in for a drink, or they'd walk or ride to some other house for a drink. Then there'd be more talk about drinks and drinking. What a waste it was! What a family! What a street! What a—no, he couldn't quite say what a country! There were other sorts of humans left. It would be a relief to get out to that old Adelphi Theater in that Middle Western city and plunge back into the swift current of summer stock. No time for nonsense there. Jimmy Warner would be on hand playing characters and eagerly discussing bits of business and hitting on interesting ideas of costume. And Adele Bannerman, who had played with Booth and Barrett, and Maurice Barrymore and John Drew and Mrs. Fiske and Arliss and Ethel Barrymore and everybody else who mattered—dear old Adele, with a joy in acting, a reverence for the fine traditions of the English-speaking stage that kept her eagerly, freshly young. And Edith Meadows, who had played every kind of rôle everywhere excepting in New York; a finely tempered actress whom the years were ruthlessly passing. And Bill Henley, with his keen dry sense of comedy and his unfailing good humor back-stage.

Wilbur Raine would be there, too; young, tall, with the finely modeled head and the expressive hands and the unusual gift of naturalness in every word and movement. And Mabel Welling, slender, lovely, exquisitely clear of brain, if somewhat quick of temper; Mabel should have her chance to do Monna Vanna this season. And Sheldon's Romance—what a pair of lovers she and Wilbur would be! And so competent! It might come about that they could do part of Romeo and Juliet at a special matinée.

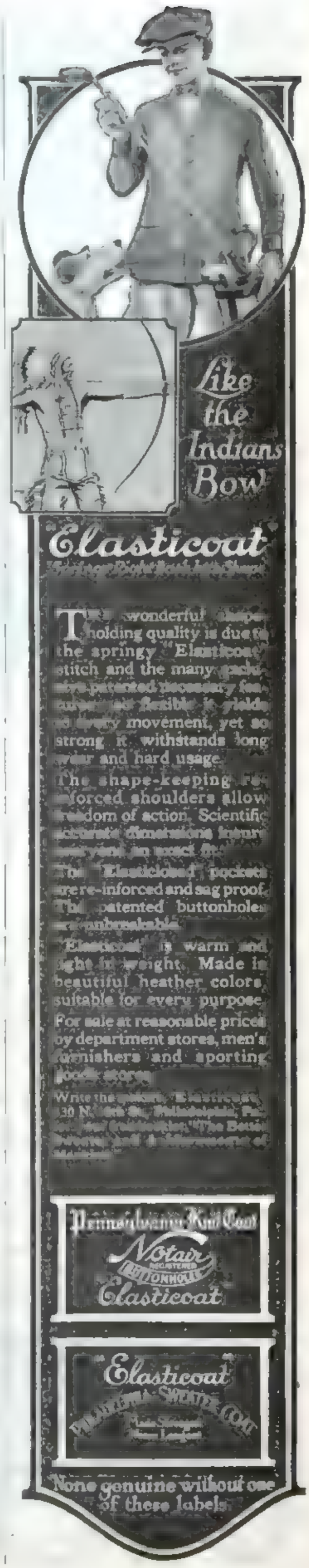
Thone's own feeling for the theater was as sensitive as Adele Bannerman's. His reading had ranged over the whole history of British and much of French drama. The days of Garrick and Woffington and Cibber, of Forrest and J.B.Booth, of Daniel Frohman's and Augustin Daly's splendid groups, were imaginatively as real to him as his own working life. He had pondered the chiseled art of Coquelin, the baffling simplicity of Duse. He had experimented with the modern revolutionists, in the so-called little theaters here and there about the country, only to drift back into the main current of Broadway, where, after all, were the ablest performers and much of the finest art.

And the theater was his temple. To build with canvas and paint and costume and lights a setting for the emotional fires that exalt and destroy human hearts was to worship. A bit of truth in characterization was a benediction. He liked the stage of an afternoon when a dusty beam of light slanted down from a high window, the flats drawn up into the flies, painters working on a spread canvas, the floor worn to splinters where a long procession of gifted men and women had trod, thousands of them, back through all the years; and late at night, the audience gone, the curtain raised, a pilot light on, the watchman striking a match on the No Smoking sign to light his crusted pipe. Then the long shadows in the crowded scenery that hung overhead and leaned against the dim brick walls took on deep colors, and indistinct draperies sighed and ghosts were there.

That fat fellow hadn't known that Lucile Loomis was an artist—would never know it. You couldn't drive the fact into his fat mind with an ice pick. This child of Arch's hadn't known it either. That was the way they thought of theatrical art, these impossible people of Washington Avenue! The unspeakable vulgarity of it! How had he ever contrived to keep his hands off that fat man?

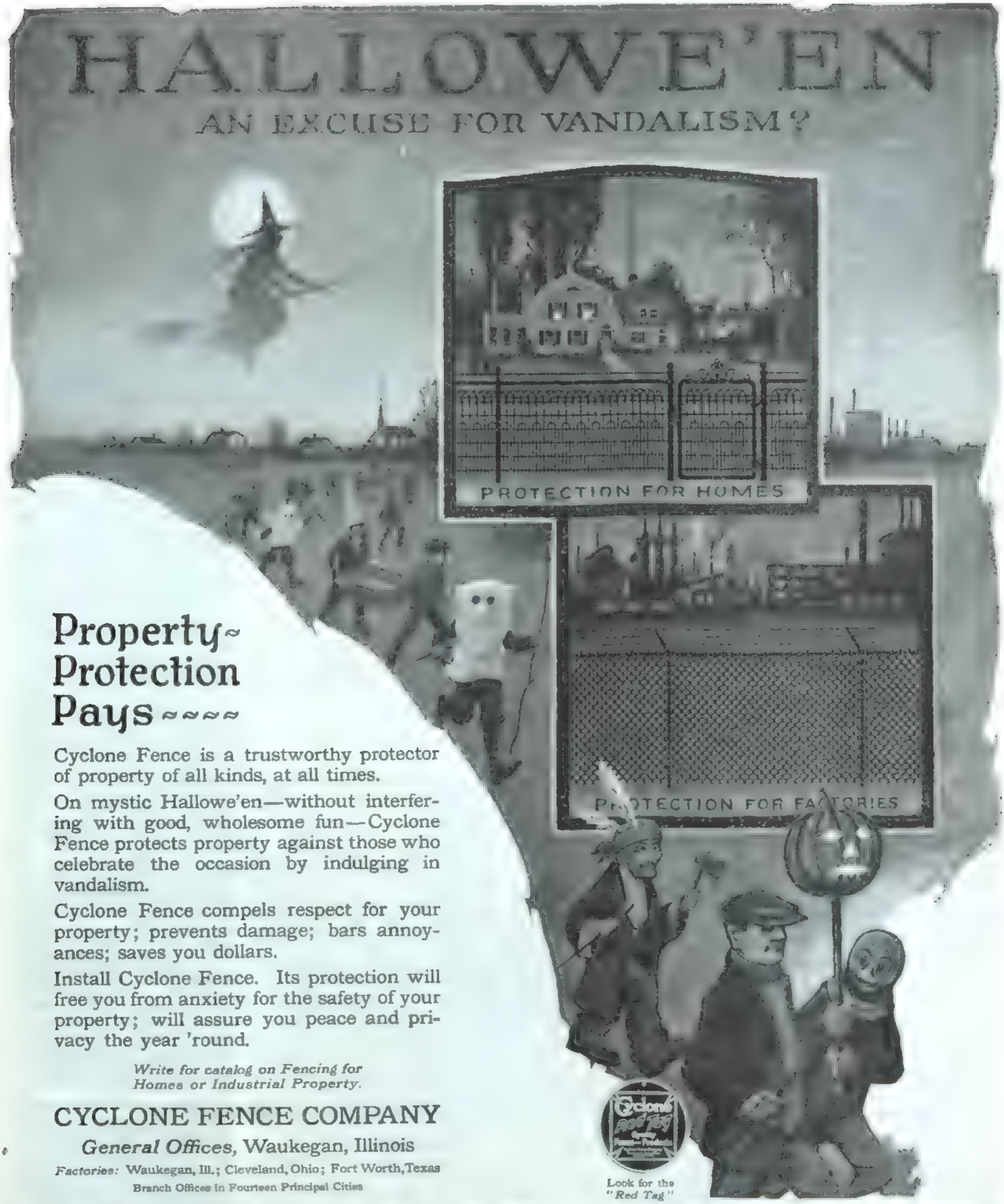
He glanced at his suitcase, opened it. There on his extra shirts lay a pile of some

(Continued on Page 53)



HALLOWE'EN

AN EXCUSE FOR VANDALISM?



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(Continued from Page 51)

twenty manuscript plays. He had innocently thought he might read them out here at Arch's.

What was the matter with Arch anyway? He hadn't been like this in the old days. Oh, Arch had always been set on money making, of course; and he was always high-strung, the particular sort that shouldn't drink at all. And he must have been hitting it up. Synthetic gin too! Hooch! Bad stuff! That nervous playing about of the hands; pulling forever at curtain tassels, moving little objects about, fussing around his face; and the twitching mouth.

Thone looked at the time-table. There was a train back to New York at 2:10. He could catch it. To be sure, the plan had been to stay until evening, but with that flapper at him, and the mean little things that had happened! He wanted to get back to his rooms and read plays; then on the morrow get comfortably settled on the train and read more plays.

His temples were hot. He was dangerously near his temperamental boiling point, realized this and decided to be calm. Then he went downstairs.

Arch, in flannels, with a twitching face, the Sunday paper spread on the floor about him, was sipping coffee. He said good morning, waved at a chair. His spirits seemed to be wavering between a smile and a scowl. His wife sat opposite, discreetly quiet.

"I'm afraid I've overslept a little," said Thone.

"Oh, no." This from Baine. He noisily folded a section of the paper. "Any old time. We drop along as it happens." He was experimenting, none too successfully, with a playful mood. "But see here, old chap, I'm going to call you to account for what you did last night."

Mrs. Baine compressed her lips and bent over her egg.

"I know." Thone got this out after an uncomfortable silence. "I can only offer my apologies to Mrs. Baine. Though I must confess"—he was stiffening up and was becoming alarmed himself at what he might say—"I really would have chosen to stay with the party. I'm not in the habit of keeping young girls out till all hours."

He stopped. He could hardly go farther than that.

But Baine merely said: "Oh, you mean keeping her out? That's all right. She's always out somewhere. Let me tell you right now, Harry, you're lucky in not having a daughter these days. There's no keeping 'em in. It's the same all up and down the avenue."

"Really, Harry," said his wife in a low voice, "I don't know that I ——"

"It's the truth! Dorothy's a headstrong girl. She runs wild. We can't stop her. But there are limits. She's been at us already this morning, Harry. That's the fact. She's got the idea that you're going to help her get on the stage. And now I ask you ——"

Thone fixed his sober eyes on this nervous, somewhat excited man, who had been his friend and was now his host; then turned a nearly expressionless face to Mrs. Baine when she took up the refrain:

"We recognize the gravity of the problem, Mr. Thone. You can't control these modern girls with force. That doesn't work. You have to let them go to some extent. But really ——"

"We can't have a daughter of ours—our only daughter—on the stage! You see that, Harry!"

"Exposed to every sort of temptation, irregular life, low surroundings ——" This was the wife again.

"A girl brought up as Dorothy has been, given every opportunity, to give up everything and sink into ——"

"Think what people would say—our friends here on the avenue! Dorothy a common actress!"

Dorothy must have heard the rising voices, for she came in from the veranda and stood in the doorway.

"Talking me over, I suppose."

Thone's dangerously quiet eyes took in first one, then the other, as they spoke, and now settled for a moment on the girl. Then abruptly he rose. Baine sprang up.

"Don't misunderstand me, Harry! I know I'm not steady this morning. We made rather a night of it. My nerves are on edge. I shouldn't have gone at you like this, especially when you're —— But this thing has come up to us before, and I do think you ought to be a little careful riding out with our little girl and offering her the one opportunity that—turning her head really. Don't you think you should have talked it over with us first? Damn it, the thing's an issue now! We're all mad! Dorothy thinks she's got to be spunky and make a fight on it. And —— Wait, Harry! Don't go like that! What's the matter?"

For Thone had risen. He turned to his hostess.

"I regret this circumstance," he said very slowly and distinctly, with a resonant ring in his voice. "Your daughter asked me about stage work. I gave her no encouragement whatever."

"But you"—this from the excited Dorothy—"you said you'd write ——"

"You asked if I would answer letters. I said I would try to. I'm sorry if you misunderstood me. I wish I could help you. But it appears that I can't. I'm sorry. You'll all excuse me, I'm sure. I hope to catch this next train."

They could hear him moving about upstairs as he got his things together.

"You needn't have gone at him so hard," said the wife.

"Well, he needn't have been so touchy."

"Something was said last night."

"No, Harry's square."

"Something has happened then."

"I'm going up and talk to him. We can't let him dash off like this. He may not be quite our kind, but he's all right at heart. Harry's all right, and steady, for an actor. You wouldn't believe it! I'm going to make him stay over."

But Thone took the 2:10.

VI

THONE liked Mondays best. Dress rehearsal began at ten and continued until four or five or six. The new scenery was in place then, the actors letter-perfect, the play of the week miraculously shaping itself out of a confusion of scenes and incidents into a performance, a living thing. Nerves were strung high. Quiet courtesy became of necessity the rule. Electricians, carpenters and property men moved expertly about their tasks. The scattered few in the vast dim auditorium sat in respectful silence.

The particular Monday was in mid-July. Thone, coat off, hair rumpled, chin on arms and arms on a plush seat back, was absorbed in the murder scene in Peter Ibbetsen—Jimmy Warner and Wilbur Raine. Three, four, five times they went through it. Thone would shout a suggestion, then again rest his chin on his arms and watch the sure modeling out of the motives and the culminating passion. The men were working splendidly, putting all their hearts into it. Finally he sprang up and ran down to the orchestra rail, lashing out at them with a quick, biting tongue. They responded instantly and went for a sixth time into the scene at such a high pitch of emotion that others of the company, in the stage entrances and out in the auditorium, were stirred into a burst of applause.

Thone, walking back up the aisle as the act continued, became aware of a new personality—a girl, moving with hesitation toward him. Something about her walk and the poise of her head he seemed to remember, but it was difficult to make her out in this dim light.

"Well?" he asked, with the kindly enough brusqueness of a man who is deep in the spirit of his work. "You wish to speak to me?"

"I'm Dorothy Baine," she said.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"I—well, I just came."

"Just came! What for?"

"I thought you—I ——" She appeared to have lost much of her assurance. That might be a good sign. But now she caught a little of it back. "I told you I was going to do something."

"But, good Lord ——"

"If you haven't any little work that I can do, or—or ——"

"Do your father and mother know where you are?"

She shook her head.

"I left a note. Told them I couldn't stand it; that I was going away to try to get into worth-while work."

"H'm! Sit down. Watch this rehearsal if you want to know what work is."

Half an hour later he said, as if thinking aloud, "I suppose you're going right on the stage—be a real actress right off."

"Please don't be cross with me. Maybe I've made a mistake, but here I am."

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Ten minutes later she added, "Of course I don't expect to do anything of the kind."

"What kind? Oh!"

"I'll try to play maids. I'll take lessons, do anything you say. I'm not just putting it up to you." This as hotly as a suppressed voice permitted. "I've got a little money—enough to keep me a while if I'm careful. But things got to the breaking point down there."

"I really can't visit with you now," said he. "I'll give you a few minutes after the rehearsal."

So she sat very still and took in on the sensitive plane of an overexcited young mind impressions that she was never to forget: impressions of charming scenery and mysterious lighting and surprisingly workmanlike men and women who were able after a scant week of rehearsing to pick up a play of emotional power and fairly carry it out to an audience. She saw delicate minor themes stressed and subdued at will and woven into a tapestry that seemed life itself. And it was Henry Thone who was weaving the play despite nearly constant interruptions. A secretary brought letters which he signed on his knee with a fountain pen. A poetlike young man slipped in for a whispered conference over a newspaper advertisement. A man in overalls was called to discuss a defect in the scenery of the final scene, which, it appeared, they had rehearsed first. Another man waited to explain some trouble with the switchboard. With all he was pleasant enough, but keen, quick, and he missed nothing on the stage. The sense she now caught of his skill and authority brought her to awe.

Girl-like then she personalized this sense of him. Her finely strung nerves followed his slightest word and movement. Rapidly during the tense two hours that she spent there she traveled up the curious emotional path that she thought of, in her meager vocabulary, as developing a crush on him. That was really inevitable. She had prepared herself for just this experience by wrenching herself away from family and friends, and traveling, in a mood that was all blind impulse, a third of the way across the continent to put her plastic young life in his hands. She was still, it will be seen, all burning ego. She had never been taught to be anything else.

It was nearly six when he beckoned her to follow him to his office. He was too tired now to be more than distantly courteous; too tired even to be brusque. He drew a chair to his desk, and as soon as she was timidly seated laid a telegraph form before her.

"I want you to tell your father where you are," said he, pacing the room now.

She bit her lip. He made her feel like a worm. Then crushed, fighting back tears, she wrote the message. A boy took it away. A plain-appearing woman came in, a Miss Meadows. In the simple street costume Dorothy did not at first recognize her as one of the company.

"Now, Dorothy," he said more gently, "Miss Meadows has an apartment down the street. She is going to take you in with her for a day or so."

For a day or so! It was a white-faced Dorothy that left the stage door with this Miss Meadows; quite helpless and evidently quite useless; doing for once in her breezy life as she was told. He had no time for her. Within a little more than two hours they would be, all of them, living vividly through the thrill of a modest first night; and she had noted on the board by the door a call for a rehearsal of a new play at ten the next morning. So that was how they worked; no question of hours; no possibility of slacking; no time off for golf or bridge or parties or philandering. She had never even considered working like that.

And that telegram to her father! A situation would arise out of that, of course—something. She tried to recall what she had written. Her departure would have shocked them at home. They were inconsistent that way. Very likely dad's queer Puritan streak would come uppermost.

VII

THONE sat at his desk. Baine stood over him. He had drunk a little since morning, clearly; fortifying himself; probably had a bagful of the stuff at the hotel. His mouth twitched and twitched.

"What I'd like to know is"—he was saying this—"why don't I kill you?"

It seemed rather absurd to Thone, and he really hadn't the time for it. But patience was indicated. Nervous men, drinking men, men in complicated emotional difficulties could, he knew well, lash themselves into strange and extreme states of mind. This man, his old friend, had at the time no moral footing. He was, as his daughter had perceived, at war with himself. And he was just out of twenty-four hours of drinking and brooding, alone, on a train.

"Please sit down," said Thone.

"Where's Dorothy? Tell me that!"

"Somewhere out front, watching the rehearsal. I'll send for her presently."

"You'll send for her now." Then in his confusion of mind Baine laid a crumpled telegram on the desk. "I suppose, in your complacent self-esteem, it didn't occur to you that she'd telegraphed me."

"I made her telegraph you." Thone read the message: "'Am out here with Henry Thone—Dorothy.' But I didn't tell her to say that."

"You came into my house as a guest, and I might have known that night when you kept her away from the crowd ——"

Thone called sharply through the door to his stage manager, "Find Miss Baine and ask her to come here at once."

"I'm trying to keep my temper, Harry, but this thing has gone so far beyond anything that I ——"

Thone raised his hand.

"Please!" They waited.

Dorothy hesitated on the sill. Thone rose.

"Now," he said, "I want you both to sit down and talk this thing out. We may just as well be reasonable about it, Arch. We'll get at the facts best and quickest that way. Dorothy, did I ask you to come out here?"

She looked from him to her father and back.

"No."

"Did I suggest it, encourage such an idea in any way?"

"No."

"Tell your father just what happened after you arrived."

In a few low words, but without hesitation now, the girl obeyed.

"Why did you come?"

"Because"—she seemed to wish not to hurt her father—"because I couldn't stand it there any longer. I had to do something. This looked like a chance to do something decent."

"Couldn't stay where?" This was Baine, blankly.

"On Washington Avenue—home."

"Home!"

She inclined her head.

"You don't know all that goes on around there, dad." There was a flash of bitterness in this.

Baine rose.

"Well, you're going back right now."

She rose too; shook her little head firmly.

"No," she said.

"What's that? You ——"

"I won't go back."

Baine turned on Thone with a new flare of anger.

"If you think I came way out here, Harry, to give in to a ——"

Thone waved him to silence and turned quietly toward the girl.

"Dorothy," he said, "this is a pretty serious situation. Before we can work it out we must find some way to understand one another. If you don't go back with your father, just what do you think you can do? How would you work it out?" He was studying her as he spoke with a deeply adult understanding that was far beyond her youthful mental range, and as well, in the situation, beyond her father's. He wished to know how much native strength of character she really had. Would the situation break her down, reduce her to hysterical tears, or would she exhibit a healthy fighting spirit? That she had much good in her, crude good, he had seen; but the question was, how much?

She was white. She looked very young and inexperienced and physically small. There was an uncertain expression about her eyes—she might cry—but the little mouth was firm.

"I want to work. I love the atmosphere of this place. It's something I can respect, something to live up to." Her voice was clouded with emotion, but she kept on, squarely facing her father, looking right up at him. "I believe I can act. I—I'd like a chance to try. I don't want to do anything else." She had to stop at this point.

Thone gravely considered this, then turned to the father.

"Now, Arch," he said, "all I have to say to you can be put in a very few words. They will sound harsh to Dorothy, but they've got to be said. I not only didn't ask her out here, but when she came I didn't know what I could do with her. This is a serious profession of ours. There isn't a thing she could hope to do inside of two or three years. She knows nothing of stage technique. She hasn't even working habits—no." He moved his head in the negative. "So when she came I could only try to take care of her until you could come after her. You have come, and there my responsibility ends."

Dorothy broke in here, with a rising color.

"You think I'm no good then? Just no good?"

"Not at all." There was dawning approval in his eyes. She had fired up capitally. She was beginning to be interesting. "My guess is that you may have dramatic talent. We couldn't use you now. Two years of hard study would make a difference. But that isn't what we're here to talk about."

"Dorothy," cried her father sharply, "stop this nonsense and come home with me!"

"Dad"—she was surprisingly near tenderness now—"you don't know. I'm not just a willful girl. I've fought this all out. I'm fighting now—can't you see? It's my chance to make good. I've got to try. I can't go back into—that."

That about making good puzzled Baine. His mouth twitched. He pressed a hand to his eyes. He glanced uncertainly at his daughter.

"Well," he said gloomily, "it seems to be a deadlock. Of course we've not been in the habit of disciplining Dorothy in the rough old-fashioned way, but—there's no good in our bothering Mr. Thone any longer with what seems to be just a family mess. We'll go down to the hotel and talk it over."

As they went out Dorothy gave Thone a look so pitifully full of appeal that he was touched. He turned to his desk, fingered a letter there. The kid was really, in a way, fighting for her life. But what could you do? He heard a step and turned. Baine was there extending his hand; still bewildered, in some degree a broken man.

"Harry, I realize that I came here in a pretty excited state. I spoke hastily, and I want to ——"

Thone cut him off with, "I've forgotten it, Arch."

They were standing, hand gripping hand.

"This thing's a good deal of a wallop, Harry. You see, when it's your own daughter —— The devil of it is, I haven't an idea how to talk to her. I never dreamed it could be like this."

"Arch," said Thone, "you've got a daughter that wants to work. You're lucky."

This shot went home a little slowly, but it was a direct hit.

"You mean I should give her her head?"

Thone nodded.

"But I—I hadn't foreseen going into such a strange —— Harry, I wonder if you can be right!"

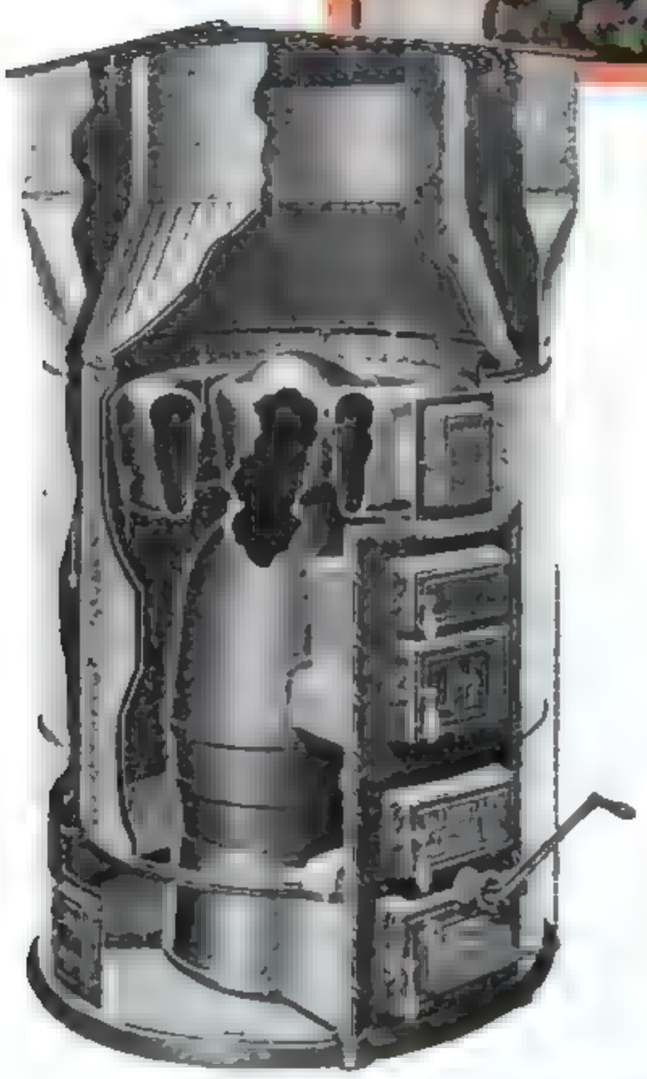
"All I can say is, you're lucky. These days, with the world cracking around us, the home gone, respect for law, religion, faith, everything —— My God, Arch, what's left but work? What other beginning is there for anybody?"

Baine released his friend's hand and turned listlessly toward the door, only to pause again. Thone heard him mumbling over those rather sweeping offhand words of his—"The home gone."

"Harry," he said then, "I suppose I've been—in some ways that you don't know about—a good deal of a fool, and in some ways that you do know." He passed his hands across his eyes. His mouth twitched. "It's all around us. It's the drift of things. We get caught in it. But I won't say this experience hasn't pulled me up short. I don't know but what you're right. If the kid really has developed some queer sort of purpose, I suppose I should—yes, I'll back her."

And he stiffened his shoulders as he left the room.

Moonlight, Lake Tahoe



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ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

(Continued from Page 19)

"I didn't quite know. I guessed," replied Grierson. "Put two and two together. I wasn't the only one guessed it, I think, judging by Cousin Rhoda Blake's face. If I'm not mistaken Rose and her mother are having a nice comfortable talk about you right now. By the way, here's a wire for you. It came about half an hour after you left us this afternoon, and I came pretty near forgetting it with all this rumpus."

Stephen tore open the yellow envelope that Grierson gave him and read the telegram. His face fell.

"No bad news, I hope," said Grierson.

"I'm afraid it is," Stephen answered. "That Mexican job of mine seems to be all off for the present. Mine raided and hell raised generally. Not likely to be any security for operations for a month or two. Letter to follow; but I'm afraid it means that I've got to hunt another job. Read it."

"Looks bad," said Grierson when he had glanced through the message. "Still, I judge it's only a postponement. Wait and see what the letter says before you worry. For one thing, the G. D. could use you. Addington thinks a good deal of your work here, I can tell you that, if you don't know it already."

Stephen shook his head.

"I know what you're thinking of. You're mistaken. He realizes right now that he hasn't got a ghost of a show with Rose, and—you may not believe it, but he isn't going to feel so bad about it as you might think. Doesn't seem reasonable, does it? You wait a while and see. Fanny Brant's a mighty nice girl—eh—what?" He chuckled and then got up and took a look at Gorby.

"That lad is all right. Doc knew what he was talking about; a headache is about the worst he's got to expect. Returning to Jennifer ——"

He broke off, listened for a moment and stepped, silently and lightly as a cat, to the door, which after another pause he flung open and then made a rush into the next room. Stephen got up quickly and hastened after him, but he was already out of the cottage and running at top speed across the yard toward some outbuildings, behind which he disappeared. Stephen, following, came upon him as he was holding by the coat collar a squirming form whose strangled protests he was repressing by vigorous shakes and profane admonitions to silence.

"You keep your head closed or I'll knock it off!" he growled savagely. "Got him," he said to Stephen. "Now we'll find out a little something about this business, I guess. Come along here, you sneaking son-of-a-gun. Trainor, take his other arm. Stand on your feet, dog-gone you!"

Stephen gripped an arm of the limp captive and between them they half carried him into the cottage and threw him into a chair. Disheveled and hatless, he blinked up at them with beady black eyes full of terror. Old Luis.

Grierson stood over him, grim and threatening. "Now let's have it," he commanded. "Tell a straight story and you'll save yourself a whole lot of grief. You were climbing in through Mr. Trainor's window. Why? What were you after? Spill it!"

"*Señores,*" said Luis earnestly, "I swear to you I am honest man. May God forget Luis and the devil grill him if what I tell you is not the truth. May my bones rot ——"

"I'll see to your bones," the superintendent told him. "What were you after in Mr. Trainor's room?"

"I am to see Señor Trainor. Some business. The door is shut so I look through the window. I see that he is not in his bed, so I have something to give him and I think I will put that where he will find it. Then you come. That is the truth. I swear, *por Dios, por San Luis, por, por* ——"

"What were you going to give me, Luis?" Stephen asked mildly.

Luis glanced apprehensively at the superintendent, hesitated a moment, and then thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and produced a package secured by a rubber band and wrapped in a dirty paper. He handed it to Stephen, who opened it.

"I'll be switched!" exclaimed Grierson. "Your money, isn't it, Trainor? What made you steal it?" he demanded sternly of Luis.

"Wait a minute," said Stephen. "There's a whole lot more than two hundred dollars here. Nearer two thousand. More than that! What does this mean, Luis?"

"There is writing on the paper," said Luis, pointing with a shaking finger.

"Sure enough," said Stephen.

It was a penciled scrawl in a painfully crooked and malformed script, almost illegible, but at length he deciphered it:

"Yor steak and yor winings that fixis you i ges. a frend."

"Where did you get this?" Stephen asked Luis.

Luis shook his head. "I'm no telling you that—excuse, please," he said. "I'm sorry for Luis if I tell you. Put me in the calaboose if you like, but I'm no telling."

He closed his mouth stubbornly and folded his arms tightly across his chest, as if clasping his secret close.

Stephen read the message aloud, and as he did so the truth suddenly flashed upon him. "It's Jennifer!" he cried. "He wanted me to take the money I had in that cash box and gamble with it. I'll tell you later why he wanted me to. I declined to do that, and here's what's happened: That old pirate ——" He stopped. "I think we might as well let Luis go," he said. "Jennifer's our thief, Mr. Grierson."

"In cahoots with Luis," said Grierson, winking at him. "We'll put 'em both in the calaboose, I guess. Luis probably planned the whole thing. Anyway, they both belong in the penitentiary, and that's where we'll send them."

"*Dios,* no!" cried Luis in alarm. "I have done nothing; I know nothing. Jennifer, yes; but me, no, no, no! *Pobre de mi!* That Jennifer, that old *malasiete,* that old devil, he makes me do what I do. If I say no, he makes bad eye at me and hell is to pay—pronto. If he say to me, 'Luis, you take this money and put it in the Señor Trainor's room, in his desk, to-night, or I cut your heart out and chop it into little pieces and feed it to the magpies'—what then? He bends his finger to me—so—and he tell me that. One drink he give me and ten dollars, in McGuire's saloon, where we are. 'That is for you,' he say. 'For your trouble. But this other is Señor Trainor's money. You hold out one dollar of that and I peel your hide off you like I peel banana.' *Ya lo comprendo.* Well, here is the ten dollars he give me. *Es verdad, señores.* I tell you nothing but true. But if you tell him what I say, I am a dead man—and worse."

The *señores* exchanged glances. "You say this was in McGuire's?" Grierson asked. "Is Jennifer there now?"

"How do I know? Yes, I am in McGuire's. I do my work here, then I go downtown for a little entertainment. A few drinks—yes? Why not? The Señor Brant is there and the Señor Addington—everybody. Why not? I see the Señor Jennifer in game of poker with Billy Ferguson and John Treweek and Dave Thurgood. You know that Thurgood? He's a peach, that *hombre.* The cards do what he tell them. It's big game they play; I see that. Ask the Señor Addington if I lie. He watch that game. Me, I watch the crap game a little while, and presently I see the Señor Jennifer standing at the bar and he's drinking—what you think? Water! Water! And water! Everybody look at him, but he stand by himself, one side, and drink water. Funny! Then he see me and he crook his finger—so—and, *con cortesia,* I go to him.

"'Give this man drink whisky,' he say to McGuire, 'and then give me a pencil and a piece of paper.' 'Have some more water, too,' McGuire say to him. 'I'll go you,' the Señor Jennifer told him. 'Pay yourself out of that and keep the change, you flannel-mouth mick!' he say. He look at McGuire with that eye like red coal out of the fire and throw down a dollar, and McGuire he's not so smart then, you bet. He look like a sheep, because everybody laugh and he is afraid of that old devil. So he gives him the paper and pencil and a rubber band he finds for him, and then he goes away to other end of the bar and swears at somebody, *rudamente.* I smile and I drink my whisky while the Señor Jennifer write on the paper what you see. Then he put the money in the paper and give it to me and he say to me what I tell you. That is all. I do what he tell me—why not? I have my skin on my bones for seventy years and I like that skin, me. It is not pretty, perhaps, but I'm used to it."

As Luis concluded there was a sound of footsteps and subdued laughter outside, and a moment later Dan Brant and Addington walked in.

They were properly astonished at the little scene that awaited them and, when Luis had been dismissed, listened gravely to the account that Grierson and Stephen gave them of the evening's events.

"It tallies, by Jove!" said Addington, when the tale was ended. "Luis was certainly in this place—McGuire's. We saw him, and that old squinting chap that was playing poker ——"

Dan interrupted with a burst of laughter. "Oh me, oh my!" he cried, rocking to and fro in an ecstasy of mirth. "The richest, juiciest thing! I thought I'd die! I've got to tell it. Addington here staked the old man in the final game and saved his life. I was playing a little faro at the time and he wandered off and stood behind Jennifer's chair. Good thing he didn't put his foot on a round! Well, everybody had dropped out but Jennifer and another bird—I'll tell you about him later—and he had just shoved in his last dollar and I guess Jennifer couldn't scrape enough together to call him. Understand, this was a jack pot, and a pot to make you dribble at the mouth. McGuire said there was close to three thousand dollars in it. Well!"

Dan wiped his eyes and after a struggle managed to proceed. "Well, Jennifer sees our friend. 'Stranger,' says he, 'will you loan me a hundred with this hand as security?' Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, lovely! and—and —— And our accommodating friend here says, 'Delighted, dear chap ——'"

"I did not," Addington denied.

"'Delighted, old dear,' and he hands over the hundred and Jennifer throws it into the pot with the rest of the money he had and raised the other bird out of the game and gathered in the pot. Whee-ee-ee! Oh, my sainted, suffering step-aunt!"

"Well," said Addington, "what of it, you silly ass? He gave me my hundred back, didn't he?"

"He did; he raked in the pot and paid you back like a sportsman and a gentleman. I came up while he was doing it, and I surmised that the loser was displeased with our friend. But there wasn't any dispute. I asked Addington privately what Jennifer held. He told me that it was the king, queen, knave and ten of hearts and the queen of spades. 'Was it a good hand?' says he."

"If you would explain, instead of conducting yourselves like hysterical hyenas," said Addington.

"We'll explain later," Stephen told him. "Dan can explain."

"Oh, I meant to tell you that it was a perfectly square game," said Dan. "McGuire told me before Jennifer made his coup. Jennifer and the man he was playing with—a fellow named Thurgood—were both card sharps and they knew each other of old and neither one dared make a crooked play. It tickled McGuire. Furthermore, it seems Jennifer's a gunman, and bad."

"I know," said Grierson. "He shot out my light to-night. I ought to be grateful to him for not drilling me."

"He had McGuire buffaloed," laughed Dan. "I think he was a trifle soused—wabbled a little as he walked out."

"Extraordinary proceeding!" said Addington, who had been looking Gorby over. "It would appear that this man Jennifer was acting with perfectly good intentions, so far as Stephen is concerned, but it seems a bit thick with respect to poor old Gorby. Rather a liberty, I call it. The question is, What are we going to do with this eccentric gentleman?"

"I think that the best thing we can all do is get to bed," said Grierson, getting up. "It may seem hardly worth while for this little piece of a night, but that's what I'm going to do. Coming, Dan?"

He and Dan departed. Addington, refusing to let Stephen act as night nurse, carried the mattress and blankets from his room and made up a bed for himself beside Gorby's.

"My pidgin, old chap," he said. "All bally rot to talk about not feeling like sleep. Nothing for you to keep awake about, and I'll prove that to you in the

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 59)

morning, see if I don't. Not now, because if I start on what I've got to say we'll be jawing for a couple of hours longer; so you just jolly well turn in now. Wake like a giant refreshed—what? Good night, Stevie."

Stephen was not sorry to leave him. He had a good deal to keep him wakeful, and he reflected that the principal subject of his proposed meditation might have a tendency to murder sleep for Addington too, did that gentleman but know. So sleep was not for Stephen, but many meditative pipes; and he only undressed for his morning ablutions, from which like Addington's "giant refreshed" he went to the house to await the coming of his Rose of the world.

Joe Jennifer pushed his way out through the swinging doors of McGuire's and staggered almost to the edge of the sidewalk before he could check the impetus of his egress. He was drunk—drunk with triumph, gloriously intoxicated by his consciousness of a difficult and dangerous task successfully performed. His hand had not forgotten its cunning; his mind—a little muzzy now, it was true; but his mind had worked sufficiently well, and where it had failed him luck—radiant, beneficent luck—had stepped in and carried him through. He had backslidden, indeed, but not in vain, and it had been a marvelously exhilarating slide. A taste of the good old unregenerate iniquitous days that he had thought forever fled; a delicious morsel of full-flavored evil-doing that was still sweet as honey in his mouth—now that he knew that his purpose was accomplished. What was that saying about the devil taking care of his own? Devil nothing; it was God's providence!

"Where to now?"

He tried to put that muzzy mind of his on the question. Home, of course. But he could never climb the bluff that he had descended. Not with weak shaking knees and a head that seemed to be going all around, my boys, a bald head going all around, with my bald head going all around, around —— Stop your fool singing and go home!

He faced about with deliberate care and set forth, unsteadily but nevertheless with a certain sense of direction, to get to the cañon trail. A long and winding way, but with no ticklish climbing, and he could take all night to it, and all the next day if need were. No need to hurry, no need to worry! He was a poet and didn't know it. Blame those old knees!

Not so old but they could keep going, though; not so old but they had done good work this night, by gollies! That wrestling match in the cottage; the drop from the window, the dash across the yard to the arroyo—that was it, most likely; the tumble down the bank and the thump that he got on the head—maybe.

He stopped and unbuttoning his waistcoat put his hand to his side. His shirt felt stiff and sticky to his touch.

"Must have bled some," he muttered. "'Ts'n't nothing much, though. Barked the skin a little, I guess. Mighty poor shooting, if you ask me! He had an elegant chance at me in that light. Well, jim along, Josie."

He went on, stumbling now and then, but sustained by his pride. Not so old! Thurgood didn't think he was so old; not so blamed old that he couldn't watch the game and catch on to any monkey work if such was tried; not so old that it was safe to try to run any blazer on Joe Jennifer! No, sir! Dave didn't make no fuss when Joe Jennifer looked him in the eye and scooped in the pot. Not much! And McGuire, he took water too. Water! That water tasted good. Another drink of it would go mighty well right now. A good long drink sizzling on this dry hot tongue! Well, jim along, Josie.

He passed the mills and, as the young moon was now shining faintly, he could distinguish the trail fairly well. But he often stopped to rest. Now and then, hazily recalling incidents of his adventure, he chuckled happily. "A great evening, by gollies! That English dude—to think of him cutting his own throat like he did; that was the cream of the whole thing! I was sure sweating then! Never thought he'd pony up, not once, and if he hadn't —— Well, it's all right now; all right with them two now, and Joe Jennifer done it for them. Janie wouldn't blame me. I done nothing I didn't have to do—didn't cuss, didn't drink nothing but water—water!"

He was very thirsty and his knees were getting weaker than ever, often as he rested. His head, too, felt curiously light, and he had a sensation of being lifted by it—as if he were in a cage rising out of a deep mine, up, up, and still up, and with the ascent his eyelids becoming heavier and heavier and his flight seemingly through a thickening mist of drowsiness. With an effort of will he shook off this obsession and forced himself to think again of what he had done. With every disheartening circumstance of opposition, in spite of obstacles that seemed insurmountable, he had—glory!—he had made happiness secure for these young lovers. His wit had planned the way; his skill, his courage, his strength and readiness had swept him along it to victory. Of the future he had no doubt! He could plan that, too, if his head would clear a little; if he could keep his eyes open. Sleep was what he wanted.

There was ahead of him a big rock crowned with a stunted tree. There in its bield he would lie down and sleep—a cat nap—and then rise with renewed vigor and go on his way. He found a sheltered corner and scraping the wind-blown litter of bush leaves and twigs into a pillow for his poor muddled old head he laid him down with a long-drawn sigh of relief, and almost instantly the thick drowsy mist closed in on him and blotted out all consciousness.

He awoke unwillingly—dragged out of sweet oblivion by a chafing of his hands and a soft smoothing of his brow and temples, while a low pitying voice called him by name again and again.

"Darling, we can do nothing with him here. Ride back and get a car, and bring that doctor. Oh, the poor, poor old fellow! Mr. Jennifer, this is Rose Blake. Mr. Jennifer! I think he is coming to, Stevie. Oh, don't shake him, dear!"

"Jennifer! Wake up, old scout! Wake up!"

Here was another voice, and a friendly one. Languidly he opened his eyes. The night had passed. Broad daylight and the sun shining. That hand on his forehead—felt good. His head was in her lap, whoever she was. He looked up, blankly and slowly seemed to recognize the two faces bent above him, and a queer grin distorted his mouth.

"Didn't—lose no time," he said with the ghost of a chuckle. Then his eyelids drooped again and he felt himself slipping back. "Take—little nap."

"What does he say?"

"I didn't hear. Please go, dearest. I'm frightened."

"I might put him on my horse. No, I'd better do as you say. Back in no time, sweetheart. But don't be frightened. He'll be all right as soon as we get him to the house and nursed up a little."

Once more Jennifer opened his eyes and looked incuriously at a white curtain stirring in a faint breeze that came through a half opened window. Its folds undulated with a graceful motion that it was pleasant to watch, and as he stirred his limbs he was conscious of a cool contact that was strangely agreeable. Dimly he realized that he was in a bed and that the bed had sheets—clean, soft, fine-textured sheets. There was somebody in the room and presently he would make the necessary effort to turn his head and see who it was. But there was plenty of time for that. Would it be Janie? It didn't matter. She would just as soon he lay abed for a while. The curtain looked like it was shooing chickens; but there couldn't be any chickens in the room or they would be clucking when that shifting, shimmering length was flung out at them. Perhaps it was shooing him. No, it was giving him a drink of water. Ah, that was darned good!

"No more now. Don't try to raise yourself up. Lie down and sleep again."

"Where am I?"

"You are at Mr. Grierson's. You've been ill, but you're going to get better very soon. I'm taking care of you."

"Rose Blake?"

"Yes; Rose Blake."

"Trainor—he didn't lose no time. I—I fixed things up for you, didn't I?"

"Yes, dear—beautifully. But go to sleep now."

"'Sall right."

He sighed gently and dozed off. The doctor at the other side of the bed released his wrist and put his watch back in his pocket. "Pulse pretty slow and weak. He might pick up, though; there's no telling."

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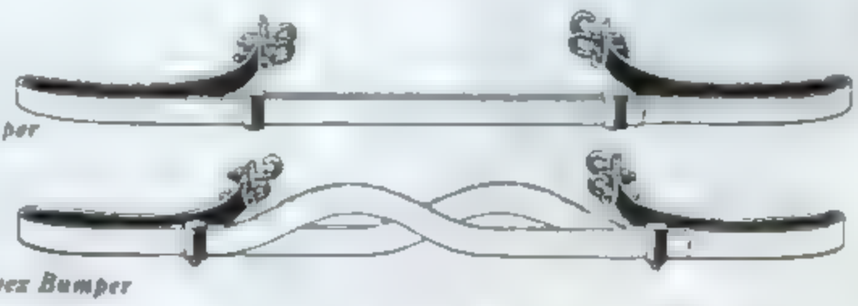

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119 West 40th St., New York

"I'm going to feel mighty bad about this, doc."

It was Grierson who spoke. He was tugging at his long mustache and staring before him moodily.

"You don't need to. That wound is just a scratch. Of course he lost a little more blood than he can afford to lose, but I take it the trouble is mainly a sort of shock—overexcitement and overexertion that with a man of his age have mischievous reactions."

"But he will recover, won't he, doctor?" Rose asked eagerly. "He must! You saw that he knew me, and that's a good sign, isn't it?"

"We'll do our best to pull him through, Miss Blake," the doctor answered. "I look for some improvement if—if all goes well. Be in again after I've seen one or two other patients. Give him that medicine every hour whether he's asleep or awake."

Stephen went downstairs with him, and there he became more explicit. "I can see that you're a good deal interested in the case, too, Mr. Trainor," he said. "I'm sorry, but there isn't a chance in a thousand for the old fellow. He may pass out to-night. I thought I'd tell you so that the young lady—— You understand. Damned unpleasant for her, you know. Better get her away. Tell Mrs. Grierson. See you later."

He went away, leaving the young man greatly distressed and shocked. Stephen had been deeply moved by the revelations of the night before—the old man's devotion to Rose, which he knew had been the motive of his mad enterprise. He had told Rose all about it that morning when they had met, and she had laughed and cried all at once at the touching and nearly tragic absurdity. Then Stephen had proposed that he should ride out to Pactola without delay and return to Jennifer his ill-gotten gains, with due acknowledgment of the kindness of his intentions and a proper hectoring for the burglarious freedom with which he had carried them out.

"Addington said he called it a liberty," Stephen laughed.

"I'll go with you," Rose told him. "Now that our engagement has been announced I suppose there will be no objection."

For she had announced her engagement to Mrs. Blake the night before, as Grierson had surmised. There had been a painful scene, but in the end the mother had succumbed, although she was far from being resigned. Then came Fanny Brant, who, entering the breakfast room unexpectedly, had to be informed, and Fanny's felicitations were whole-hearted and prolonged. Addington was the next one, and if Addington was heartbroken he disguised it admirably. All together it was late when Rose and Stephen started.

How swiftly we pass from joy to sorrow, and who shall count on more than the happiness of the moment, saying "This day is set for my delight and the morrow will surely bring increase thereof in double or in fourfold measure"? None but the wise, who know that in this very assurance of continuity, fallacious as it may be, all gladness lies, and all content; who know that with all given the hope of more to be added is a vital condition of enjoyment. Therefore, be wise and have faith.

As Rose and Stephen rode out that morning there was no cloud upon their happiness. The news that Stephen had received regarding the Mexican mine, which might have been magnified to the proportions of calamity, seemed to them a light and trivial thing in the face of their rapturous assurance of each other's love. They had no doubts, no forebodings. That was manifest in their every look and in every tone of their voices. They were happy now beyond all past hope, and the future could bring them only accession of this wonderful felicity. What could destroy or even dash the ecstasy of their certainty of all time to come? Having each other, what could bring them sorrow? So, wisely, they thought, or felt, and their reward was unalloyed bliss until, pausing at the big rock, scene of the last night's miracle, they saw that huddled figure lying in deathlike posture in a littered niche at its base.

That blanched, waxen face; its closed eyes, its awful immobility!

And now the shadow of impending death had fallen upon their hearts—upon his as well as Rose's. All thoughts of self were obliterated, and sadness overwhelmed them. Sadness and anxiety!

But that night the doctor thought he saw a slight improvement in the old man's condition, and the next morning the improvement was noticeable by all. He was less apathetic and the sight of those about him gave him evident pleasure. Grierson came in and took his hand and asked him solicitously how he did, and he recognized Grierson at once. Mrs. Grierson had to tell him who she was, but he then recollected her, murmuring "Castle Creek," where he had often seen her, a young woman. Rose brought him some broth and fed him like a child, and the stimulation of the food seemed further to strengthen his faculties. When she left his bedside he called Stephen to him.

"The Gentle Jane," he said. "Mine."

Stephen nodded. "I understand. Your mine. It was a good assay. I went to your cabin to tell you about it, but you weren't there."

"Want you to go look at it—the mine. Right away. Will you?"

"Surely. I'll look at it. Wait until you're well and we'll go and look at it together."

"No. Now—to-day. Go to—Pete Ekdal at Ruby Creek and Cañon Springs. Pete—Pete'll show you where it is. Pete's square. Look at it—now."

Grierson spoke in a low voice: "I know the man he's talking about, and I know where he lives. Was it the rock from that mine that you were assaying? Well, why not go out now, if he wants you to? I'll go with you. Might as well, as sit here, and I feel like doing something for him."

They made the sick man understand that they would do as he wished, and went downstairs to arrange for the expedition. Grierson was at the telephone, talking to the mine foreman, when Mrs. Grierson came in to say that Jennifer was now demanding a lawyer.

"He says that he wants to make his will," she told them with a compassionate smile at the idea. "But you might as well see if you can get Dan to come over. Call him up, will you, father?"

"All right," Grierson assented. "We won't be gone long, Ella. It's a good road to Ekdal's and we'll take the buckboard."

"I must run," she said. "Rose has gone to lie down and he's all alone."

"When she gets up please tell her where we've gone and that we'll be back soon," Stephen requested anxiously, and she nodded, with a maternal smile, and left them.

Grierson called up Brant, who promised to hurry over, and the buckboard having arrived the two men went out. As they stepped to the porch Grierson nudged Stephen with his elbow. Fanny Brant and Addington were sitting together not very far away, but so engrossed in their conversation that neither the coming of Luis with the buckboard and its prancing steeds nor the passing of Grierson and Stephen caused them even to look up. It almost justified the nudge. Gorby was sitting outside the cottage in a steamer chair, smoking his short pipe and apparently enjoying his convalescence without even the headache that the doctor had predicted.

They got into the buckboard and drove away at a clipping gait, and about ten minutes after they had gone Dan Brant made his appearance and was conducted to the sick room. He had been told what was required of him and was provided with an imposing document case the appearance of which seemed to give Jennifer peculiar pleasure.

"This here looks like business," he said.

"You don't look like a sick man," Dan told him, not altogether truthfully, though indeed Jennifer's distorted eyes seemed brighter and there was more firmness in his voice.

"I'm of sound mind, anyway," he said. "I know what I'm doing, and don't you forget that, mister. Joseph Jennifer's my name, and I'm of this county and state aforesaid. That's the name my property's recorded in. Right here in this county. You go up to the courthouse and you'll find it's there right on record, and the assessment work kept right up and more than kept up. This here has got to be done right—so's there won't be no come-back. Get that? It might be worth somebody's while to try to bust this will, and I want it so it sticks."

"I'll put plenty of stickum on it," said Dan. "Now look here; don't you talk for a while except to answer my questions. When I get through if you can think of anything I have overlooked you can tell me what it is and I'll fix it up."

Following this procedure Dan got through with the affair with reasonable dispatch. All property, real and personal, devised and bequeathed to Rose Blake and Stephen Trainor, their heirs and assigns forever. Jennifer was impressive and insistent about the heirs, and "You ain't to tell either of them about this," he said. "Not yet."

Richard Grierson was named as executor. Addington and Sally Evans, the hired girl, were called in to witness the testator's signature, which he appended to the document with some effort but quite legibly, after he had enjoined all present to take note that he was in his right mind and knew, by gollies! what he was doing.

"That's off my mind!" he sighed. "Now, folks, I'll rest for a while."

In about an hour he awoke. Rose heard him chuckling softly to himself, and flitted to his bedside. He smiled affectionately at her.

"Back again?" he said. "That's good."

"I had a nice little sleep," she told him. "You did, too, didn't you? Let me fix those pillows a little. You must be uncomfortable."

She raised his head and deftly punched and patted the pillows into shape and then gently lowered him. She passed her hand caressingly over his forehead and his grin widened.

"I fixed things for you, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did!" she answered enthusiastically.

"Got around pretty spry, for an old man, eh? Once it come to a showdown, old Joe was right there. Couldn't have that English dude getting away with my gal. No, sir-ree! So I allowed I'd sit into the game and help you and Mr. Trainor out. I did, didn't I?"

"Wonderfully!"

"Going to get married now, ain't you?"

"Very soon now."

"I fixed it so's you could." He stretched out his hand to her and she took it and patted it. "Understand I ain't no gambler," he went on after a moment. "I swore off all that years ago—promised Janie I wouldn't never touch a card again. But she wouldn't have minded me doing it just once, being I wasn't doing it for my own pleasure. She'd have let me off that once—don't you reckon?" He looked at her, earnestly inquiring. "Something had to be done, you see."

"I'm sure she would have approved," said Rose. She felt the unshed tears tingling behind her eyes and a lump rising in her throat. "Please don't talk any more," she begged. "I'll just sit here by you and we'll both think how splendid everything will be when you get well again."

"If you say she'd think it was all right, it's all right," said the old man. "You're like her, my dear. You look like her and you talk like her. Well, I'll keep still. But don't go away."

After a little while Mrs. Grierson came in with the doctor. Jennifer was asleep, breathing quietly and regularly. As he lay there with his white combed beard spread over his breast and his queer eyes veiled by their blanched lids, his face had an almost beautiful dignity. There was something venerable and noble in its placid repose. They all remarked it.

"Better wake him and give him his medicine," the doctor said after he had held the fluttering pulse for a few moments. "If we can keep him going for another day and get him to fighting for himself he may come out all right; but I've an idea that he doesn't particularly care to stay. The idea is to keep him jollied up and make him think he's got something to live for."

A sound diagnosis, and a good prescription, which had, however, been anticipated. But it presently became clear that the patient appreciated the care and attention bestowed upon him and realized that these were given with genuine good will and a sincere desire for his recovery.

"This is great," he whispered to Rose some time later. "Pretty soft for the old man, tell ye! Here I am in Dick Grierson's house, waited on hand and foot like I was a duke. Dick looking in on me as friendly as you please and running my arrants; Mrs. Grierson washing my face, by gollies! Clean nightshirt on, clean sheets, chicken broth, everybody—even that dude Englishman—pleasant as pie and taking an interest in the no-account, swivel-eyed old rascal, Joe Jennifer! Pretty soft, I—tell—you! I'll get all swelled up after a while. Feel sort of swelled up right now. Having the time of my life!"

"I'm so glad!" Rose told him. "But you mustn't have your good time this way.

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

You're going to get strong again and then come to town and live among your friends. We all want you to. You'll do that to please me, won't you?"

"Sure! Anything," he replied, and smiled at her.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Fine! Just sort of—sort of easy all over. Happy-like. Hope I didn't hurt that boy last night. But I fixed things, didn't I? Give me your hand again. Do you mind?"

Presently he fell asleep again and Rose, carefully withdrawing her hand, stole out of the room and went down to meet Stephen, whose arrival the grating of wheels and the stamping of horses' hoofs had just announced. Old Ekdal had driven back with the two other men. He had been much concerned at the news of his friend's illness that they had brought him, and he had with him a gift of "botter und ecks" from Hilda, his wife.

"Ven he's avake Ay look in a minute und say hello," he told Rose. "Yoe Yennifer is gud faller, I tal you—ven you know him. Ay tank heap of Yoe Yennifer."

Rose went into the house with Stephen, and after they had talked of matters more important Stephen told her of the mine.

"It's really a bonanza," he said. "I already knew that he had something there, but I had no idea that the body of paying ore could be as big as it is. Just as it stands, that mine makes him a rich man; Grierson agrees with me in that, and Ekdal says it's an original discovery and properly located. I'd like the job of developing it. Do you think he would give it to me?"

"He would if I asked him," said Rose confidently. "He likes you, too, Stevie dear. Oh, I hope he gets well!" She looked up as footsteps sounded on the porch. "Here's the doctor again. I must go up with him. Wait until he goes before you come up. I'm not sure that you ought to tell him about the mine until he's stronger."

Stephen waited for nearly half an hour before she came down again to tell him that the doctor was going to stay. Her eyes were tearful and her voice tremulous.

"Oh, Stevie," she cried, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid he's ——" She clung to him and cried a little on his shoulder and then disengaged herself and wiped her eyes. "What a comfort that is, Stevie! The doctor says he can see his friend for a minute or two. I'm going to tell him."

A few minutes later the old Norwegian came downstairs, shaking his massive head and with his face set solemnly. "He vant you," he told Stephen. "Ay tenk he's not last long, old Yoe."

Stephen went up. The doctor sitting by the bedside nodded at his entrance and then turned to his patient. Jennifer's eyes were closed again. He seemed to be unconscious, only that his lips moved slightly with an indistinct murmuring. Rose sat near the window, her head bent and her handkerchief clenched tightly in her hand, and Mrs. Grierson was patting her shoulder.

"Did he want me?" Stephen whispered.

"He asked for you just now, but you see how he is," Mrs. Grierson replied. "I'm trying to get this girl to go away, Stephen. Tell her to."

Rose shook her head.

"He's looking at you now," said Mrs. Grierson. "You might speak to him. Shall he, doctor?"

The doctor nodded assent and moved aside, and Stephen approached the bed and took the hand that Jennifer feebly extended to him.

"You've got to take a brace, old man," he said, attempting a cheerful tone. "Here I've got a lot of good news for you."

"Passing out," Jennifer muttered.

"Not a bit of it. Don't think it. That isn't any way to talk whatever."

"All right here," said Jennifer. "All friends; all sorry for old Joe. Wouldn't last long, though—not when I was up and around. Old no-account son-of-a-gun, Joe Jennifer. I know, all right. I'm getting things straight in my mind now. And Janie—I told you about her, didn't I?

"I seen her a while ago," he whispered. "She's a-waiting for me to go along with her—somewheres. I reckon she don't mind, after all. There she is now, over by the window." His voice rang out with startling loudness and he stretched out both hands. "Janie! Come here, gal!"

He struggled to raise himself as Rose ran to him. She waved the doctor back and put her arms about the old man and held him, biting her lips hard upon a sob and with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Janie! Oh, gal, oh, gal!"

He sighed happily and relaxed, his head falling upon her bosom.

"Lay him down, darling," said Stephen gently after a moment.

Pactolus ran merrily along its course, flashing back the sun from its ripples as it ran, reflecting the fleeced blue of the sky in pools where it stopped to rest or to waltz slowly in gracefully curving eddies before it went leaping and gurgling on. Pactolus could revel carefree now, undefiled by earthy sluicings, now that the last of its taskmasters was gone. Nothing for it to do beyond the refreshment of its scarred banks; no work whatever; but play, only play—until, perhaps soon, would come a new greedy horde to bind and bound it, forcing its random energies to direct and augmented power to serve their avid purpose.

One of its human enemies now stood upon its bank, looking down upon it speculatively, with some such idea in his mind.

"It might be done," he said. But he had some compunction, nevertheless, for he added, "It would be a pity, though."

"I would rather have everything left just as it is, but I suppose that can't be," his companion answered. "Everything changes, and changes so quickly. Think of all that has happened to us in the last month, Stevie. How short a time ago it was when we stood here and he washed the gold out for me. I said—do you remember?—that he had showered gold on us. I didn't think then what a shower it was to be. Perhaps if we had never come he would still be here. That's a sad thought, Stevie. It seems almost wrong for us to be so happy. For, after all, we would still have had each other, even if he hadn't interposed, poor dear!—doing what he knew was wrong, for our sakes, and giving his life to do it. It was an unnecessary sacrifice."

"But it made him happy," said Stephen; "happy as he never expected to be, poor solitary old soul. Love and fellowship aren't poor things, and his sacrifice brought him that. There's nothing to be sad about, sweetheart."

Half embraced, they wandered back to the gate of the cabin garden, where their horses were tied.

"Somehow, all this has made me feel how little I have understood or appreciated my dear mother," said Rose. "I'm going to try to be a better daughter. It touches me, and yet it's funny to see how delighted she is, now that we're going to have lots of money, and she thinks you are almost as wonderful as I do. She isn't mercenary. It was really and honestly only her anxiety for me that made her oppose you so. It truly was. And you must love her, Stevie. It's funny, too, to see how sweet and lovely she is to Fanny Brant. She thinks Fanny and Mr. Addington are exactly suited to each other, and she was consulting me this morning about a wedding present for them. But they're not so suited to each other as we are, are they, Stevie?"

"Don't ask utterly foolish questions," said Stephen as he lifted her to her saddle. "Nobody could be. Poor old Jennifer saw that—God rest him!"

As he uttered the invocation they both looked toward the hillside, where a small white-paled inclosure was visible against a boscage of mountain ash and aspen. Within it was a small scattering of mounds, grass-grown, all but one, and half hidden by bramble, wild marigold and purple-flowered milkweed; graves—who shall say forgotten? The one mound was newly heaped, and its naked earth, shaped and smoothed, was strewn with flowers, some withered already and some fresh and fragrant from the cabin garden below, whence Rose that day had brought them. There had been a tablet of wood to mark this grave, but it now lay to one side.

JANE BELOVED WIFE OF JOSEPH JENNIFER
June 8th, 1886

That was its inscription—hardly decipherable now. A stone was soon to replace it, whose record would show to a generation unborn how long Jane had waited for the husband of whom she was beloved. Two there were, at least, of this day, who would need no lettered marble or granite to keep his memory green and pleasant in their hearts. Homicide, gambler, thief, scoundrel he might have been, but he had fought bravely by his lights to hold the good that love had implanted in his soul. Shunned, outcast and outlaw, yet there was sorrow at his passing; honest tears had fallen and friends had followed him to his rest.

"We'll always keep the cabin and the garden just as they are, as long as we live," said Rose as they checked their horses at the top of the hill.

She looked back, and it seemed to her that she could see the old man leaning against the gate, that lonely figure among the ruined houses. Involuntarily she waved her hand.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1921.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF — POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August, 1921.

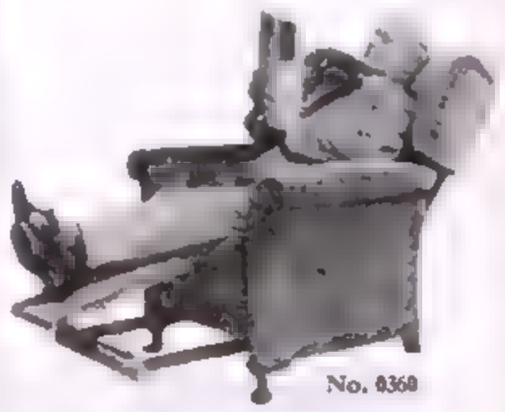
(SEAL) W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification, Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

15 minutes of Royal *Relaxation*

Said a famous physician, "Americanitis, the result of high pressure living, is one of our worst national menaces."



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and enjoy healthful relaxation in "The World's Easiest Easy Chair." Pull out the exclusive Disappearing Leg Rest. PUSH THE PATENTED "PUSH BUTTON." Recline to a position of restful ease. Release the button and the back locks in that position. Every point of the body is supported. Royal Relaxation is complete.

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Mahogany or walnut finish only. Covered in high-grade tapestry. Loose cushion seat filled with [illegible]

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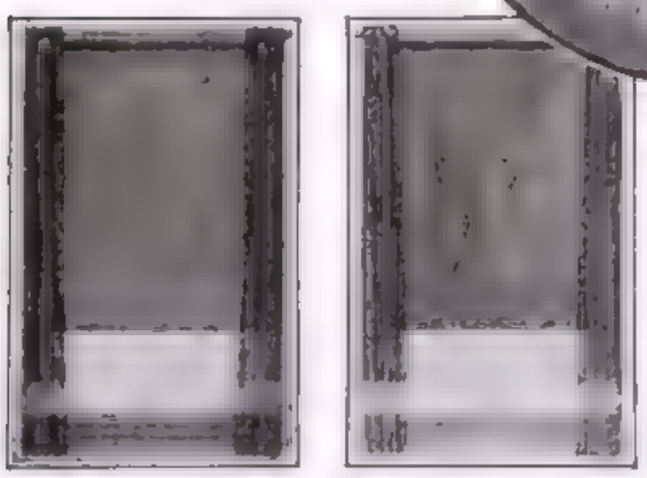
Scratch it—see the "filling" —it makes window shades crack and sag

Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay



(Left) Brenlin Shade—made without "filling"

(Right) Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

Get Brenlin—*it has no* "filling" *—it wears*

Look closely at a pinhole or crack in an ordinary window shade. What do you see? Coarse, mesh-like fabric through which the light shines. That is where the "filling" of chalk or clay has fallen out.

"Filling" is used to give flimsy, loosely-woven material weight and body. It is hard and brittle. Snapping and sucking winds, the little strains of everyday wear, cause it to crumble and fall out, making pinholes and cracks. The window shade wrinkles and sags, is quickly ruined.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

A valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

The Demonstration Cottage of Henry S. Fry & Co. (painted with Brenlin by the Krause Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa)

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

(Continued from Page 26)

"I should say you had the fine art of mystery. A wonderful gift of mystery, hasn't she?" he asked, appealing to Mr. Fairweather.

"To a degree," the latter answered him.

"Indeed I shall always call you—from now on—my mysterious lady, if I may," said Mr. Bloodgood, leaning over in his mock-romantic manner, which in its effect of ultimate familiarity accomplished with women so many of the final results of the genuinely romantic impulse.

"I have no doubt personally," contributed Mr. Fairweather in a much longer outburst of speech than usual, "that you could tell us many points in woman's technic in her more mysterious arts if you only would."

Although he spoke little he found her, so Miss McBride believed, much more responsive than did Mr. Bloodgood with his greater effusiveness. She now smiled gravely.

"Ees there not much in silence, after all—for man or woman? Our muzhik," she said, giving the indescribable Russian pronunciation of the word, "haf the saying: The man who saves his breath walks the farther."

"And about the woman," asked Mr. Bloodgood with mock solicitude—"does he specify as to her?"

"All that I shall recall this minute," she replied to him, "ees one that vill say: The silent woman gets the fewer beatings."

All the men laughed heartily at this quotation, which seemed to Miss McBride not to be especially remarkable for humor.

"I ——" Miss McBride started saying, again a little late.

"Splendid! Splendid!" Mr. Bloodgood was saying.

"I remember ——" Miss McBride began again, only to be interrupted once more by Mr. Fairweather, who had apparently not noticed that she was speaking. But now, being reminded by a look from the great eyes of Olga Olgovska, he turned back toward Miss McBride.

"So sorry, Vera," he said. "You were speaking?"

"Oh, not at all," said Miss McBride in a gay, high voice. "Go on. What I say is of no special consequence."

"I'm so sorry," said Mr. Fairweather. "What was it?"

"Oh, nothing," returned Miss McBride at last. "I was just thinking, while she was speaking of the Russian peasant, of a saying I heard once from a New England farmer. 'You must remember,' he said to me, 'that all muddy water is not deep.'"

All paused, estimating the exact purport of her remark.

"Meaning, Vera?" inquired Mr. Bloodgood jestingly.

And then Miss McBride suddenly stood up to her full height and examined the watch on her wrist.

"Meaning," she said brightly, "that I must go; that I have a task, a matter of business that I must attend to this afternoon without fail."

Almost immediately afterward she was leaving the company and the room.

XVII

"ET will be so soon now, the end of the *nisi*, the end of the unless period, as your American law does put it," said Olga Olgovska, raising her eyes to Mr. Fairweather's. "The time that you and Miss Vera shall be free to be married and shall be so happy!"

They were sitting together alone in the living room of Miss Barnum, where Mr. Fairweather had dropped in to consult with Olga Olgovska upon his final draft of the report of the American Commission of Justice for the Jugo-Slavs. Her suggestions, he found, had been wonderful. She had such intelligence, such an almost uncanny skill in the preparation of subject matter for publication. It was most remarkable.

But now having laid that aside they were, in the continued absence of Miss Barnum upstairs, drifting to more personal matters.

"Yes," responded Mr. Fairweather to her quaintly framed remark, "it will be but a few days now."

Though his words conveyed a polite enthusiasm there was yet a certain perfunctory tone in his voice, and at the end, it seemed to her, he gave a slight sigh. She was very possibly mistaken, however, for at just that moment a maid entered the room.

"The telephone for Miss Olgovska," she stated.

Olga Olgovska was upon her feet at once.

"From Them," said the maid.

"From Them?" repeated Olga Olgovska.

"Yes, miss. That was all they would say: from Them."

"Very well," said Olga, dismissing her, "I understand."

"From Them." Mr. Fairweather was saying to himself in turn, as he watched her—her dark hair against the rose-colored foreign gown, sensing the exotic fragrance, the atmosphere of foreign manner, the mystery and charm which surrounded this strangely attractive woman at every turn.

He sat alone in the bare, severe room which Mr. Dibble had planned for Miss Penelope Barnum, staring at the refectory table, the skull at its farther end, and listening to the murmur of Olga's voice as she evidently was taking up the telephone instrument in the adjoining room and was receiving her unexpected message from Them.

"Listen," the voice on the telephone was saying. "You know who this is?"

"Yess."

"You wanted your tip on Olga Olgovska, didn't you?" continued the voice of Bogo Peary. "Well, here it is: They're out after Olga the Federal end! Get me?" he asked, not hearing an immediate response.

"Yess."

"Now I don't know what your game is, but I get this straight: They're going right after you now. And if you're going to make a get-away you want to make a move right off."

"Yess?" asked Olga Olgovska. "And why?"

"It all happened over at the Federal end this afternoon. I just got it by chance, and I forgot it till now—that's why," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if they were due there any time now. So beat it, if you think you want to, while the beating is good."

The tone of the voice at the other end of the line, he noticed, gave no sign of change or haste. "Where did the squeal come from?" it came back to him finally.

"There was a big woman, one of those big semimilitary war-cruiser types, one of the officiously efficient, you know," stated Bogo Peary, "who steamed in there yesterday afternoon to talk you over—for the general good, you understand. No charges exactly. Just wanted to have your case taken up carefully, so as to see. That's the way I get it. Now is there anything more I can do to drag you out of jail?" asked Bogo.

"No, thanks, I think not," came the calm voice back.

"Because if there is ——" he began.

"I will," answered Olga Olgovska, breaking in.

"Say, look," said Peary, sensing that she was about to shut down the wire. "What is this one you're pulling now?"

There was no direct answer. "Thank you so much," came back the soft voice of Olga; and he found himself sitting again with a dead telephone in his hands.

Olga Olgovska stood a minute by her telephone, in her rose-colored gown. Her lips curled in a quiet, scornful smile.

"Pretty raw," she whispered to herself. "Almost Freudian!"

XVIII

SCARCELY had these words passed her lips when she heard the sound of voices from the adjoining front hall and realized that someone—that a man's voice was speaking her name.

"I will see," said the maid.

"I'll go with you and see at the same time!" said the cold, decided male voice; and they apparently entered the living room almost simultaneously.

By shifting her position slightly Olga Olgovska could look out into the living room and see the stranger—a short, alert, businesslike young man in a very punctiliously pressed sack suit.

"Good evening," he said to Mr. Fairweather, who arose to meet him.

"Good evening," replied Mr. Fairweather very formally. "To what are we indebted for this visit?"

(Continued on Page 68)

The Kroehler Daven-O takes the place of an added room. And it subtracts from the family budget the extra rental which that room would cost

An added Room - Subtracted Rent

IF your family is one of the many forced by high rents and shortage of homes to live in smaller quarters; to maintain an increasing household in the present inadequate space; to do without a guest room:

Don't think that you must force some long-suffering member of the family to sleep on an uncomfortable, makeshift couch. Or that you must forego the pleasure of entertaining overnight guests. Every member of the family can have a real bed in which to sleep comfortably—or the extra guest can be accommodated with sleeping quarters—without adding a cent to the household expense for an extra sleeping room.

The Kroehler Daven-O is a double-purpose davenport; by day a beautiful and luxurious piece of living-room furniture; by night an unusually comfortable full-sized bed.

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All genuine Kroehler Daven-Os have the Kroehler Daven-O trade-mark. In nearly every town some good dealer sells Kroehler Daven-Os, greatly refined and reduced in price, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration today. Or write for the dealer's name and the handsome, illustrated booklet.

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Kroehler DAVEN-O *The* Invisible Bed Room

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Hinges in the Hotel

The modern hotel is a village under one roof, accommodating with its five hundred, a thousand, or more rooms an equal number of guests in comfort. Here can be measured the true value and service of hinges. In no other building are doors more important.

The hinges which bear the name McKinney were made to serve where comfort and quiet are considerations. The sturdy anti-friction butt, with its self-lubricating special process metal washers, is an important member of this hinge family. It combines beauty with durability and serves equally well in swinging light or heavy doors—without a squeak. Every day on millions of doors—in hotels, public buildings and homes—they quietly perform difficult hinge service.

The McKinney Manufacturing Company has been identified with the development of builders' hardware for more than fifty years. Among recent accomplishments are McKinney Complete Garage Sets. These sets contain all the hardware necessary for hanging garage doors—even the track. The designs cover all styles of doors, including the swinging, sliding-folding and "around-the-corner" types. An illustrated booklet on these sets and one on hinge selection will be forwarded upon request.

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Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks

These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

(Continued from Page 66)

The stranger did not reply directly, but with a quick motion of his hand drew away the side of his coat to disclose something which could not be seen from where their watcher was standing.

"Is there a person here," he inquired in clear, definite tones, "who answers to the name of Olga Olgovska?"

"Why?" inquired Mr. Fairweather, much more coolly than Olga might have expected.

"About five feet four, wearing Russian clothes, having a decided foreign accent," went on the carefully dressed, very erect stranger, in the fashion of one repeating a formula gotten by heart.

"Suppose I said there was not?" asked Mr. Fairweather, now clearly playing for time.

"It might go bad with you, that's why," came back the cold, crisp voice of the alert and active-looking stranger, "if you tried interfering with the ends of justice."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Fairweather, standing quite straight himself, and again asking a question rather than answering one, as Olga Olgovska remarked, viewing him with unexpected approval.

There was no such sentiment, however, in the face of his other hearer.

"I'm from the Federal Department of Justice," he said.

"With what right do you enter a private home?" Mr. Fairweather continued in his questioning.

"Don't worry about our right," said the other. "Come on now—come on through. You're not asking the questions. I am. Where is she?" he now asked in a very definite voice, and moved toward the other. "Stop stalling and produce her."

Mr. Fairweather, whose eyes had turned a brief moment toward the door, made, Olga now saw, a furtive motion with his hand nearest her, apparently urging her to flee.

"I do not know, I'm sure," he told the other.

And now to her intense surprise she saw him launch himself suddenly in the direction of the stranger. Mr. Fairweather was, however, a tall man, not exceedingly quick on his feet, and before he had more than moved, the alert stranger had leaped behind the corner of the refectory table, and whipping out a small but chubby automatic pistol from a side pocket had him well covered with it.

"You would, would you?" inquired the Federal officer and, turning sharply, backed quickly to the wall, when he heard the soft, mellow voice of Olga Olgovska beyond and behind him.

"Officer," she said, extending her hand toward him, "pleass, pleass! It is all a mis-take."

"A mistake, huh?" said the officer, watching charily the two others. "You're right it is. And it's likely to be a bad one for somebody."

"And it vill soon be shown so, to you," Olga Olgovska's grave voice assured him.

"That's what they all say," responded the officer coldly, and stiffened his gun arm at the almost imperceptible movement which Mr. Fairweather had made when he said this.

"You desire then what?" asked Olga Olgovska, diverting their attention momentarily from each other. "That I shall go vith you?"

"That's what I'm here for?"

"Then I shall go at once."

"You will do nothing of the kind," stated Mr. Fairweather very definitely.

"Indeedt I shall, and gladly," she answered him, even before the officer did. "Because easily I can prove eferything to them. That they are wrong in thees—whatefer it may be for. For I am all innocent—you know that," said she persuasively.

"You will go with him alone?"

"Yees."

"I'm not sure about that either. I'm not sure," said the officer, still eying Mr. Fairweather in a very hostile way, "but I'll take the both of you along."

"Pleass, pleass," pleaded Olga Olgovska, coming toward him now in turn and placing her white hand on his arm. "Eet is all a mis-take. I vill show it soon, to your whole satisfaction. I trust you. You haf a kindt face. I shall go vith you gladtly. And you," she said to Mr. Fairweather, "I shall tell you thees now: Eet shall be much better for you, for all—for me especiallee—eef you do not come now. Lataar, yees, dear friendt," she said, now moving in her graceful way toward him and placing her hand upon his sleeve, looking up at him with her wonderful eyes. "Lataar, my best of friendts, I shall call for you. But now, get my wrappings, pleass, and let me go vith this gentleman. Pleass obey, dear friendt," she said, getting closer and closer to him. "I know. Eet is the best, the only way. Eet will be arrangedt," she said, now whispering to him, "by Them."

Mr. Fairweather, starting slightly, catching of course the force of her argument, acceded to her wish.

Then taking her wrap from him she put it on and went with the sharp-eyed, alert officer out through the door.

XIX

THE two figures, man and woman, had scarcely passed out together and reached the corner of Fifth Avenue when the eyes of the woman looked up steadily into the face of the man who held her arm.

"Say, what do you think you're pulling off here?" inquired the woman's voice a little harshly.

The Federal officer, taken aback by this unanticipated change in speech and manner, said nothing, did nothing for the moment, beyond temporarily getting out of step with his prisoner as he looked sharply down at her.

"For this I'll just about have you broke," she was telling him.

"Let me tell you something," responded the officer, now recovering his usual official poise. "Don't get too fresh. All this will go right against you at the trial."

"And you want to remember," returned the unusual prisoner, "that any person arrested has a right to communicate with her friends and counsel right away."

"Is that right?" inquired the young officer, looking down and meeting her eyes, and understanding now what he had got hold of. If he ever saw a criminal's eyes, there they were! The trained blank eyes of the criminal—you couldn't look the fraction of a hair into them.

"Well," he said with the easy good-humor and understanding that a good officer extends to a good criminal, "there'll be time enough when we get you in where you're going."

"Suit yourself," said the prisoner laconically, but still keeping those cold, hard, stone-wall eyes on his. "I'm just telling you it'll be better for you if you let me telephone right now."

"Is that right?" asked the officer with light amusement.

"It's right, yes. Do you want to know why?" asked this prisoner with the low, quiet voice and the hardened eyes. "Say the word and I'll prove it to you."

"How'll you prove it to me?" he returned, curious to try out her bluff.

"I can, all right."

"You'll prove it to me, huh?" said the young officer, interested by the tone of her voice, the bluff she was making. "How will you prove it?"

"By the telephone number I'll call."

"By the telephone number! Which one?" he said, going on with her, to see her put her game through, whatever it was.

"Dock 173," she answered.

At these simple words the young detective gave a slight but unmistakable start.

"I want to talk to Clancy," continued his prisoner in his silence.

"You do, huh?" said the alert young detective, now speaking at last and recovering to some extent that ability to use his face to conceal emotion which is the prime asset of any good detective officer.

"What do you know about Clancy? Who is he?" he asked, though in a slightly less assured voice.

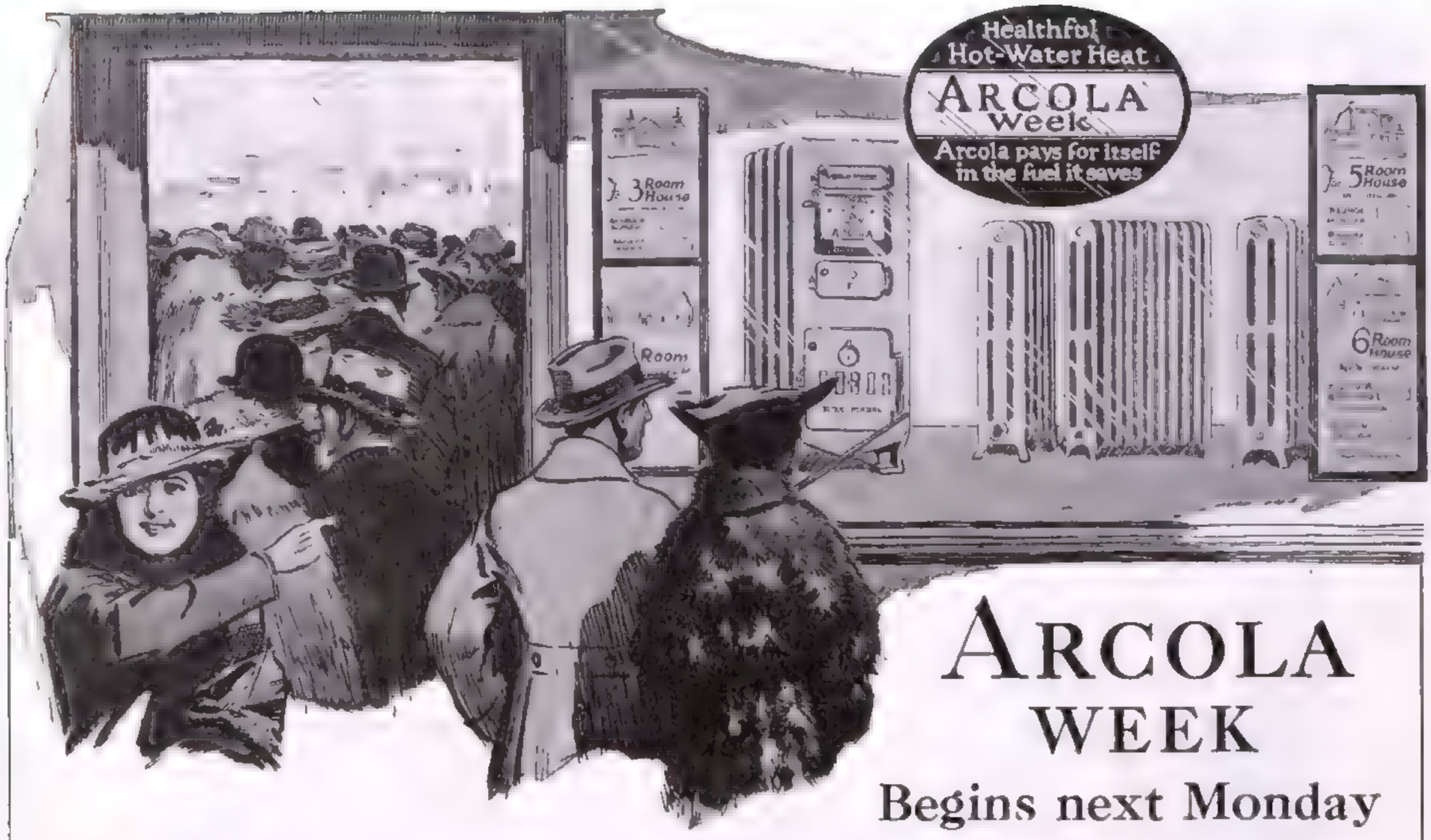
"I'd be likely to have his secret telephone number, wouldn't I, if I didn't know the answer to that?" returned Olga Olgovska coldly. "Come on, now, you poor stiff," she said harshly, now leading him into a cigar store with a blue-belled sign at its entrance. "Come in here while I talk to the chief."

Like a man in a partial daze the alert, well-dressed young detective followed this mysterious prisoner in the long flowing wrap and jet earrings, and standing outside the telephone booth, heard her call the secret number.

XX

THE alert, carefully dressed young secret-service man standing near the entrance of the room, grasping his hat brim while his prisoner shook hands warmly and

(Continued on Page 70)



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Begins next Monday

Many Heating Engineers will keep their stores open evenings so that *you* and *she* can see ARCOLA *together*

YOUR Heating Engineer is keeping open house next week—ARCOLA Week.

You and *she* are invited to go *together* next week to see ARCOLA. It will pay you to accept the invitation.

It will pay you in money. Thousands of ARCOLA owners whose homes were formerly heated with furnaces or stoves are now putting into the bank one-third of the money that used to go into the fire.

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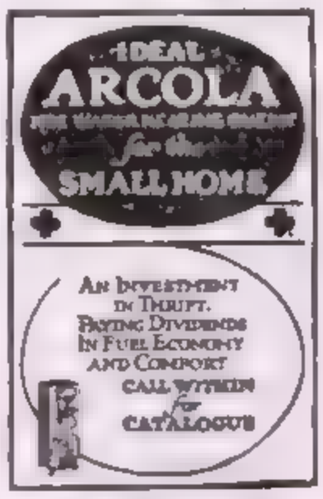
ARCOLA burns any kind of fuel. It can be installed immediately without disturbing the family. Connected with the kitchen tank it gives an abundance of hot water for washing and bathing without diminishing the warmth of the house.

ARCOLA is distinctly worth seeing. Accept your Heating Engineer's invitation to see it some day or evening *next week*.

This red and yellow card at the right is the sign of a Heating or Sanitary Engineer (formerly called Steamfitter or Plumber) who can show you ARCOLA. Look for it in his window.

It will pay you to consult him twice a year as you do your Doctor or Dentist. To have him examine and report on your heating and plumbing costs little. It may save you a very great deal.



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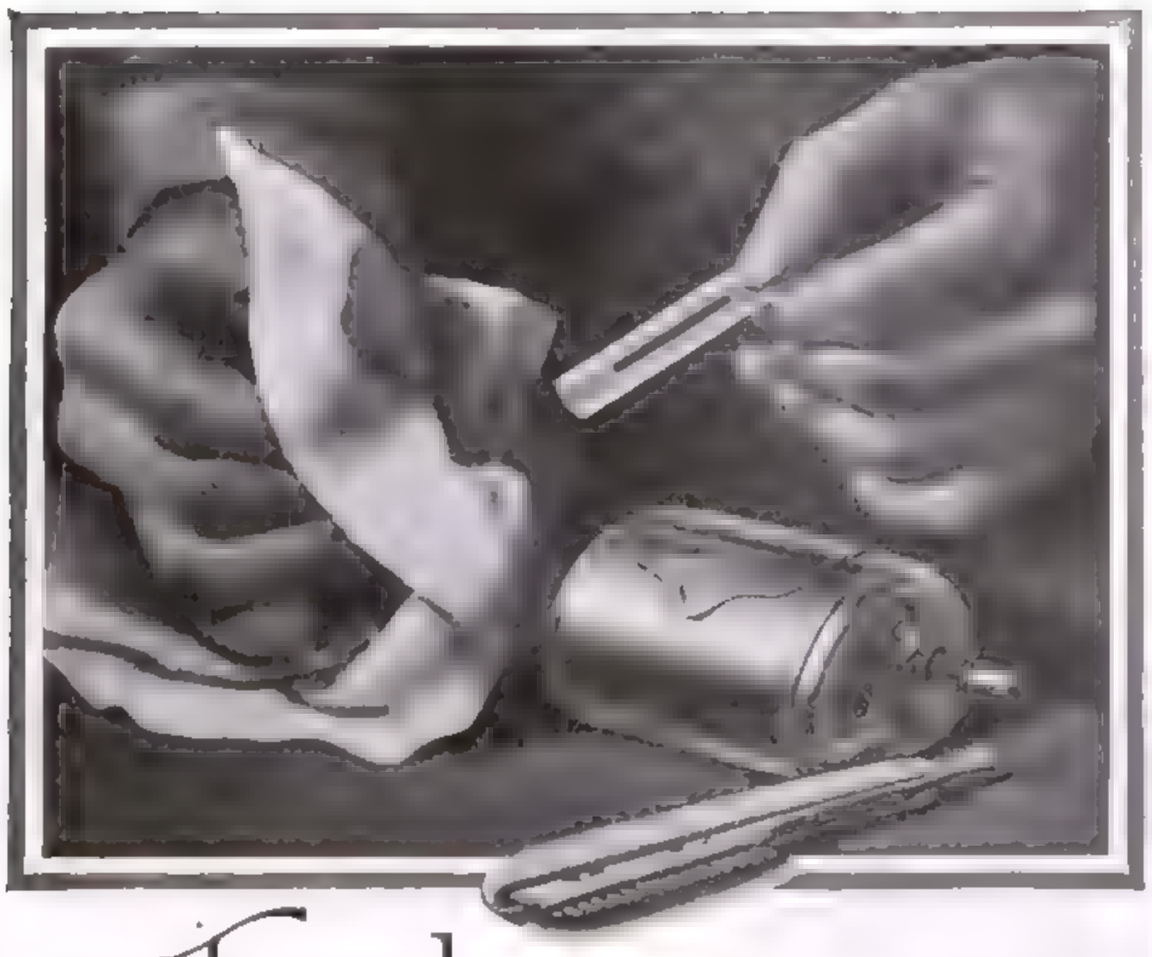

With Twinplex at the beginning the end is a

Perfect Shave

AFTER shaving with a blade that's been stropped in Twinplex—you'll wonder why you waited so long to get one.

For Twinplex is the wonderful little machine that strops Gillette and Durham-Duplex blades and restores to the delicate edges the keenness factory stropping gave them.

In this way Twinplex fills a distinct need. For sharp as blades may be at first, shaving naturally dulls the sensitive edges—just as the old style razor dulled when it was not stropped.

And much as the barber strops the handled razor, the twin rollers of Twinplex strop safety blades; with mechanical precision and accurate pressure, the part round leather rollers stroke first one side of a blade—then, reversing, stroke the other. Quickly the dulled edges are smoothed back to shaving keenness.

The Twinplex is now made in two models—one for Gillette and one for Durham-Duplex blades. The price is the same for each, $5.00 in standard style case.

Regular stropping brings one shave after another of increasing satisfaction—any number of them from a single blade.

The price of Twinplex either for Durham-Duplex or Gillette blades is the same—$5.00 in standard cases. Other sets up to $7.50 include various shaving accessories.

Don't postpone Twinplex any longer. You'll find them waiting at cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores everywhere. Thirty days' home trial will convince you, 10 years' service guarantee will assure you.

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200 Fulton St., New York 541 St. Catherine St., Montreal

Twinplex Stropper

for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

ONE HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

(Continued from Page 68)

intimately with the round, thick-necked man with the small wrinkled eyes.

The scene was a front parlor in a city residence, richly ornamented with hangings, oil paintings and alabaster lamps, after the fashion of a really high-class old-time gambling room.

"Sit down, Pol. Make yourself at home," said the thickset householder hospitably, pointing out a voluminous sofa, suggestive of the softness of an old-time feather bed.

Looking up then, his small, bright, humorous eyes fell upon the figure of the carefully dressed young detective still waiting by the door, and suddenly hardened into small gray marbles.

"What are you waiting for?" he inquired harshly. "Beat it. Can't you see me and my friend want to talk private?"

"Where'll I go? What'll I do next?" inquired the young officer, standing erect, taking his rebuke in the still, hard, laconic military fashion.

"You might go down to the City Hall," suggested Clancy, "and get somebody to show you the mayor coming out. Get acquainted around New York," he advised, "or the next thing we'll have you running in the mayor and board of estimate—and the city will be all tied up."

Without a word, with no facial expression beyond a slight bulging of the muscles of the jaw, the young secret-service man was gone.

"Listen," said Clancy, turning to Olga Olgovska, who sat now deeply imbedded in the soft sofa, in her long Russian garments, with her long jet earrings, smoking a long thin cigarette. "Where have you been since I saw you last?"

"Have one, Clancy?" inquired Olga, offering him her Russian cigarette box.

"No. You can't put off one of those Dago things on me," stated Clancy, taking out, however, a short, squat cigar from an upper pocket of his vest, which bristled like an armory with cigars of similar proportions.

"They're good, Clancy," said his companion, "when you get used to them."

"Maybe they are for them that likes them. I'll stick to these," he replied, sitting down and scratching a match for his cigar on the sole of his short thick shoe.

"Did you go right over to Russia after you left me that time?" he continued then.

Olga Olgovska nodded, blowing up a wreath of perfumed tobacco.

"And you got to Lenine all right."

"How do you know that?" asked Olga, now covering him with those inscrutable eyes.

"Never mind," replied Clancy, holding up his fat hand with a gesture of well-informed assurance. "And that's where you got that make-up!" he continued, glancing quickly at the Russian gown and the long earrings.

"That's the idea, is it?" inquired the emotionless-faced young woman across from him. "Where did you get all the information?"

"Never mind!" said Clancy, raising his right hand again, from the wrist, with that gesture of assured intelligence that all old secret-service men have. "Never mind how I know! And then you framed up this deal," he said, winking his left eye, "to bring in this here Russian gold."

"So that's it?" replied his intensely noncommittal companion again, a slight change, a slight brightness, however, now coming into her unusual eyes.

"That's it," said Clancy, puffing at his squat cigar. "And it's lucky for you, when they turned you up, that you had me here, who had known you for twenty years—since you were a kid down in the old Sixth Ward."

"That's right too," said Olga Olgovska, now more warmly. "But look—how do you get all these facts, Clancy?"

"Oh, we get them. We have our ways," said Clancy, proceeding. "You went over there to get this story for them on Russian love. And you got to Lenine and you fixed him somehow to send you back as agent with his Russian gold on some stunt you're working. And pretty soon we'll see it all in print. Am I right? Do I win?"

"You do not," said Olga Olgovska laconically.

"In what way don't I?"

"In what way do you?"

"They sent you over there for your paper on this story—on love, the new love in Russia."

"That's right."

"And you got to Lenine."

"I got to nothing! He got to me, or his agents did. They took everything I had and divided it up, somewhere among their wives probably."

"But you saw Lenine finally, or some of them?"

"I did not. They fired me out before I hardly got across the border."

"All right," said Clancy, temporarily stopped but still undefeated. "All right. Where did you get it then?"

"What?"

"The Russian gold."

"You know that Dago—that Andrea Vitello—that they rounded up with the gold-brick plant on Elizabeth Street?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's the place."

"Do you mean to claim you haven't got any Russian gold?"

"That's just what I have got," responded Olga Olgovska—"Russian gold. It's like the great bulk of it you read about in the papers—as far as I can learn. It's phony."

"Phony?" repeated Clancy, sitting well on toward the edge of the chair with his feet well apart, staring at her.

"You got me on the wrong count, Clancy, that's all!" stated his companion. "You ought to be out for me for counterfeiting, but even then I don't believe you've got a case against me."

"Why not?"

"It isn't coined, for one reason. It's in gold bricks—bars."

"I know that," stated Clancy briefly.

"Imperial Russian gold bricks."

"Yep," said Clancy, evidently back on the ground again.

"And then I had no idea of passing it on anybody."

"You had it," repeated Clancy with great distinctness, "but you had no idea of ever using it, huh?"

"That's it."

"You go to Russia, and come back, and get a gold brick, a Russian gold brick, and put it in a safe-deposit vault," said Clancy, reviewing quite carefully the matter as he had received it up to date. "And then you won't pass it?"

"No."

"Say, look here," said Clancy, a slight shade of hostility growing in his voice, "what are you doing—stringing me along?"

"Nothing like that."

"And what is this frame-up? What's the idea?" he asked, still in a hard voice. "What's the story?"

Olga Olgovska looked at him with her emotionless eyes.

"You know the general line. You ought to anyhow."

"What?"

"It's all—all for love," said Olga Olgovska, speaking very slowly, her face very still, but with a strange light now in the corners of her eyes.

And at once Clancy broke out into a hearty laugh. He laughed and laughed.

"Another sob story?" he exclaimed finally.

There was no answer from the mysterious, self-controlled face opposite him.

"But how do you work it? How do you work up a sob story with a gold brick? A Russian gold brick?" he said, passing on when she did not at once answer.

"I don't know yet as it will be a story," stated the other with a thoughtful look. "I'm likely to use it another way."

"What way?" asked Clancy, eying her sharply.

"I may use it to get married with."

"Use what?"

"The frame-up. The gold brick."

"You get married—with a gold brick?" said Clancy, no longer, although an old detective, concealing his astonishment. "By a frame-up with a Russian gold brick?"

"Yes," said the inscrutable foreign face across from him.

"How?"

"It's perfectly simple when you get it," responded Olga Olgovska, now throwing away her cigarette stub, preparatory to the recital of her facts.

XXI

"YOU know what I've been doing these last seven or eight years throwing sobs, advising them all on love. Showing all these thin, puny, female kids by mail how to trap a man for themselves and keep him when they once get him.

(Continued on Page 72)

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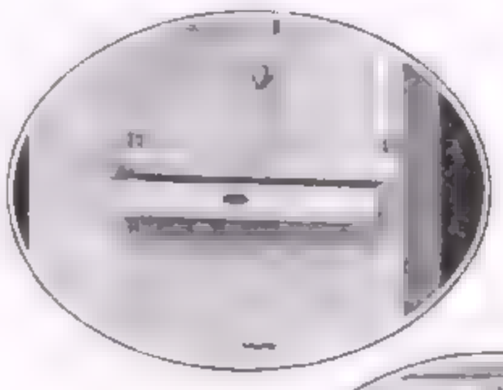

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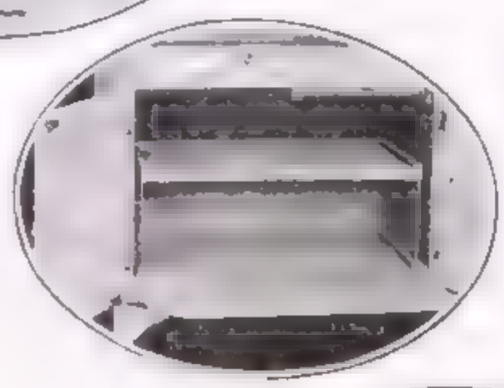

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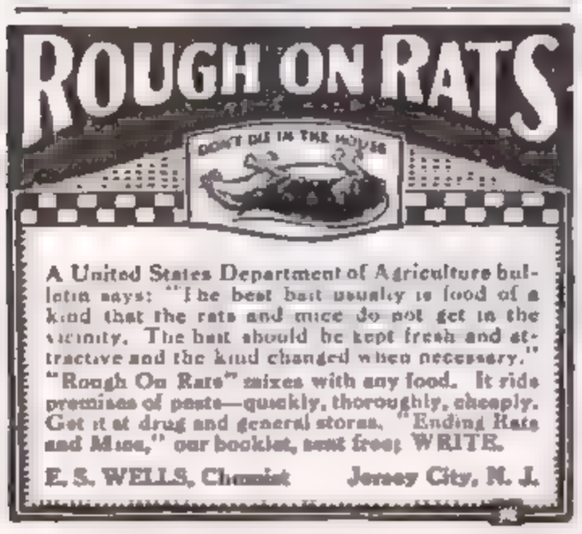
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(Continued from Page 70)

Did I make good or not?" she asked. "On that and everything else I went after? Did I pull off the French-maid stunt in that Stillwater divorce case? Did I land the stolen Fairchild kid when they all gave him up? Did I get to the Queen of Belgium on what she did when her oldest child was teething?"

"I always thought that stunt you pulled in with the stock-company acting helped you some—pulling off all these other stunts," interpolated Clancy.

"There was nothing I didn't do—to train up, I tell you that," said Olga Olgovska, fixing her hard, trained eyes upon him. "And when I started up the weeps there wasn't a sob artist in New York could choke them up more than I could, if I do say so. But after a while you get tired of anything—you know that—no matter how much pride you take in your work. You know that in your own work."

Clancy nodded.

"And you have no idea how tedious it gets after seven or eight years, advising a city full of fool girls, like New York, how to manage the men. It's easy enough, at that, you might say," said Olga Olgovska, going on now, reviewing her past. "There's nothing simpler in the world than getting a man and marrying him, for any woman that's got her senses. But you get sick and tired telling them the same thing over and over what you'd think their own instincts would tell them.

"So that's what I got myself sent to Russia for—for a change—on this story of the new Russian love. It would have made a bird too," she said with some enthusiasm. "Illustrated with pictures of Lenine and Trotzky and their families in Greek costumes."

"In Greek costumes!" exclaimed Clancy. "They don't wear Greek costumes—not up there in Northern Russia."

"What difference does that make in the Sunday supplement?" asked Olga Olgovska coldly. "The pictures were all drawn by one of the best artists in New York. And then," she said bitterly, "I came back home with half a story. I fell down. Of course," she went on with her half soliloquy, "I could have put out something—but what was the use? You know how you get sometimes when you're all in—dead sick of the thing," she said, appealing to Clancy, who nodded assent.

"Well, then, you know how I felt coming back from that Russian thing. Napoleon coming back from Moscow had nothing on me," she said, fixing her eyes upon Clancy. "I tell you that now."

"And then what?" inquired Clancy, prompting her.

"And then, just then," said Olga Olgovska reminiscently, "I ran across this man hunter."

"This man hunter?" repeated Clancy.

"Yes," she said, and turned her calm eyes upon him. "Do you remember when that Sadie Pokak married the boy-socialist millionaire?" she asked him.

"Yeah."

"You remember how they all went crazy over that on the East Side—how they were all out, all the garment-factory workers, after that? How the Socialist Party took its first boom with the women?"

"Would I forget it?" said Clancy, laughing heartily. "It brought in a million dollars' worth of millinery trade into Grand Street."

"Well, the glad news of that didn't stop on the East Side; nor yet in Brownsville."

"Naturally."

"It got to Russia about the same time."

"Naturally," said Clancy. "They run Russia now from Delancey Street."

"Yes. So then, as I started telling you," said Olga Olgovska, going on, "I ran across this man hunter coming over, looking for her socialist millionaire. It struck me all in a heap. Why should I, who had put thousands of them into happy homes and kept them there with my advice, go along year after year, from California to Moscow, asking other women how it felt to be married, and how much they loved their children?

"Just as a business proposition," said Olga Olgovska, now lighting another long, slight Russian cigarette, while Clancy listened attentively, "it was wrong! Here I had all the information. I was an expert, you might say, on love. And year after year I let the thing go by personally. It was like a waste of capital, you might say." She stopped. "And then again, I'm human, ain't I?" she inquired abruptly of Clancy. "Or don't you think so? Or don't you think I've got a right to marry, because I know about the men and how to run one if I get him?"

"Sure you have," responded Clancy sympathetically.

"And also," she went on after a reflective pause, flicking the first ash from her cigarette, "we don't want to forget that if I was ever going to cash in, now was the time. My looking-glass told me that."

"Oh, you had several years yet, Pol," said Clancy gallantly. "Especially in that get-up you've got now."

"Don't fool yourself," said Olga Olgovska coldly. "I don't. It was my move," she went on, explaining her personal situation. "I knew that. And then all at once, while that Russian was talking, this other woman shows up—the big one that was in here and turned me up to you."

"Who's that?" asked Clancy, with affected ignorance.

"The big one with the military mane, who was in giving you dope on me. That big Vera McBride."

"Who says so?" inquired Mr. Clancy defensively.

"I do."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, we have our ways of knowing," returned Olga Olgovska, with an excellent imitation of Mr. Clancy's manner in their earlier conversation, and went on with her narrative. "I'd seen her before; I'd interviewed her when she gave out her engagement to young Fairweather, on how it seemed to propose to a man."

"Was that the one?" asked Clancy, interested.

"Yes—that used to be the figurehead in all those earlier stunts in the war and woman suffrage. The Goddess of Liberty in the parades. I knew her," went on Olga, "in a minute. But she wouldn't remember me. I was too small a part in a long, long life of advertising; just that one interview with a poor reporter on a newspaper. And especially in that rig I had on then! But when I saw her I remembered naturally, and it drove in what the other one had been saying to me—about the millionaire husbands in the wild, free, radical movement. Because right there was one that was really pulling off the stunt. So I said to myself I'd go in—take a look at the game anyhow. There might be one left over. And if there wasn't I'd have a two or three thousand dollar story anyhow on the new love among the nuts, which I had missed in Russia."

"And then you got the idea about the Russian gold somewhere," suggested Clancy.

"From one of those warning orators—one of those fat manufacturers of washstands or baby carriages or something that go around warning the world on Bolshevism and labor troubles! And then of course I saw how that would fit in—especially if I went to this Vera McBride, this leader of parades and new thoughts, and told her to take care of me."

"Yeah?"

"Protection to all being her long suit," said Olga Olgovska, explaining.

"And so you got in that way with this bunch that she finally turned you up from?"

"They were waiting patiently for somebody to feed them a new mystery," replied Olga. "Some new topic of conversation. That's their lifework—talking about something that nobody else has heard about yet. And then they might even use my Russian gold, you see, to advantage in their new movement—for unsubsidizing the press; along with this money that Fairweather and this other woman, this Penelope Barnum, put in every year."

"And what about the millionaire—the husband to be?" asked Clancy. "Was there another one besides him—the one that this McBride woman had coppered?"

"What? Among the unsubsidized?" asked Olga in a rather harsh tone. "Not on your mother's memory! She had the only one there, with her mark on him. The rest of them were all hand fed by the women—like most of the parlor Bolsheviks."

"And then what?"

"What do you suppose she was in here for—turning me up to you?" said Olga Olgovska, answering one question with another.

"What?"

"Sending me away for six years?"

"How do I know?"

"Because I'm going to have hers!" said Olga briefly.

"Her what?"

"Her millionaire."

"What?" exclaimed Clancy. "Young Fairweather—with the Fairweather estate?"

"Would you pass him up if you were in my place?" returned Olga.

"Ten millions; maybe twenty!" exclaimed Clancy. "But—can you get him?" he asked.

"What -from her?" asked his companion mockingly. "From that artist in the new strong-arm love—that shows all at once? That lays down the whole hand to start with? It's a shame to take the money."

"What do you do to him?" inquired Clancy, with lively interest.

"Just the opposite."

"What's that?"

"I feed him his mysteries—a new one every day. I'm the mysterious stranger from Russia."

"You look it," said Clancy, his voice expressing both admiration and respect.

"You want to watch us," said Olga.

"I'll get a reserved seat from now on," Clancy assured her.

"And this last thing cinches it—puts on the finishing touches—what you're going to do for me now!" she stated.

"What am I going to do for you?" inquired the detective with a more and more vivid interest.

And she told him then in some detail.

"Deport you?" exclaimed Clancy. "As an alien enemy? How can I deport you, knowing what I do?"

"You can let me say so, can't you," inquired his companion, "to them?"

"I can't help you talking—no—if that's what you mean!" he conceded.

"But the other end is what interests me most," she continued—"about putting me in his charge until I go."

"But you aren't going."

"Sure I'm going—probably!"

"And take him with you?" asked Clancy, with that flash of clairvoyance that makes the real detective.

"Exactly right. And meanwhile I'll just tell him to come to you and use his great influence—the influence of his name. And then you'll put him in charge of me, till the authorities decide what to do with me. Can you do that? Put me in his charge—on kind of parole?"

"I can—or I will anyhow," said Clancy. "And may God have mercy on his soul!" he said as an afterthought, looking at Olga Olgovska as she sat on his soft sofa, with her Russian cigarette, her long jet earrings, her Russian dress and her inscrutable eyes—those eyes that seemed to have grown stony and unafraid from the scrutinizing of all the sins and passions and purposes of men.

"And when I get ready for her?" she asked him at length.

"I'll turn her up for you, Pol," he promised her, "when you give me the word. But look, Pol," said Clancy, in a final objection. "What about after you're married?"

"What's that?"

"You're marrying him as a Russian, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about when he comes to, and finds out what you are?"

"One step at a time, Clancy," said Olga, fixing him again with that gaze, that gaze full of all the stored ancient wisdom of woman. "I'd be good, wouldn't I, if I couldn't meet that when it came up, after I had once landed him? Clancy," predicted Olga Olgovska, leaning forward with deep seriousness, "Archibald is going to have a very interesting life. For the first time he is going to have his attention fully occupied. Something new to think of every day!"

"And you think you'll land him without a doubt?" inquired Clancy once again.

"Land him?" replied Olga. "After you put me officially in his charge? He'll be around," she added, now making preparations to leave, "to see you about this to-morrow."

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THE BIBLE 'BO

(Continued from Page 11)

He sat there quietly, calmly, without apparent interest or concern. The lawyer straightened, hesitated. But he was judge of men enough to know that this man was firm as a rock when his face was set; if they had his signature, that might be so vital, they must have it on his terms. The situation had been canvassed: Daniel should not sign it and, with this upstart and unexpected lover of hers hanging about, Priscilla could not be trusted to do so. Dark thoughts flashed through the lawyer's mind, but they did not register on that somber, cold face, for it was trained against all such revealments.

"I am sure you think you are doing the right thing, my friend," he observed icily. "I tell you that you are wrong. But if you will not be reasonable ——"

"I don't reason your way, mister," the Bible 'Bo interrupted evenly.

"Then come with me." He moved towards the door, the will in his hand. "Mr. Masters is unconscious now, but we are waiting for him to regain his senses. You will be careful not to excite him."

The Bible 'Bo rose and followed, smiling a little. "I'll be careful," he said.

It was dark in the room into which he was ushered. At first he could see nothing but the dim glow of a shaded lamp that stood beside the high, old-fashioned bed. Then, beyond that bed, sitting in a chair drawn close to it he saw the sharp and instantly angered face of the brother, Daniel, who peered at him and half rose. The lawyer spoke a guarded phrase, and the querulous tirade that seemed to hang on the older man's lips died there. He made no sound but sat down again and turned his eyes on the marked face on the pillow. The tramp did not wait for invitation or suggestion; he crossed at once, with his peculiar rolling step, to a chair opposite that of Brother Daniel and near the hooded lamp, and took that seat. The lawyer stood by the door when he closed it; had the air of standing with his back against it, as though defensively.

As he became accustomed to the dimness of the place the tramp looked about him curiously. The room was stiflingly close, with a musty smell that mingled like an anodyne with the odors of drugs and medicaments. Save for the garb of the three men watching, it might have been a chamber pictured on some old canvas, for everything in it was of another period. The furniture was high, massive, carved and dull in color. The walls had been papered in the fashion of an older magnificence; it was heavily flowered and patterned and, like everything else there, somber and depressing in color. There was a bookcase at one end, full of volumes with backs once shining gilt and red and blue, but there was dust now on books and door glass, as though the cabinet had remained unopened for years. The carpet was thick and dark, and but little worn.

But there was still something about the room that gave it strangeness; made it seem indelicate or improper for these men and himself to be encroaching upon it. At first he thought it might be because of the hovering presence of death there above that high, immaculate bed; but presently he realized that it was not that. Andrew Masters lay calmly sleeping, breathing shortly and a little noisily, but still having no aura of one trembling on the verge of eternity. No, it was something else.

Then he knew. He knew fully why Andrew Masters had clung to the Meadow and his hermit life there. Behind glass doors in a great wardrobe between two deep windows shone a woman's dresses, of a period almost forgotten now. A small secretary stood near by, with flowers on it in a slight and dainty vase, and on its opened front lay a woman's writing materials and delicate pieces of stationery, discolored with age. Under a third window was a dressing table, furnished forth with many small bottles and jars, and equipped with a set of heavy silver-backed toilet articles, all blackened and mottled from disuse. A faint scent, as of some sachet of long ago, came to him out of the thick air as he looked. None of these things belonged to any living. Andrew Masters had come to die into the chamber of his dead young bride!

The minutes passed. The tramp looked again at Daniel Masters, and the thin-faced man, catching his eye, scowled, then tried to hide that scowl with an expression of resignation and of devotion to the man between them on the bed. The lawyer stood quietly, watching, coldly by the door. The old tramp took from his pocket a worn Bible, opened it and began to read to himself, his lips moving as he scanned the faded pages. Daniel Masters sneered, but the tramp did not see. He read on, absorbed; presently his lips framed to a murmur and some of the labials and sibilants they formed were given sound. Daniel Masters hissed at him sharply; the old tramp did not look up. His reading became audible:

"'Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

"'For the Lord giveth wisdom. . . .

"'He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.'"

Daniel Masters had risen and come around the foot of the bed; he laid his hand angrily on the old man's shoulder.

"No more of that!" he hissed, bending over. "My brother mustn't be disturbed with your foolery. Go outside and read; if you're needed you'll be called."

"I don't think the word of God could do any harm to the dying," he said patiently. "But I don't aim to be a nuisance."

"You're not."

Daniel Masters' voice was held in a painful self-control again. The lawyer, watching them, thought that this brother longed to use the old tramp violently—as he himself did, and as he would, if the time came—and that if he dared he would strike the vagabond down and trample him. Abercrombie smiled a little secretly. Masters, unnoticing, went on speaking in a constrained tone to the Bible 'Bo:

"There was a doctor here this afternoon. He told us my brother would be in this coma for hours; that we must not disturb him. Before he dies he will probably have a few minutes of consciousness. It is in those minutes that the will must be signed. So you can understand that we must be careful."

"I understand."

"You'd better sign your name, and go. I'll pay you well."

"I'll wait. 'Tain't often I get a chance to do anybody a service."

"You could do us all a service by quietly signing that paper."

The hobo looked up at him disarmingly, with a slow smile.

"That's it. That's what I'm waiting to do, neighbor."

Daniel stood back, wholly baffled. Was the man the fool he seemed or was he a clever actor? In either case nothing was to be gained by arguing with him. Abercrombie was a blundering shyster—that much was clear! When this thing was done there would be a reckoning with both of them—with Abercrombie, who could be sent packing; and with this leather-brained old yegg, who could be beaten or jailed! Hot with the anger he had to bank and keep low now, Daniel Masters went back to his guard's seat, determined to stay there night and day, if necessary, to tire these others out and work his will.

Meantime the tramp had slouched a little lower in his chair and returned to his Bible. Abercrombie pulled a chair over to the door and sat down. The silence seemed heavy, like the air in the room. A long time passed. Daniel Masters fidgeted, but kept his place. The lawyer yawned; yawned again; finally rose and went out, closing the door. The tramp thought that the lock was turned, but he could not be sure. The man on the bed lay inert, still breathing quickly, with a sucking noise and a little guttural murmur alternating from his lips. The two on this strange death watch sat on—the one patient, humble, at peace; the other tense, brooding, tortured with a hatred that burned steadily fiercer but that he had to turn back upon itself and could not loose. A little chill crept into the room.

"You'd better go find some place to sleep, man," Masters said after a long wait. "I'll watch alone."

"I'm used to it," the Bible 'Bo replied.

He was as impervious to suggestion or hint as he was obdurate and patient. Daniel caught his lower lip and bit it savagely; but there was no relief for him and he settled himself in his chair once more.

At first he had thought to wear out this gaunt, weather-beaten old man of the open road, and had been grateful that his brother slept so long a time. But now he began to chafe and fret himself—to wish that the sick man would struggle through to consciousness—die suddenly—do anything, under his fate, that would break this deadly and nerve-wrecking strain. The rocklike endurance of the tramp and his calm serenity galled the other watcher until he seemed on the point of screaming aloud. He rose once or twice and paced to and fro, restlessly, at a sort of half trot. The Bible 'Bo did not raise his eyes from his thumbed pages. He merely sat reading, unmoved, unchanged, changeless. Daniel Masters made a move towards the door, but thought better of it and returned to his chair. The tension was telling on him.

It was some time after midnight that the crisis came.

Without warning the sick man coughed weakly, groaned and moved convulsively. Instantly Daniel Masters was up. He darted to the door, rapped on it sharply and ran back to the bed. With fingers that trembled he felt for the wrist of his brother, watching him breathlessly. The lawyer appeared almost at once; behind him in the door he neglected to close stood Priscilla Masters, a man's heavy coat wrapped about her nightgown, her hair in two thick shining braids, her face wiped clean of color. She did not come forward; she hung in the door without a sound.

Suddenly the Bible 'Bo's voice—unnaturally harsh, almost strident—rang out in the hushed room with a jarring clangor. He did not look up, but read from his Book:

"'Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips. . . .

"'Thou hast proved mine heart: thou hast visited me in the night; thou has tried me, and shalt find nothing. . . .

"'By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.'"

The raucous voice penetrated the sick man's weakness; he turned his head on the pillow and stared for a time at the face of the reader, as though trying to place it and give the man a name. His lips quivered.

"It's kind of you, neighbor," he said in a strange hollow voice, but with a steadiness that was surprising. "I didn't count on—Scripture reading—here. Go on!"

Instantly Daniel Masters intervened. He moved down the bed a step to catch and hold his brother's weakening gaze.

"Andy!" he cried sharply. "Look here, Andy! Here's Dan, your brother. There's a little business—pressing business."

The sick man sank back, turned to focus on that thin eager face.

"Yes, Dan?" he said in a voice that broke sadly. "What business?"

"Your will, Andy. I brought Abercrombie."

"You—did? Well?"

The lawyer came forward, holding the legal document in his hand. He had lost some of his assurance; it seemed to the girl in the door that he avoided the old tramp—sought to evade his glance. He cleared his throat before he spoke.

"You wrote me about the will, if you remember, Mr. Masters. I have drawn the testament according to your memorandum. Here it is."

For a moment Andrew Masters closed his eyes and a slight spasm of pain racked him. His brother caught breath and turned gray-white. But the spasm passed. Daniel snatched from the lawyer's hand the will and the fountain pen. He gave the slender cylinder a sharp jerk and ink splattered from its nib to the white counterpane.

"Can you see the line, Andrew?" he asked hurriedly. "I'll steady your hand."

He laid the will, with a flat tablet under it, on the bed and pressed the pen into those shaking fingers. Andrew felt for the document.

"Lift me up," he said.

Both Daniel and the lawyer reached out to comply. Into the tense stillness the voice of the Bible 'Bo crashed, seeming to shatter and splinter the hush of this death chamber.

"'Hide me . . .

"'From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

"'They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth.

Continued on Page 77

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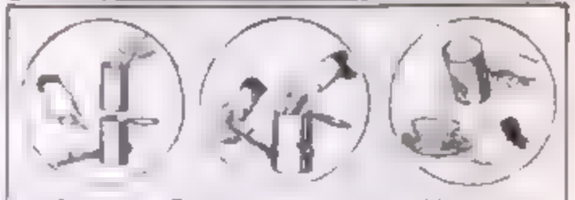

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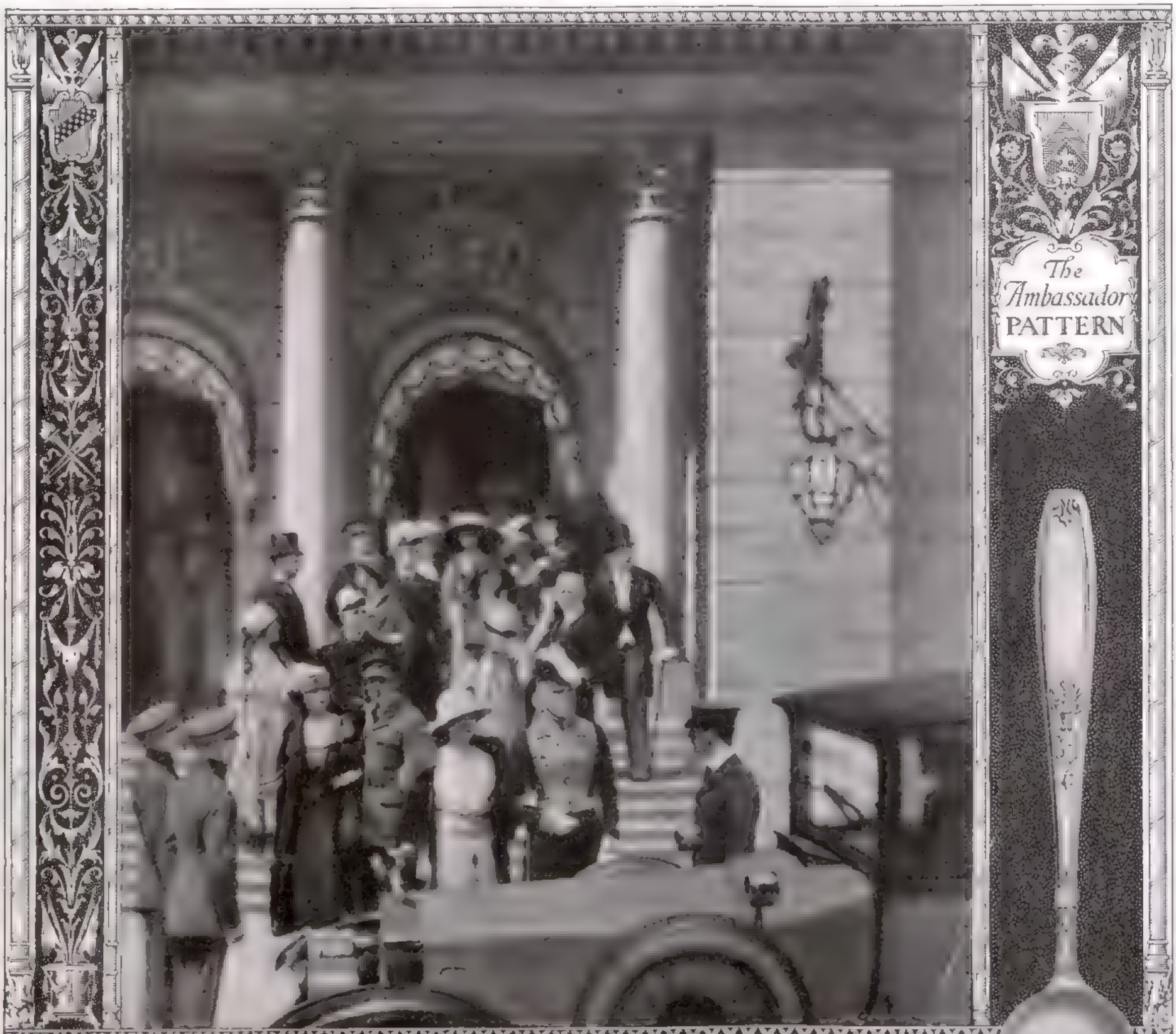

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(Continued from Page 75)

"'Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

"'Arise, O Lord, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked. . . .

"'As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'"

The tramp felt a movement at his side and looked up to see Prissy Masters sink down beside the bed, feeling blindly for her father's hand. Across the room an oath was muttered.

Abercrombie and Daniel Masters had paused in indecision; the face of the older man was distorted.

"Andrew!" he said in a thick voice. "Andy, here's the will!"

His brother had been gazing steadily at the Bible 'Bo. Very slowly but quite strongly he turned his head—searched the countenances of Daniel and of the lawyer. He seemed to be turning something over and over in his mind; after a time he moved slowly again, so that he could look at the strange figure with the soiled Bible now held quietly on his knee. The breathing of the men and the muffled sobbing of the girl could be heard in the stillness.

The dying man spoke with difficulty.

"Oh, yes. The will," he said quaveringly. "Read it, Dan."

His hawk-faced brother had straightened, but at the command he shrank back again and sank into a chair. The lawyer wiped his forehead with a great white handkerchief. He reached for the document, hesitated, stepped back uncertainly, like a drunken man. The girl had raised her head and was watching them with fascination, her terror gone.

The old tramp half rose.

"Maybe I could read it, Mr. Masters," he said.

Daniel Masters snatched it away.

"Damn you!" he muttered, beside himself.

And he crumpled the paper and stuffed it inside his coat. He may have been a shrewd and clever man, but he was not a quick-witted one. He was completely balked now, and he shook like a caught thief.

Andrew Masters looked at him a moment, almost pityingly; then something like a smile crossed his drawn face.

"Prissy," he said with difficulty; "get some paper, girl; a tablet. You and this friend"—he indicated the old tramp with a weak gesture—"you can write my will."

The girl, thus appealed to, broke into a passionate weeping.

"Don't, Uncle Dad!" she cried. "Let it go. It will tire you."

"No, Pris!"

She rose, found a tablet on the old secretary, came back. But she could do no more. The Bible 'Bo caught the paper, picked up from the counterpane the lawyer's fountain pen.

"I guess I can do it, Mr. Masters," he said quietly. His voice was uneven and rough but gentle again and low.

"You can. Write this:

"I, Andrew Masters, being of sound mind and in full possession of my faculties, do make this my last will and testament, in the fear of Almighty God, Amen!

"To my brother, Daniel Boone Masters, my sole surviving blood relative, whom I have suspected often and discovered at last, I give and bequeath the sum of one dollar, to be paid him on my death and on his signing of a receipt therefor."

He paused, closing his eyes and breathing for a time with difficulty and apparently with pain. His brother sat back in his upholstered chair with his lips drawn into a sneer. But he neither moved nor spoke. Priscilla Masters knelt by the bed, holding her father's hand and crying silently. The Bible 'Bo's pen scratched a little, but he wrote almost as rapidly as the slow words of dictation fell from the blue lips on the pillow. Andrew gasped and his breath fluttered, but he seemed to summon strength from some reservoir within him; presently he went on more firmly, more rapidly:

"All the rest and residue of my property, of all and every nature whatsoever, I give and bequeath to my beloved adopted daughter, Priscilla Mason Masters, as a token of my deep love and gratitude, and in memory of my dear dead wife, Bella; in the full knowledge that she will use it wisely and that in her hands it will be a means for the working of good in the world.

"In the name of God, Amen!"

For a moment he lay back, wholly exhausted. The Bible 'Bo wrote the last line; presently at a gesture from the sick man he put the tablet on the bed, and the pen into those stiffening fingers. Feebly, but with a strong determination to make his name legible and clear, Andrew Masters signed. Then, turning, he sought the girl's hand—pulled her towards him. She bent and kissed him on the forehead, her tears wetting his tired face; she kissed his lips. They framed themselves, under her caress, into a smile.

And smiling, he heaved a deep sigh, as one who rests, and was dead.

When the serene morning broke on the Meadow the Bible 'Bo passed quietly out of the back door, picked up his shabby roll of blankets and started away. Abercrombie and Daniel Masters had slunk off sometime in the night; watching in the chamber of the dead the tramp had heard their automobile roar into the distance and climb out of the Meadow on the valley road. Now young Stivers was with Priscilla, and his mother was coming from Shore's Basin, to the north. The girl's tempestuous grief had spent itself and she was calm and at peace. There was much to be done, but others could do it. He reached the gate into the side road.

Then he heard a calling voice and turned to see Priscilla running, Rod Stivers behind her, swinging his long arms. The girl came up.

"I—we wanted you to stay," she said earnestly, taking his hand. "You have done so much for us."

He smiled whimsically.

"I only read the word of God," he said.

"But you—Rod and I want to give you something. Not because we have to, but because we care to."

Stivers joined them. In his hand he held a long black pocketbook, and when he opened it a thick packet of bank notes was revealed.

"Priscilla said perhaps this would be enough, for now," he said eagerly. "Later on . . ."

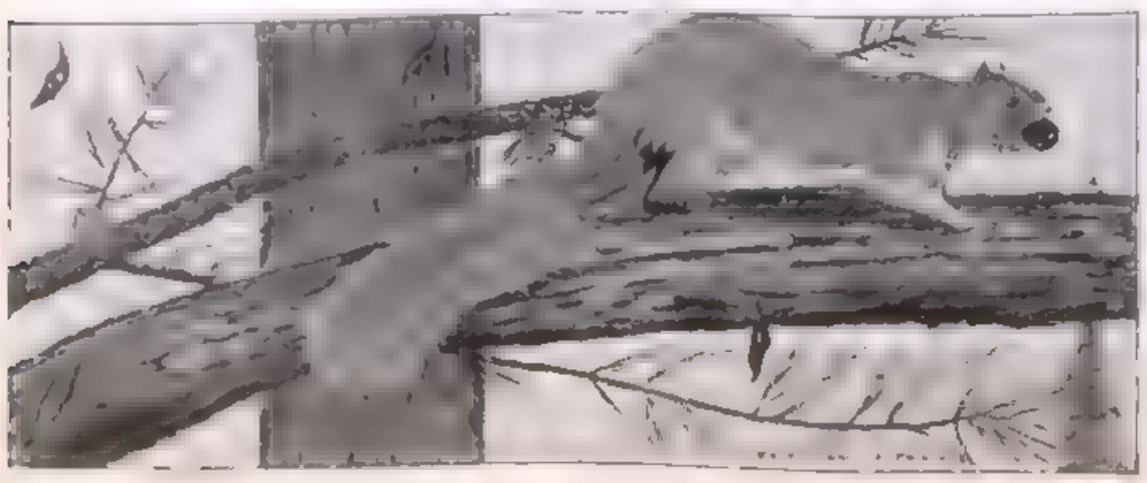
The old man's face shone, but he shook his head.

"I have a call," he said simply. "It don't cost me much to live. I don't want money. You'll understand better, some day. Good-by. God bless you both, and all of yours."

There was some dignity about him they could not name but could not miss. They said good-by regretfully. They stood, the tanned youth holding the girl to him with strong arms, and watched him to the road.

Where the new fence stretched along the mill site he put down his blankets, knelt, and took out from the roll a smudged paint-pot and a brush. With his calm deliberateness he began lettering. He painted slowly, his lips forming the letters as the letters formed the words, and his face brightened—his heaviness was lifted from him.

"The God of my rock; in him will I trust."



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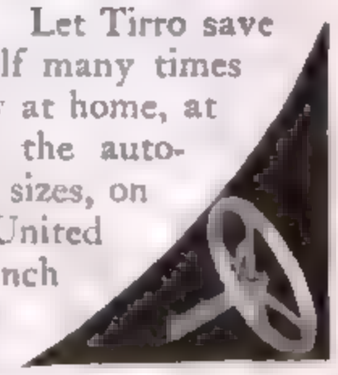

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WILDCAT THIRTEEN

(Continued from Page 13)

"Builds f'm a jitney till you sells yo' clothes. Still prowlin'. When Ise done, dead varmints chokes de road. Runs up f'm a dime to a busted bank. When I quits I needs a mule to haul de money."

"Bones kaint hear you. You claims big, see kin you roll dat way."

The big claimer breathed a final prayer and greeted the advent of victory with a premature yowl of welcome. He slammed the rattlers from him with a wide gesture which told the world that pay day was now. Wham!

The gallopers subsided near the wall. On their sinister faces snake eyes spoke the venom of defeat. The prowler shrank four [illegible].

"Ise done."

"I'll say youse done. You is had yo' prowl."

Dragging Lily at the end of her string the Wildcat shuffled away from misery.

"Come on heah, Lily. Us mingles de news wid ol' Bam."

Long after midnight the Wildcat entered the cabin door.

"Bam, is you sleepin'?"

"Kaint sleep whilst mah stummick is so wide awake. Wheh is dem groceries? I sho' most starved in two."

"Us both. Ain't no groceries. Ain't nothin'; not 'less you is reaped some rabbits wid de britch loader."

"Ain't no rabbits. What you do wid de money?"

"Consecrate de money on de freckle bones. Money dwindled down to ten cents. Snake eye showed an' de ten cents neveh stopped to say good-by."

"Wilecat, wuz fool niggers a nickel a load you is a million dollahs. Git to sleep. Leave me sleep whilst dey ain't no eatin' to do."

"You an' me both."

From the black voids whence hope had fled, the Wildcat's old philosophy, tempered a little by his hunger, fought its way to expression. Lily and the fat cook, half asleep, heard the mumbled words that proclaimed to-morrow the master of to-day:

I eats when I kin git it,
I sleeps mos' all de time,
I don't give a dog-gone if
De sun don't neveh shine.

Hungrier than he had been for many long weeks, the Wildcat faced a future wherein threats replaced promises. He flopped despondently against the cabin wall.

"Wish ol' Cap'n Jack was here. Wish Lady Luck knowed how us craved rations. Dog-gone dis farm bizness."

IV

SOME hours later, when the Wildcat began to believe that food would henceforth rank with other happy memories of the past, Lady Luck came rambling down the road in a car whose roaring motor told the world that here was action and lots of it.

Lady Luck was convoyed by a chauffeur and three rapid-fire white men.

In front of the cabin the three white men got out of the car. The Wildcat sized up the group.

"Shower down, Satan. Here comes dem tax folks to run me an' Bam into de swamp." For a moment his hunger was forgotten. He got to his feet and picked up Lily's leading string. "Come 'long, Lily, an' come agile. Us gits elsewhere befo' dem white folks sees kin dey shoot de tax money wid a gun."

His retreat was halted by a hail from one of the dressed-up white men.

"Your name Vitus Marsden?"

The Wildcat stopped and acknowledged his identity.

"Cap'n, yessuh. Dat's my wet-head name what I got at de baptizin', but mos' folks calls me Wilecat."

"Where's the other boy?"

"Bam—he is seein' kin he sleep some in de cabin, suh."

"Get him out here; we want to talk to you."

The Wildcat summoned Bam to his share of the fate.

"Come out here, big boy. De tax folks is got us."

The fat cook got to his feet and dragged along behind the Wildcat to where the white folks stood beside the car. One of the white men addressed the farm owners:

"What do you hold this land at?"

The Wildcat remembered his four thousand dollars. Even a quick-talking tax man would see that it had mighty little salvage value. He braced himself and spoke of values.

"Cap'n, suh, I figger a thousan' dollahs would be middlin' right."

The white man hauled out a little black book, two folded sheets of paper and a fountain pen with motions a little less rapid than those of a striking rattler.

"One thousand. Even forty acres." He wrote as he talked. "I know it's the best farm in the county, like all the rest of them, and that you're making a crop worth a hundred an acre like everybody else. One thousand. Forty acres. Forty thousand dollars. Sign your name here to this title transfer." He unfolded two documents and handed them to the Wildcat. "Bottom line. Vitus Marsden to the Heavy Oil Corporation. That's my outfit."

"Cap'n, suh, I neveh learned much writin'. Ol' Bam writes good."

The white man signed the Wildcat's name. "Make your mark here."

The Wildcat made his mark and passed the papers to the fat cook. Bam, not yet fully awake, signed his name languidly.

The white man handed a little blue slip of paper to the Wildcat.

"Check on the First National. Forty thousand dollars. That's done. You boys can live here until the crew begins setting the drill rig next week."

When the automobile and the rapid-fire white men were half a mile down the road the Wildcat quit batting his eyes long enough to look sideways at the slip of blue paper. He handed it to the fat cook.

"What dis mean, Bam?"

"Lawd wid wings! De man thought you said thousan' fo' one acre. Wilecat, us is got fo'ty thousan' dollahs!"

"Tell me gentle! Kaint think so big in money. What did papeh say?"

"Dat's a check papeh what tells de bank boy, pay Vitus Marsden fo'ty thousan' dollahs."

"Lady Luck, how come I doubt you! Le's ramble befo' de bank boy goes blind. Fo'ty thousan'! Bain, dat's twenty-twenty, me an' you! Come on heah, Lily."

Over the last three miles of the race the Wildcat covered the ground with Lily galloping fifty yards behind him and Bam lost in a cloud of dust. Midway of the stampede shoes and shirts and other superfluous raiment were discarded. At two o'clock, perspiring freely, barefooted and hatless, the Wildcat entered the doors of the First National. The terrifying delays of identification hit the victims like the seven-year itch, but finally payment was accomplished and a great pile of packed currency flowed under the paying teller's grille.

"You boys want to deposit that money here?"

"Cap'n, suh, what you mean, deposit?"

"Leave it here so you won't get robbed."

The Wildcat looked at the stacked bank notes on the slab in front of him.

"I'd like some fo' groceries an' such. Ain't et me nothin' fo' three days. Nothin' much, dat is. Me an' Bam needs some shoes—de flies is so bad on feet. Kin us have mebbe twenty dollahs till Sat'day?"

The paying teller handed each of them a stack of ten-dollar bills. "Here's a hundred dollars apiece." He made an entry in a pair of thin books and handed one of the books to the Wildcat. "Nineteen thousand nine hundred to your credit."

Bam picked up his book and asked a few questions. "Dis book means Ise got money in de bank no matteh where I goes?"

"Twenty thousand, less the hundred I gave you."

"Folks, good-by. Mah feet is leadin', Wilecat, now I heads fo' Alabam', whah I belongs. Some day I sees you."

Bam was on his way.

The Wildcat stowed his hundred in his pants pocket and then for a little while he lingered in the bank. Presently his brain stopped spinning long enough to let his stomach record its demands. Thereafter until evening he occupied a chair in the Home Club Restaurant. In front of him a heavy table sagged with food. Beside him on the floor Lily chattered around over a layout of nutriment which renewed her faith in the existence of a goat heaven. Now and then the Wildcat stopped eating long enough to pay his bill. By six o'clock he had managed to eat his way through thirty dollars, and a few moments later, weighing more than he had for some months, he struggled to his feet.

"Whuf! Dat's de best I kin do wid dese crampin' pants. Got to git me some big-size clo'es."

The restaurant man gave him an admiring look. "You done noble. You is easy de eatinist man in de worl'."

"Ise de sleepinist. Come on, Lily."

"You got a room in town?" The restaurant man craved to retain his champion customer.

"Us ain't got none yit."

"I lodges you upstairs in a gran' front room at fo' bits a day."

"Dat's us. Whah at's de room?"

Led by the restaurant proprietor the Wildcat and Lily mounted a rickety stairway and voyaged down a dim hall and entered the four-bit room. Two minutes later the Wildcat was asleep. His sleep was unbroken except for a persistent vision of a cloudburst wherein each green raindrop, larger than the last, bore on its surface a dollar mark and a seven.

On the floor beside the bed, bulging comfortably, the mascot goat helped steady with the sleep business. Above the pair, smiling her smile and making her plans, hovered Lady Luck.

V

"WAKE up, Lily! Us is rich, an' when you is rich you is happy! Us is happy wid enough money to las' f'm now on. Come on heah."

Trailed by his mascot the Wildcat began a spending campaign. First of all, shoes.

"Yaller shoes wid rag tops. Sort o' ague-gray tops." At a jewelry store he accumulated a verdigris-gold watch. "Kaint tell what time de watch say, but de ol' chain sho' looks gran'." A wide gray hat with an orange band followed the purchase of a suit of clothes whose yellow fabric was checked at six-inch intervals by purple stripes. The vest was discarded in favor of a double-breasted crimson creation shot with green dominoes. A blushing violet shirt with green cuffs and blue collar served as a background for a striped scarf of lemon and black. A pair of bull-blood gloves and a gold-headed cane completed the effect.

Against a day when eating tobacco might be scarce he bought two long plugs of pressed leaf and stowed them in the moist environment of his hip pockets.

That was done.

"Dese shoes needs shinin'." He bought six mulatto-colored cigars and lighted one after bestowing its mate upon the mascot goat. "Have a eatin' cigar, Lily. Us is rich an' happy."

Something in Lily's pose cast a shadow of doubt upon the business of happiness.

"Goat, you looks ragged. Come on heah till us gits you dressed up."

The Wildcat returned to the shoe store and bought Lily two pairs of child-size moccasins. He laced them on the mascot's feet and then retraced his course to the clothing store, where he invested in a second silk shirt which was presently draped around Lily's narrow chest. The mascot submitted to further decoration in the form of a flaring yellow necktie and a boy's-size straw hat from which dangled the ends of a bow of blue ribbon. Against the richness of the silk shirt Lily's string tether struck a false note and forthwith the goat was haled to a hardware store, where a brass collar, studded with spikes, was fitted around her neck above the yellow scarf. To this collar was attached a thin brass chain. The Wildcat stood back and surveyed his mascot.

"Goat, I tol' you many's de time, Lady Luck some day shower down de big money an' make us happy. You looks gran' now, but us fo'got de grandes' present of all. Remembeh I said some day I'd buy you a gol' watch an' chain? Come on heah!"

The Wildcat returned to the jewelry store, wherein he purchased, at gold prices, a massive brass watch and chain. He pinned the watch into the pocket of Lily's shirt and hooked the free end of the chain into the mascot's necktie.

"Now you sho' is quality. Rich an' happy! Say you is much o-blige fo' all de good luck."

"Blaa!"

Lily voiced an expression of her sentiment, but in her voice anyone who understood goat language might have detected

(Continued on Page 81)

$500 For 3-in-One Users

We want to hear about odd, unique, out-of-the-ordinary uses for 3-in-One Oil. They must be practical uses. No medicinal uses will be considered.

$500 will be paid for the nineteen best uses, mailed before midnight, December 31, 1921. The money will be divided, as follows:

First Prize,	$100.00
4 Second Prizes,	$ 50.00 each
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This prize money offer was suggested by the fact that for 25 years users of 3-in-One, in all parts of the world, have been constantly writing about new and often unique ways they have discovered to make use of this great oil. A few of these are illustrated at the right.

In what *unusual* but *practical* way do you use 3-in-One?

Study the 3-in-One Dictionary. It may suggest ways that you never thought of. You'll find a Dictionary wrapped around each bottle.

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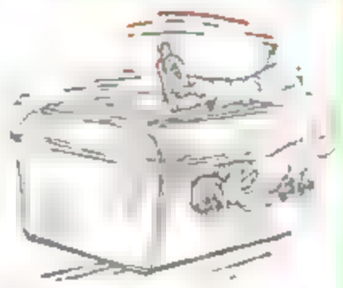
His largest trout was caught with worms soaked in 3-in-One.



Undertaker uses 3-in-One to keep casket handles and plates free from rust and tarnish.

Oils artificial limb with 3-in-One.

3-in-One on bottom of skis prevents snow from sticking.

E36

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Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

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PHOENIX
HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 73)

more of annoyance than of happiness. Somewhere in the mascot's utterance was a longing for a return to the simple life.

The pair left the jewelry store and started across the street. Midway of the thoroughfare they halted to let a snorting automobile pass them. The plunging car awakened a new ambition in the Wildcat's mind.

"Us needs a auto'beel. Rich folks rides in 'em, an' us is rich."

On the sidewalk the Wildcat turned to one of the accumulated gang of two-legged satellites:

"How much does dese auto'beels cost nowdays?"

"Thousan' dollars; mebbe mo'. Depen's on de looks."

"Whah at kin us git one?"

Five minutes later the Wildcat was negotiating for the purchase of a car.

"One of dese high-tone auto'beels wid glass sides like a hothouse. Long an' slantin' back, wid de runnin' boy settin' up front an' me an' Lily ridin' de back seat."

The matter of payment for the car was arranged to the satisfaction of the vender and a car was promised for delivery at six o'clock that night.

The Wildcat made his fourth trip to the bank. "You better leave some of that money on deposit," the paying teller advised.

"Cap'n, yessuh. All us needs is a thousan' dollahs fo' a auto'beel an' a thousan' mo' fo' 'spenses. Eatin' money, an' such."

The automobile was delivered to the purchaser at six o'clock.

"Sho looks noble Grandes' auto'beel I eveh see. Git in, Lily." The yellow paint had made good. The Wildcat addressed the boy at the wheel. "How much you want, to drive steady fo' me an' Lily?"

The driver hired himself out at a wartime daily wage and immediately regretted that he had not doubled the amount. The Wildcat climbed into the back seat beside the mascot. "Drive roun' an' roun'," he directed. "Down de main streets an' back." He delivered a farewell address to the throng about him. "Gents, at seven o'clock me an' Lily invites you all to eat a gran' banquet at de New Home Restaurant. De grub is free. Afteh de eatin' part is done de festal orgies will begin. One an' all, you is welcome."

For an hour, with his mascot sweating beside him, the Wildcat was driven round and round in his hothouse car according to his expressed desires.

"Us is rich, Lily. Gran' clo'es, gran' auto'beel, gol' watch—you an' me both. Gol'headed cane. Us sho is rich an' happy."

The goat attempted to dislodge a green fly which persisted in roosting under the protection of the studded collar.

"What you mean, shakin' yo' head no?"

"Blaa!" Lily admitted that home had never been like this, but whether or not she was happy was still a question.

The car stopped in front of the New Home Restaurant, where a hundred pairs of bulging eyeballs awaited the coming of the lord of rations. Presently the hundred guests milled and perspired at the task of eating six meals on one invitation.

Midway of the food battle and while his vocal organs could still function, the host rared back on his hind legs and proceeded to orate into the wiggling ears of the assemblage.

"Men an' brethren: Folks calls me Wilecat. I is. Once I was downtrod an' poor. I been hungry mos' all de time 'ceptin' when I was wid ol' Cap'n Jack. He was mah white folks. Many de time Ise been sad an' fo'lorn wid Lady Luck A. W. O. L. an' de claws of grief a tearin' at my insides. Now Ise rich an' happy. Like de preacher says, I begins to sow an' reap. Whilst I thinks of it I announce dat as soon as I kin find a good preacher I aims to start a Wilecat church. De Wilecat preacher ain't gwine pester you does you crave a ra'r of gin, weekdays, an' ask how come you is so steeped in sin. Wilecat church gwine be jes' like a lodge wid a gran' ruckus ev'y night. Dat's all, 'ceptin' when de banjo boys gits here us sees who kin shake de mos' agile foot fo' de gran' prize, whilst to de right an' lef' of de dancin' flo' is li'l' green pastures whah de gallopin' cubes roams wild. Does de sevens an' 'levens bloom easy you is lucky, an' does somethin' detain 'em you is lucky too, 'cause de Wilecat is rich an' de Wilecat pays de bills. Resoom yo' battle wid de rations."

The battle slowed up an hour later and about the room a dozen crap games rattled into being. From the sea of chance the submerged losers came to the surface and drifted to the Wildcat, where their gambling purses were replenished.

"Come easy, go easy."

In an hour the Wildcat discovered that his supply of cash was exhausted, and thereafter the festivities slowed up until the hour when the bank opened on the following day.

Thenceforth for a week the Wildcat banked both sides of a losing game. Repeated warnings from the paying teller at the bank went unheeded and at the moment when the favorite of Lady Luck had realized the flavor of the false nectar the cash reserve had dwindled to a measly zero. He stood blinking at the paying teller's window

"Us ain't got no mo' money?"

"No more. The account is closed."

"Cap'n, suh, you means Ise done?"

"You're done."

"Come on, Lily. De boys is waitin'."

The prowler climbed into his hothouse car.

"Go back whehat de boys is," he ordered. Midway of the journey, remembering a detail of the technic of financial recuperation, he changed his orders. "Drive to de auto'beel place. Us gwine sell dis ol' hothouse trap. Some day us gits a gran'-size one."

A quick sale netted a hundred dollars. For Lily's watch and his own the Wildcat reaped another twenty. On foot he hurried back to the place where half a dozen crap games languidly awaited the coming of the treasury department. Perspiring under the buttoned coat which hid the place where the gaudy watch chain had dangled, swinging the gold-headed cane with the old royal gesture, the Wildcat faced his guests. Fifteen seconds later the hundred and twenty was loaned to a careless devotee of the freckled risk cubes.

Lady Luck whispered low and earnestly. "Beat it."

"Ise on my way."

Silently and without parade the Wildcat slid through the back door of the New Home Restaurant. At evening, well into the country north of town, with the long shadows sneaking across the fields and bulking black in the depths of a wood which lined the road, the Wildcat realized that he had lived his little day of wealth.

"Us went some whilst de joy road was open."

Detouring around a graveyard he summoned his mascot goat beside him.

"Git close here, Lily. Some varmint git you some day. Shake dem feet. Us is Memphis bound."

A rabbit in a clover patch dodged the gold-headed cane. "Good by, brekfus'! Almos' et you, ol' cottontail." The breakfast craver started to retrieve his cane. He took ten steps and stopped. Then he turned again to the long road. "Don't crave dat ol' cane. 'Minds me o' dem days when us was rich an' loaded down wid mis'ry. Us is happy now, Lily; eats when we kin git it, sleeps mos' all de time, us don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't neveh shine."

Tramping along at her master's side, nibbling delicately on the remains of her straw hat, Lily answered; and now in the mascot's voice was nothing of doubt.

"Blaa! Me an' you both, Wildcat."

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END OF STEEL

(Continued from Page 9)

In the Hay River church the pupils were taught to speak the English language and required to learn the principles of sanitation. This last is of prime importance, as the Indian's ideas concerning cleanliness and sanitation are extremely vague; in fact they are nonexistent. His recognition of the necessity for avoidance of friends afflicted with some contagious disease is on a par with his methods of cleanliness; he simply visits back and forth with absolute disregard. On our way back up the country we met the smallpox coming down. It had reached Resolution, where six hundred Indians had come to trade, carried there step by step from Fort Chipewyan in the face of all efforts of the whites to keep it under control. A quarantine is entirely disregarded by a native as soon as the white man's back is turned.

Accumulation of filth was of relatively little menace to the Indian while he lived in his tepee as compared with the menace it constitutes to-day to those who live in cabins after the manner of the whites. Then he moved often and left his clutter behind, pitching his tepee on fresh ground; but this accidental sanitation does not apply to life in a cabin. His ideas of ventilation are nil. He simply closes windows and doors, fires up the stove and camps there till a part of his family dies of pneumonia, others develop tuberculosis as an after effect of weakened lungs, whereupon he decides that an evil jinx is holding out in the house, and he moves.

The verdict of all old-time northerners is that cabin life and the adoption of white man's food and clothing cause immediate deterioration in the physical development of the native. Practically every man specified white flour as the most deadly of all grafted tastes. Naturally this is not the fault of the flour but of the native's manner of eating it. When there is food in plenty the Indian gorges to repletion day after day. The amount of half-cooked meat or fish consumed by the average native is almost past belief. That an Indian will eat twenty pounds of moose meat in a day is a statement to stretch the credulity of the average civilized man, but is a fact, nevertheless. When he arrives at a post in the summer he hungers for white man's food. He heads for the tepee with a sack of flour and feasts on half-cooked bannock in the same manner in which he is accustomed to wolfing fish or moose meat.

When the Railroad Comes

Mr. Conroy, the treaty commissioner, had explained why so harmless a food as white flour should be deadly to the native, and after witnessing a few bannock debauches in the tepees I only marveled that all did not die instanter. The squaws prepare the bannock by the simple process of pouring water in the mouth of the flour sack and stirring it about, then dropping the soggy lumps of dough into a pot of boiling grease. These are scarcely browned on the outside before they are fished out and devoured, stretching out like so much rubbery taffy under the efforts of the feasters. They stow away an incredible weight of this concoction at a sitting, and it is small wonder that many native constitutions are undermined by the bannock cramps.

The teachers at the Hay River mission instruct the pupils in proper methods of eating, of cleanliness and of sanitation. They also insist that the parents of the pupils practice these teachings whenever they visit their offspring at the mission. The dormitories are well ventilated and scrupulously clean. In addition to all this the pupils are taught gardening, and they raise great quantities of vegetables and many of their garden plots would take prizes over the majority of the plots cultivated by our civilized truck gardeners.

There is much speculation as to the probable route of the railroad which all northerners agree must be built before any great development of the Mackenzie country will be possible. In discussing this, together with agricultural possibilities, with Mr. Conroy he sketched off on the map the route that seemed to him the most practical for several specific reasons. This route was indorsed as the most feasible by several other experienced men to whom I mentioned it. The road as pointed out by Mr. Conroy would extend north out of Peace River and follow the general line of the Hay River, which empties into the Great Slave Lake, but would veer off and terminate on the Mackenzie River below the lake.

The country over which it would run has been covered by Mr. Conroy on two separate occasions. It is mostly a flat expanse which would not present the slightest engineering problem in the construction of a railroad across it. The terminal on the Mackenzie River would actually lengthen the transportation season by many weeks, as the river clears of ice long before the lake, which, as has been cited, blocks navigation from above for a considerable period after the navigable waters both above and below are open. In addition to this it would triple the present freighting capacity of the boats already operating on the river, as they could complete at least three round trips to the mouth of the river from this point, where they now make but one from Fort Smith. With a railroad terminal at this point the freight could be brought through in the winter and the boats could load out and depart immediately after the spring break-up, eliminating the necessity of their waiting at Fort Smith for the boats from Fort McMurray, frequently grounded for days in the treacherous shallows of the Athabasca delta while their relay boats wait for cargoes. The rehandling of freight and the portaging across the sixteen-mile strip from Fitzgerald to Smith would be eliminated.

The Peace River Country

But although the desirability of a railroad to this point was quite evident, the question of its financial practicability was less apparent. The recent increase in down-river freight tonnage alone would not justify the outlay required to build it. The timber country tapped by it and rendered available would help; also, the immediate development of the fisheries on Great Slave Lake, which would be coincident with the arrival of a railroad, was another item worthy of consideration. Hundreds of tons of fish are shipped to market from Lesser Slave Lake and other waters adjacent to the railroads. Great Slave Lake could perhaps furnish an amount equal to the combined output of all other fisheries projects operating in Canadian interior waters to-day; for this vast body of water swarms with fish. However, it seemed doubtful that all these, along with the possible discovery of great oil resources, would serve to make a railroad immediately feasible.

But Mr. Conroy, in making his choice for a possible route as against some others discussed, had considered another all-important feature. He had been over the country himself and considered it one of vast agricultural possibilities. He stated that there were expanses of hay land covering five and six townships in solid blocks where a man might drive a mowing machine for two days without altering his course or encountering an obstacle.

A great part of this little-known country, lying to the westward of the new agricultural settlements of Peace River, will average less than a hundred miles farther north than Fort Vermilion, where the government maintains an experimental farm. The crop-raising and stock-raising advantages of the Peace River country have been well advertised of late years and there seems small room to doubt that these settlements will some day be duplicated in the country of upper Hay River, where climatic conditions are analogous. In fact the mission gardens furnished evidence that even here, hundreds of miles farther north at the mouth of the river, the possibility of successful agriculture was more than an idle dream.

Mr. McLannon, the sole survivor of a party of four who had set out for the oil fields in the spring, joined us here. The four men had conceived the idea of coming down the Hay River by canoe. They portaged to an unmapped river that runs into Hay River, a fork which, according to Mr. McLannon, is larger than the right-hand fork now showing on the map. Their six-hundred-mile journey was almost completed when they attempted to shoot some rapids seventy miles above Hay River post. The canoes spilled and for three miles McLannon was battered through the rapids, clinging to a loop in the tail rope of the

(Continued on Page 85)

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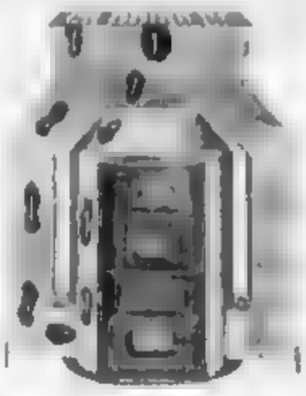

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(Continued from Page 82)

canoe. When he landed he was too weak to stand, but after half an hour he revived sufficiently to walk back in search of his companions. They were all strong swimmers and experienced river men, and for several hours he could not fully grasp the fact that he was the sole survivor. He turned downstream toward Hay River post, having no idea of the distance. His way led him through a country of solid bush, which made traveling difficult, and for four days he held on without food or means of lighting a fire. On the last day he chanced across a colony of ants, just revived by the spring sun, and a bush to which a few last year's cranberries still adhered; so he dined on withered cranberries and ants. Near the mouth of the river McLannon fashioned a raft of dry poles, lashing them together with bark ropes and strips of his clothing which he ripped off with his pocketknife. In this fashion he crossed the stream and wandered into Hay River.

Mr. McLannon's account of the country traversed by the river tallied exactly with that given by Mr. Conroy.

Not far out of Hay River we put in for wood. This was a twice-daily event and consumed from two to five hours at each stop. The boilers of the steamboat Mackenzie River were fired by cordwood. In the old days, when there was less rush and haste, it was customary for the crew to cut the wood as it was needed, but of late years choppers have been sent out by the various post managers to cut and pile the wood at approximately fifty-mile intervals.

The fuel was always loaded by man power, but as the location of each woodpile had peculiarities differing from the last, the employment of this power was varied. At some points the gangplank could be placed on the bank and the wood carried on board; at others a long trough was slanted down from high banks and one stick at a time was skidded to the lower deck, while from the upper deck the fire hose was trained on the skid trough at frequent intervals to facilitate the sliding process.

More frequently than not the woodpile proved to be some fifty or seventy-five yards inland, necessitating a long carry. Perhaps the most unusual fueling station of all was beneath an overhanging bank. The gangplank was run out, its free end some twenty feet above the water and ten feet below the lip of the bank. The free end was slung on a rope swing and secured to stumps on the bank above. A line was formed from the woodpile to the margin of the cut bank and the logs relayed from one man to the next, the last man in the line dropping them over the brink to a husky deck hand who teetered on the end of the swinging gang plank. This lad caught the heavy sticks with monotonous regularity and consigned them to a skid trough slanting down to the lower deck.

Old Fort Providence

At another point the woodpile reposed on the crest of a two-hundred-foot slope. The sticks were thrown downhill to lodge wherever they would. After a sufficient quantity had been started the men followed, throwing the upper sticks over the rest and continuing in this fashion. The sidehill was covered with cordwood. Eleven men toiled from 10:30 P. M. until 8:30 A. M. to load enough fuel to run to the next woodpile. Twice during the trip the supply proved insufficient to carry us to the next fueling station and the captain resorted to the old method—tying up to the bank while the crew repaired to the timber with axes and crosscut saws. At least one-third of the time between posts was consumed by fueling operations.

The decks were frequently covered by an inch or more of black wood ashes and a fire watch was kept every moment of the day and night. Three times fires broke out among the canoes stored on the boat deck, and there was never a night when the fire guard failed to train the hose on some part of the deck where the accumulation of ashes constituted a possible menace.

Fort Providence is one of the oldest posts in the northwest. The Hudson's Bay store still bore the original lock of a century ago. The key was a huge piece of metal some fifteen inches long, very imposing as to looks but somewhat doubtful as to efficacy, for the keyhole was of such dimensions that one might easily pick the lock with a monkey wrench. Before the post stood an ancient sundial, erected in the misty past by Franklin on one of the ill-fated explorer's trips down the river.

The treaty party left the boat at Providence, there to await the arrival of the judicial party being brought in by Major Jennings, superintendent of the Mounted Police, to conduct the first jury trial ever held in the Mackenzie District.

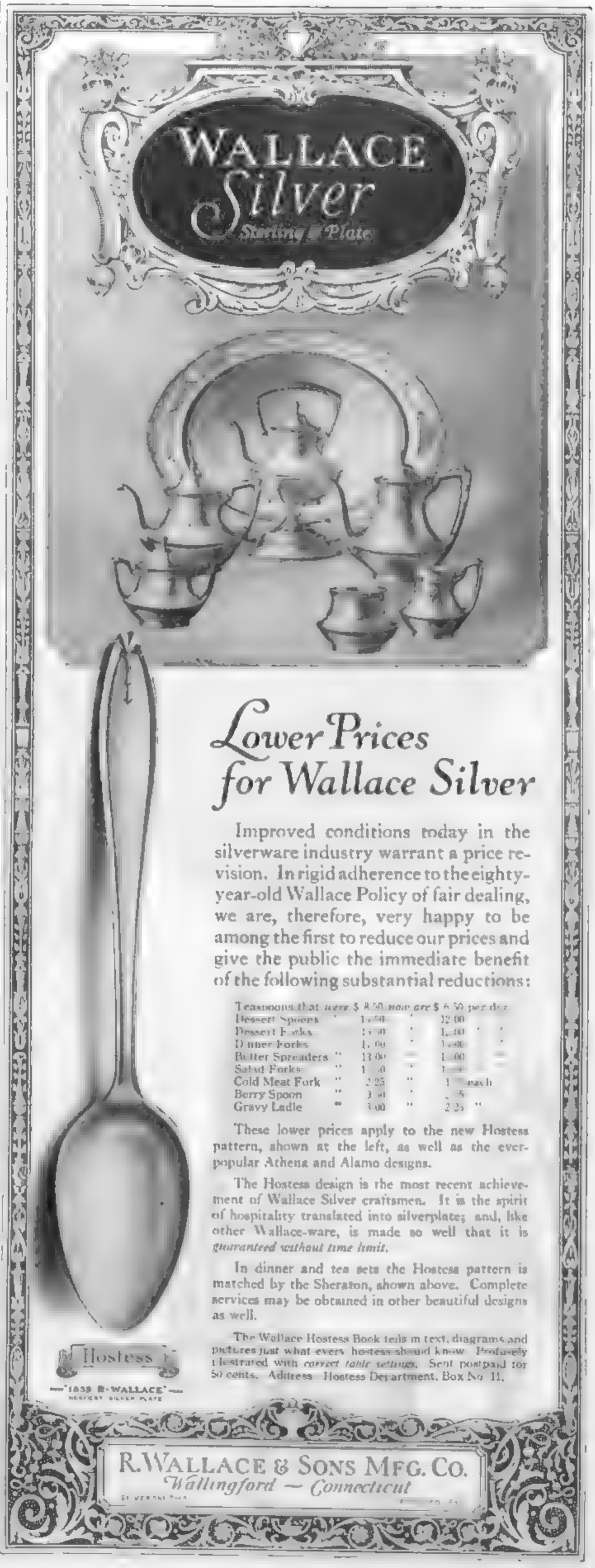
Occasionally the pilot would sight a canoe swinging out from some distant point of land. Always the boat was slacked off to await the arrival of the smaller craft. In almost every case the call was for mail. A number of people in Fort Smith had collected the mail of friends operating down river and had given it to Captain Mills with the request that he pass it on to the parties to whom it was addressed at whatever point he might meet them. This eliminated the forwarding to some down-river point which might have been passed by the parties before the arrival of the regular mail. We often speculated upon the mixed sensations which these men must experience as they set forth from shore at the appearance of the boat. Would their canoe be sighted? The sudden squall of the siren settled this doubt. Would there be any mail from the outside world after the long frozen months? Would it bring good news or bad? Frequently the men were recognized by the pilot or by some northerner who had his glasses trained on the distant canoe. Their mail was made ready and many a man must have experienced a sudden lessening of tension and uncertainty when, with his eyes fixed on the distant steamer, he saw a tiny figure move to the forward peak of the main deck and wave aloft a packet of mail.

Making Friends With Indians

At many posts Indians had come in to trade in considerable numbers, in which case we always headed first for the Indian camp. As a rule this intrusion was resented. Shawls were pulled up over faces, eyes were turned persistently away from us. Scowls and sibilant hisses greeted the training of a camera upon a group of natives. It seemed as impossible to secure a natural snapshot of the native in his lair as to pose a cluster of restless kangaroos. This unfriendliness could be worn down by persistence. I grinned when they scowled, distributed odd bits of candy to the children, influenced one to peer down the finder of my camera in order that his grunt of surprise should rouse curiosity in the rest. Eventually some act of mine would strike some one of them as ridiculous, in which case the day was won, for they would then gossip unreservedly about the stranger's eccentricities. After once learning this trait our path was easier. I acquired an Indian word of good meaning, with which I would greet a scowling squaw. My accent must have been fetching, for almost invariably the lady would rock with derisive laughter.

Mrs. Evarts made a point of donning a pair of high-heeled shoes prior to visiting an Indian camp. This proved a sure-fire means of introduction. In a country where even the whites wear moccasins this style of footwear was too decidedly odd to go unnoticed. Some squaw would discover the slender heels, and stare, her scowl or disinterest evaporating in amazement. She could not resist heralding her original discovery, and soon all eyes would be turned upon the strange footwear. After a time they would accept us as part of the landscape and go on with their work.

A number of Indians had come down the Liard to trade at Fort Simpson. These people have had but little communication with the white man and don't relish the idea of his intruding on their domain. For years they had a bad reputation, as four prospectors had at different times headed into their country and none returned. These disappearances were never traced to the Indians, however. We met the only two white men who have spent much time in the Nahanni country, Mr. Field and Mr. Millieux. Later we met Captain Haight, who had brought a party to the oil fields by way of the Liard. He stated that on a part of their journey they passed for seventy miles along the shores of an unmapped lake. A river flowing in from the south has never been ascended by a white man. Mr. Millieux took our boat on his first trip outside in fourteen years, and he had lived for so long a stretch on a straight meat-and-tea diet that he found it difficult to enjoy breadstuffs, pastries and the highly seasoned dishes of civilization.



Lower Prices for Wallace Silver

Improved conditions today in the silverware industry warrant a price revision. In rigid adherence to the eighty-year-old Wallace Policy of fair dealing, we are, therefore, very happy to be among the first to reduce our prices and give the public the immediate benefit of the following substantial reductions:

Teaspoons that *were* $ 8.50 *now are*	$ 6.50	per doz.		
Dessert Spoons "	14.50	"	12.00	"
Dessert Forks "	14.00	"	11.00	"
Dinner Forks "	14.00	"	11.00	"
Butter Spreaders "	13.00	"	10.00	"
Salad Forks "	14.00	"	11.00	"
Cold Meat Fork "	2.25	"	1.75	each
Berry Spoon "	3.50	"	2.75	"
Gravy Ladle "	3.00	"	2.25	"

These lower prices apply to the new Hostess pattern, shown at the left, as well as the ever-popular Athena and Alamo designs.

The Hostess design is the most recent achievement of Wallace Silver craftsmen. It is the spirit of hospitality translated into silverplate; and, like other Wallace-ware, is made so well that it is *guaranteed without time limit.*

In dinner and tea sets the Hostess pattern is matched by the Sheraton, shown above. Complete services may be obtained in other beautiful designs as well.

The Wallace Hostess Book tells in text, diagrams and pictures just what every hostess should know. Profusely illustrated with *correct table settings.* Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address Hostess Department, Box No. 11.

Tom Wye
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKET

For the nip in the air

For crisp autumn mornings, nothing could be more comfortable. Just enough warmth without the bulkiness of a coat.

Tom Wye Knit Jackets are ideal for golfing, motoring, traveling, or general utility wear.

Excellent tailoring assures a perfect fit, and the shoulder seam is reinforced to prevent sagging. The buttonholes are strengthened and the pockets will not get out of shape. Easily stuffed in a traveling bag or the side pocket of your motor car.

Scotch heather or plain shades.

For sale by most good retailers.

Two-pocket style—$7.50
(East of Denver)

Tom Wye, Incorporated, Winchendon, Mass.

In this camp of Indians from the Nahanni we found one of the few remaining spots where one may still see the real primitive arts of the American Indian in practice—the old-time workmanship of the days before the red man's contact with the whites. Only in the finest museums can one see bits of this work, yet here was one tiny camp where they practiced the lost arts under our very eyes.

Slender birch-bark and spruce-bark canoes were beached beside big skin boats made of ten moose hides. As we watched the squaws plying their handicraft my mind reverted to the daily fancywork festival on the boat, and I was forced to the conclusion that the art of needlework has only deteriorated with civilization. The modern lady with all the thousand and one conveniences ready to hand, finest of fabrics, delicate patterns traced on softest linens, woven wools and silks and cottons; choice of flosses, threads and yarns of varying texture and a thousand ready-dyed hues; a hundred dainty implements wrought to facilitate the fashioning of pretties; with all these the most ardent enthusiast extant cannot turn out one piece to excel any one of a dozen articles made by the squaw who leaves her moosehide tepee and goes into the bush armed with a two-bit butcher knife and gathers her own materials in the raw.

We watched them bring in bundles of long, slender spruce roots and peel the bark with their teeth, pulling off slender strips of the fibrous white wood within and fashioning therefrom a heavy thread. With quarter-inch slabs of birch bark they made their own household utensils, waterproofing the seams with a solution of spruce gum boiled to the proper consistency.

The thick birch bark seemed rather stiff material with which to work, yet the rogans are turned out in every conceivable shape, and the graceful lines of these native utensils are rarely equaled by the best molders and potters of civilization, with all their tools and pliable materials, their molds and models.

The slender quills of the northern porcupine furnish material for beads, to be colored with home-brewed dyes and worked on moosehide in original designs. The exquisite compactness of this porcupine beadwork is such that the finished product feels smooth to the touch; and the present-day work of the civilized redskin, its fluttering fringes and pounds of glass beads in garish patterns, seems tawdry and insignificant.

Resourceful Red Men

The heads of waterfowl are covered with compact down of wonderful hues. These natives skin out the heads of loons, ducks and grebes, working these small patches into a wonderfully blended whole with a richness of color scheme that mere oil paint could never copy, fashioning them into carry-all bags that excel the most artistic creation of modern hand bags carried by daintily clad misses of the cities.

We watched them making timbers for birch-bark canoes, hewing the thin sticks from green wood and fitting them one inside the next before bending, thus assuring similarity of sweep and uniformity of gradation in the ribs. These bundles were bent and lashed with bark ropes till they should become seasoned; and we wondered about the awful ignorance of the savage in his native state.

That Indian from the Nahanni can start with nothing and make his own implements. With a bone awl he can pierce the birch bark and sew his utensils with thread which he makes himself. He makes his own dwelling, his own boots, his own clothing; fashions his own snares with which to catch meat and fish; builds his own fire. Stop and consider him.

Then consider the complexity of modern civilized life. Everything tends to specialization, then branching and respecialization in the branches. All very well for speeding up the complicated scheme of things as a whole, but will it not tend eventually toward narrowing the horizon of the individual? The civilized man takes for granted the hundreds of articles that go to make up his everyday existence. He knows absolutely nothing of their source, of the process of manufacture by which they are evolved, of the ingredients that go into them. The Indian of the Nahanni country is familiar with everything that goes to make up his life; he can perform every operation necessary for his existence, every detail from source to completion. Isn't there a chance that he is in a way a far broader man than the civilized product who lives his life within the confines of his highly specialized job and registers but one operation repeatedly throughout his life?

It was all too evident that even this last stronghold of primitive art would be a thing of the past in a few more years. From one tepee we heard the purr of a tiny hand sewing machine. A skin tom-tom lay before a moosehide tepee, the old-time instrument torn to shreds by the dogs. From within sounded the strains of a small portable phonograph. Furs have been high in the last few years and the Indian has ridden the wave of prosperity to the doors of new desires, opened by the trader by such new things, designed to absorb the surplus.

Among the rogans on the tepee floor were stacks of new tin pans. Perhaps in another five years the unknown reaches of the Nahanni will be landmarked by that first evidence of encroaching civilization, the tin-can heaps at the confluence of the streams. Birch-bark rogans will give way to the granite pot and kettle. The dainty porcupine-quill masterpiece will be superseded by atrocities fashioned from pounds of staring glass beads. Spruce-root and babiche-thong sewing materials cannot prevail against the handful of silk floss or cotton thread procurable through the medium of a weasel pelt tossed upon the trader's counter.

The Giant Winged Devils

One could stand here among the moosehide tepees where the ancient ways prevailed; the moosehide boats and birch-bark canoes beached at the foot of the hill—the pre-Columbus period. Then within five minutes one might walk through five centuries, passing the log shacks, the old Anglican Mission, the trading stores, and reach the crippled airplane on the open stretch of grass before the Chapel of the Gray Nuns and the Bearded Priests.

The Imperial Oil Company sent in two planes in March in an attempt to establish communication with the men who had wintered at the well. Consternation reigned among the natives as these two strange creatures whirred over the frozen wastes of the North. The pupils of Hay River Mission swarmed out and voiced every sort of wild-fowl call in an effort to lure these high-sailing strangers nearer to the earth. Indians took to the bush as these monsters circled over their camp. A native family mushed into Simpson, coming down the Liard. They turned and lashed their dogs up country at a furious run as the first plane landed at Simpson.

Moccasin telepathy spread the news far up in the unknown reaches of the Nahanni. White men coming down the Liard after the break-up knew that a plane had landed at Simpson, for it was whispered among the natives that a giant winged devil had sailed to earth and five of God's men had stepped out and walked on the snow the same as mortal creatures. Wild tribesmen coming down from the fastnesses of the Nahanni in the spring knew all about the occurrence. No doubt this version had been set afloat upon the waves of moccasin telepathy by the family that disappeared from Fort Simpson in such furious haste as the plane made a landing.

Both planes came to grief at Simpson, but one was patched up and the birdmen flew back outside. These original machines had been fitted with skis to enable them to land on snow or ice. The flyers made another attempt, and knowing the ice would be out of the Mackenzie below the lake the plane was equipped with pontoons to make a water landing. This flight was successful and they reached the well, only to break down there.

Sergt. Niche Thorne, of the Mounted Police, had mushed out in the winter with a prisoner, an Indian murderer, with the frozen body of his victim lashed on a dog sleigh. Thorne was eight weeks on the outward trip. He returned in eight hours, flying time, in the first Imperial plane to land at Simpson.

The little Anglican church at this point was the first Protestant church ever built on the river. The little cemetery is the resting place for many whose bodies were brought in from eight and nine hundred miles down country by dog sleigh to receive a Protestant burial. One of the early missionaries at this point sent out his requisition for supplies. Among other items was

(Continued on Page 89)

Are You a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?

"You've *had* your chance!"—it was the General Manager speaking . . . . .

"—Two years ago I *warned* you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"—Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting. *I* knew what he was doing, and I told you then *to keep your eye on Merwin.*

"—He's had three raises since you and I had that little talk together. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"—Last week I recommended him for the office of Assistant Treasurer, and at the Board Meeting he was elected without a dissenting vote. I tell you we're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"—But *you,* Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a *business coward.* You *knew* what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary

"—And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about three hundred men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"—For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been thru the mill, and *this* time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

" Our traffic manager, I don't mind telling you, is drawing better than $100 a week. *There's* a good field for an ambitious man—and it's growing.

"—Then there's expert correspondence. If we could get a man who could create powerful and convincing sales letters and could train our people to write that kind of letters, he'd be cheap at $5,000 a year. We'd pay him that right off the bat

"Jarvis, there's *no end* of opportunity for the young man in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who *trains*—because the business coward is thru before he starts."

* * * * * * * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men in the United States who have been drifting along in a "low pay" job, week after week, month after month—always *wishing* for more money, never *acting?*

Are YOU a business coward?

Nearly 300,000 ambitious men have asked themselves this question during the past twelve years—and replied with a ringing "NO!" In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay, these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out the *actual problems* of business—under the direction of some of the ablest business men, in their respective fields, in America. Their record of achievement, under the "LaSalle Problem Method," is one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of American business.

During 3 months' time, for example, 1,089 LaSalle members reported salary increases resulting from training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling $889,713, *an average increase per man of 56%.*

These men were able to progress more rapidly by means of the LaSalle "Problem Method" than they could have done in any other way, because LaSalle, by virtue of its larger enrollment, has had a wider experience in perfecting methods of training men by correspondence for important positions than any other business-training institution.

Furthermore, they have profited from the privilege—extended to all LaSalle members—of consulting freely with any of its highly specialized departments, thereby availing themselves of authoritative information and expert counsel covering the entire range of modern business practice This privilege is of practical and invaluable assistance to a man in entering upon a position of larger responsibilities. It gives the LaSalle member an advantage not to be had from any other institution.

Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—show your determination to *have done* with business cowardice. Face the problem of your business future *squarely*

Within reach of your right hand is a LaSalle coupon—and a pen. If the pen isn't handy, a pencil will do just as well. The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you without obligation a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for hundreds of men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our *convenient payment plan;* also your free copy of the inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

It costs you nothing to get the facts—except the exercise of business courage. Will you put it off—*or put it over?* Mail the coupon NOW.

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909

Financial resources more than $5,000,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people [illegible] and strongest business [illegible] in the world

Responsible for perfecting the "LaSalle Problem Method"—recognized as the [illegible] practical method of business training known to educational science

Numbers among its students and graduates nearly 300,000 [illegible] professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years

Annual enrollment, about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad, and business institution in the United States

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high grade executive [illegible]

Tuition refunded in full on completion of [illegible] if student is not satisfied with training received

LaSalle Extension University

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive [illegible]
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree
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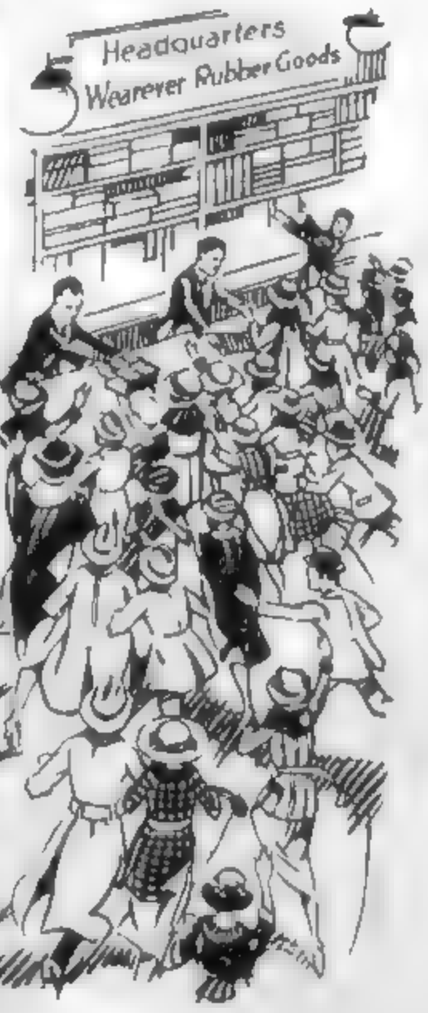
Name _____ *Present Position* _____

Pre-War Prices

Popular Size No. 2

$2.00



Prices on all No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles and Face Bottles and No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes are down to Pre-War Prices. These prices represent the most remarkable rubber goods values being offered today. You can easily pay more money for an inferior bottle, but you cannot buy a better Water Bottle than No. 40 "Wearever" at any price. Below, we list the retail prices of No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles and No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes.

RETAIL PRICES IN U. S. A. Except in Remote Sections

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles

Size No. 00 Face Bottle	$1.00	**Size No. 2 Water Bottle .. **	**$2.00**
Size No. 0 Face Bottle	1.25	Size No. 3 Water Bottle ...	2.75
Size No. 1 Water Bottle ...	1.75	Size No. 4 Water Bottle ...	3.25

No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes

Size No. 2 Fountain Syringe.	$2.00	Size No. 3 Fountain Syringe.	$2.75

For General Family Use, we recommend Size 3, in both Syringe and Water Bottle.

Everybody Buys No. 40

The best stores everywhere feature No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle. Everybody buys it. Everybody likes it. Its superior quality and soft velvety surface assure you of complete satisfaction. It must give you satisfaction. We who make it will not be satisfied with anything else.

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle has no seams or bindings, no patches or overlays, no weak spots to cause leaks. It is *moulded-in-one-piece* from strong "live" rubber. It has the Faultless Patented Oval Neck and Wide Funnel Mouth, easy to fill and comfortable in use. "The World's Leading Water Bottle."

You can get No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle at leading Retail Stores everywhere.

The $50 "Wearever" Economy Case for Dealers

This is a case of assorted Faultless Rubber Goods which enables your dealer to sell you "Wearever" Water Bottles and Syringes at the above LOW PRICES.

DEALERS—Whether or not you have ever handled these or any other rubber goods—write for full particulars of this Faultless "Economy Case" Plan of Buying Rubber Goods for the Best Trade. This supplies you Mr. Retailer, with Quality Merchandise, nationally advertised and everywhere recognized as The Standard of Value—and at prices so low that you can meet the demands of your customers for Pre-War Low Prices and yet make a fair profit for yourself.

SALESMEN—What territory and trade do you cover? Write details. We have a limited number of openings for good men.

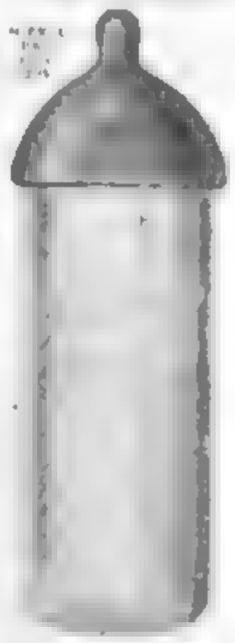
Best Syringe At Any Price

It makes no difference how much you pay, you cannot buy a better Fountain Syringe than No. 24 "Wearever." It is *moulded-in-one-piece* from strong "live" rubber. It has no seams, patches or overlays to loosen and leak. Its many special features make No. 24 incomparable in service, durability and satisfaction as an aid to personal hygiene and internal cleanliness. Note the Pre-War Low Prices (given above) at which No. 24 now sells.

This Nurser Makes Healthy Babies

The "Faultless Nurser" feeds food, not air; feeds food to the last drop. That's why baby likes it. Its nipple will not collapse. Baby likes that too.

It's easy to clean—and mother likes that; so does the doctor. Frequent sterilizing in boiling water does not hurt the "live" rubber nipple. Experienced nurses call the Faultless Nurser "Next Best to Mother's Breast." Regular price for complete "Faultless Nurser," with either Maroon or Black Nipple, 35c; Nipple only, either color, 15c, of your dealer or sent by mail on receipt of price.



THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

Ashland, Ohio (Ashland Rubber Works) U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 86)

listed: "One wife." When the supplies came in the following year the wife ordered by requisition came also, a volunteer to the cause. Bishop Lucas related the tale and explained that the parson rebelled when he viewed the fruits of his requisition. However, he later relented and the pair were wedded, living in Simpson until the lady's death. We saw her memorial tablet, hammered out of a copper kettle, the inscription carved with some unknown tool.

Gardens flourished at Simpson, private plots as well as those in the grounds of the Catholic Mission. Mr. Harris, Indian agent, raised four hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes on a measured half acre of ground two years ago, and nearly four hundred bushels on the same plot last year—this in the frozen North!

The islands in the Mackenzie River below Simpson showed the effects of the ice. The upstream ends were battered and rounded, with ridges extending a few feet above the normal banks, giving each one the effect of having been fortified. I tried to vision the break-up of this mighty stream, the millions of tons of ice crashing down with sufficient force to batter huge islands and mold them into this rampartlike effect. There were stretches where masses of ice had been thrust far up the banks and still remained, defying the rays of the sun.

The nights had been growing shorter and from Simpson on we left nighttime behind altogether. There was daylight throughout the full twenty-four hours, although we were not yet sufficiently far north to see the sun throughout its full swing round the horizon.

Twenty-five miles above the present Fort Wrigley we passed the site upon which it stood originally. The ground was rather low, with springs seeping from the side hills behind. When this settlement was started the Indians came in to build their cabins as they became Christianized and civilized, the place attaining a population of two hundred and two inhabitants. Then it fell away as swiftly as it had sprung up. Various epidemics swept among the natives, and in three years they died off at such a rate that their numbers fell to sixty souls. More than two-thirds had died in that brief space of time. The settlement was moved to its present site a few years back, and the death rate is now no higher than at other posts. Wrigley is the smallest settlement of the dozen or so which grace the Mackenzie District.

Fort Norman stands at the confluence of the Bear and the Mackenzie. The Bear River drains the Great Bear Lake, a body of water of more than ten thousand square miles in extent. Most of the country adjacent to Great Bear Lake is practically unexplored. Beyond it to the east the Coppermine River drains the Barrens, flowing north to Coronation Gulf. There is no trading post on Great Bear Lake or in the country beyond, although four different free traders wintered on the lake last year. Once a year the Indians come down the Bear River to trade at Fort Norman, and they were there in considerable force when our boat arrived.

How Indians Treat Their Dogs

The camp literally swarmed with dogs in varying stages of starvation, for an Indian never feeds his dogs except when he is working them in the winter. Then he is forced to feed them in order that they may have strength to keep their feet on the trail and pull the heavy loads allotted them.

In this matter the Indian's improvidence equals his cruelty, for his dogs die of starvation in the summer, and those that make it through are weak and emaciated in the fall, incapable of performing any considerable labor. When they are first put in the harness after a summer of starvation many give out and refuse to pull. The native has several gentle methods of determining whether or not the animal is really played out. If the club fails to rouse him to further efforts his owner folds the animal's ear three times and bites through the combined layers, then kicks him aside to die if this drastic treatment fails to make him resume his labors.

It wrings the sympathy of the white man to see hundreds of great wolf dogs, fine, staunch animals, wasted to tottering racks of skin and bones through starvation. Many move with a shambling gait and the great heads seem overheavy for the gaunt frames, giving the dogs an air of extreme age, when in reality they are young animals. There are no scraps round an Indian camp, for the natives themselves eat absolutely anything that a dog would touch.

This starving of their livestock is not occasioned by any scarcity of food; fish, the staple summer diet of the native, swarm in untold abundance in all these Northern waters. It is occasioned by the fact that the Indian is too extremely lazy to run his net and make another haul of fish for his dogs after his own immediate requirements are satisfied

We saw hundreds of tons of fish hung on the drying racks while starving dogs prowled below and made repeated efforts to leap up and secure a mouthful, only to fall back on their sides and pant till they had regained sufficient strength to make another futile attempt. Most of the fish racks are surrounded by stockades ten feet high, the upright palings set three feet in the ground to preclude possibility of entrance by digging, sharpened on top to impale any dog that might leap that high.

Savage Half-Bloods

In Fort Fitzgerald there were hordes of famished dogs. Mr. Conroy told me he had seen them die in the trails, too weak to rise. Later I saw this thing myself. At Fort Good Hope I watched a big wolf dog drinking at the river's edge. The weight of his head seemed to drag him down and he fell into the water and was too weak to crawl out. His wolf howl rose piteously as the current bore him away. The mate of our boat swung out from the lower deck and seized the creature by the neck, carrying him ashore and putting him down near the end of the gangplank. But he was too far gone and failed to regain his feet. He died there, occasionally loosing his feeble howl as he struggled to rise, and each howl called forth a burst of merriment from a hundred natives roosting on the top of the high bank. We saw this act repeated at Arctic Red River. The whites told us that later in the season the dogs died by scores. Resolution was overrun by hundreds of dogs. There was a big community fish rack on the shores of Great Slave Lake and the dogs of Resolution haunted the outside of the stockade. One big beast was inside, evidently placed there for the entertainment of the natives, and leaped repeatedly for the fish that were just out of reach.

It was one of the Mounted Police who first warned me against taking liberties with these Northern dogs.

"I wouldn't plank my hand down on their heads like that," he mildly admonished. "One will make a quick lunch off your hand. They don't understand kindness; only the club. Do you notice the way they look at you?"

Others gave the same warning and advice about handling the huskies. One drive of those wolflike jaws would cripple a man for weeks, as many have been crippled; and the damage they could inflict with one slash became increasingly evident as I witnessed scores of bloody dog fights.

I had noticed that these dogs never wagged their tails. One that does will almost invariably prove to be the property of a white man. When a pup first opens his eye an Indian knocks it shut, and from that moment on the dog knows only the law of the club. His portion in life is abuse and cruelty. A dog that barks is a southern dog, or at least a half-blood, for these huskies never bark. All have more or less wolf in them. Many dogs are crossed with wolves that were caught as pups and kept for breeders. That means that the resulting pups are more than half wolf, as there is always a strain in the dogs. At Arctic Red River and Fort McPherson we saw scores of these fresh crosses, for several wolves had been used for breeding stock the year before.

But though these dogs never bark they most certainly do howl. One husky will raise his wolf call and a hundred others will join in. The chorus is deafening. The nights are never still, and of all the mournful music in the world the wails of a hundred starving huskies take the prize. It seems to embody all the pathos of the North, the voicing of all the centuries of woe through which the husky of to-day has been evolved, centuries of starvation, cruelty and neglect.

There are no sidewalks in the various settlements of the Mackenzie, only trails beaten out through the grass and bushes from one cabin to the next, and these trails make excellent bed grounds for the

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huskies. Dozens curl up in the paths and sleep. They gaze steadily at the approaching pedestrian without the blink of an eye or the wag of a tail. They will not give an inch of trail unless one carries a club. If they see you have no implement in your hand they remain in their beds and you step out. If one has a stick he needs only to motion with it and the husky rises and lands ten feet to one side with a single bound. These dogs are dangerous when starved to the point of desperation. Two years ago in Hay River a ten-year-old girl fell while running along a trail. A husky flashed at her. She was dead in thirty seconds, and a dozen more dogs pounced in before anyone could reach the spot and drive them off. Last winter there was a similar occurrence in McPherson, but a man reached the child almost instantly and she was nursed back to health at the police barracks.

It was in Norman that we saw more evidence of the ingenuity of the savage in his native state. Beyond Great Bear Lake there resides a tribe of Eskimos that range the northernmost limits of the Barrens, the shores of Coronation Gulf and across the ice to Victoria Land. Their existence had long been known from the Indians of Great Bear Lake, who occasionally saw the Eskimos on Dease River and the Coppermine, but had no communication with them, as there is mutual fear and hatred between the two peoples.

Prior to the Canadian Arctic expedition of 1915–16 these Eskimos lived in the Stone Age, having absolutely no communication with white men.

I secured one of their outfits brought into Norman by a free trader who came in from Coronation Gulf by way of the Coppermine, Dease River and Great Bear Lake.

Native Craftsmanship

There are great chunks of native copper on the Coppermine River, and the Eskimo hammers tools out of this material. With these he works out bone implements, polishing them with a wonderfully smooth finish. His bow is a giant affair made from the wood of the Barren Land juniper, which grows like a root beneath the tundra. This he reënforces with seal hide, binds with stout cord made from the white sinews pulled from the meat of the caribou, with a bow string of the same. The bow is carried in a case of seal hide, the arrows in a sheath of the same material fastened to the case which contains the bow. On the opposite side from the sheath is another pouch which serves for a tool kit, equipped with more than twenty bone and copper implements, along with nuggets of native copper from which are fashioned new tools as the occasion demands. Other articles are fastened by thongs to the outside of the case, including bone handles shaped after the fashion of the brass knucks of thug circles; these for carrying slippery fresh meat, which is fastened to the bone hand grips by rawhide thongs. The whole is equipped with a handle, and the Eskimo—who moves with the meat supply—has only to pick up his kit and be off, carrying with him every article necessary to his life.

The workmanship of this primitive people is remarkable; the thousands of stitches in their fur garments, caribou-skin stockings and sealskin muck-lucks are laboriously put in with sinew thread, the holes punched with a bone awl. Not one shred of material made by the white man enters into their work, yet their garments are equal to the most artistic of those turned out by civilized furriers and so well suited to the needs of their life that white men going among them adopt their style of dress. In a few years the pure native workmanship will be a thing of the past. I met five different traders headed for the habitat of this primitive people, taking in firearms and the trade goods which invariably supplant the handicraft of the native as soon as he has access to them.

The natives gathered on the shore and hundreds of huskies howled in unison as the boat whistled and dropped downstream from Fort Norman. The river boats carry no ice and there is no filtration system for the water. For days at a stretch it was impossible to see more than half an inch into a glass of water. However, except for the looks of it, this river water is excellent. The Bear River was clear as crystal, and the passengers welcomed this change. There was no provision for laundry on the boats and the steamboat Mackenzie was equipped with but one tiny bathroom. There were seven ladies aboard, including several women missionaries—more women by far than had ever gone into the north country in any previous year—and each one of the seven had a vision of turning that single bathroom into a family laundry as soon as the boat should drop away from Norman and strike the clear inflow of the Bear. But through the fact that everyone exercised all possible speed the male passengers who were so inclined were able to dodge in for a quick cold splash between frenzied spurts of laundering. After the clear strip had once more been absorbed by the roily flow of the Mackenzie we went back to our mud baths, which were equally cleansing even if a trifle more messy.

Forty miles below Fort Norman we put in at the oil well which had occasioned so much comment throughout the world. In August, 1920, this gusher was brought in at a depth of seven hundred ninety feet and threw oil high above the derrick. It was first reported as a fifteen-hundred-barrel well. Now there is no news circulated as to its probable volume.

The well was capped but it was turned on during our stay, and four barrels were filled with the frothy oil as it spurted forth with terrific force when the valve was slightly opened.

Burdensome Regulations

As I stood there I tried to picture the scene during the winter and spring, the rush which had resulted in the staking of seven hundred fifty square miles of oil claims round the Norman well; Wada, the sturdy little Japanese musher, running day after day across the snow with his four green dogs; Tony Kneiss and the others who followed. I looked off at the distant hills across and pictured the Yukoners, more than thirty of them, crossing the divide on a thousand-mile front and mushing through unknown country in the twilight of the long winter night, their trails converging on this spot; the canoes made ready at the heads of distant streams, awaiting the break-up of the ice, then setting forth and following down behind the grinding floes as the ice went out. The men who made those trips deserve the best results from their filings. The trails they followed to stake their claims were dim trails and difficult.

The Canadians are not at all satisfied with the oil regulations, which have been changed six times in the last twelve months. Furthermore, there is a clause attached which states that any additional changes deemed advisable by the minister will become retroactive. The old regulations permitted the staking of three square miles of oil claim. The new rules allow a claim of four square miles—but with many a string attached. A man must pay rent on all his filing, and in case he strikes oil the government takes three-fourths of his holdings and sells it at auction, with the provision that the original lease holder who struck the oil may buy back his property if he will pay 95 per cent of the highest bid. It is now so arranged that it costs a man twelve hundred eighty dollars to file his claim on four sections, and an annual rental thereafter of twenty-five hundred sixty dollars.

Many men told of companies that had been formed to file on blocks of claims on the Mackenzie and wildcat for oil, but these companies stopped dead in the road in view of the new oil regulations. The consensus of opinion was to the effect that this three-fourths gobble of the government would result in its deriving very small benefit in the final analysis, for the reason that oilmen would refuse to operate. The difficulty of bringing rigs to this far spot, the difficulty of supplying the men engaged in the work, the question of getting the oil out after its production—all these constitute drawbacks sufficiently serious to cause reflection in the prospective operator, without the additional weight of the forfeiture of three-quarters of his holdings in case his efforts are successful. The Canadians are vastly dissatisfied with this provision and point to the fact, which is indeed self-evident, that it will kill development and thus defeat even its own purpose, aimed to derive revenue for the government. In addition, the provisions are not statutes but merely regulations which may be altered at the whim of the minister, effective retroactively as well.

As one Canadian mining man put it: "Capital won't go in while these things

(Continued on Page 93)

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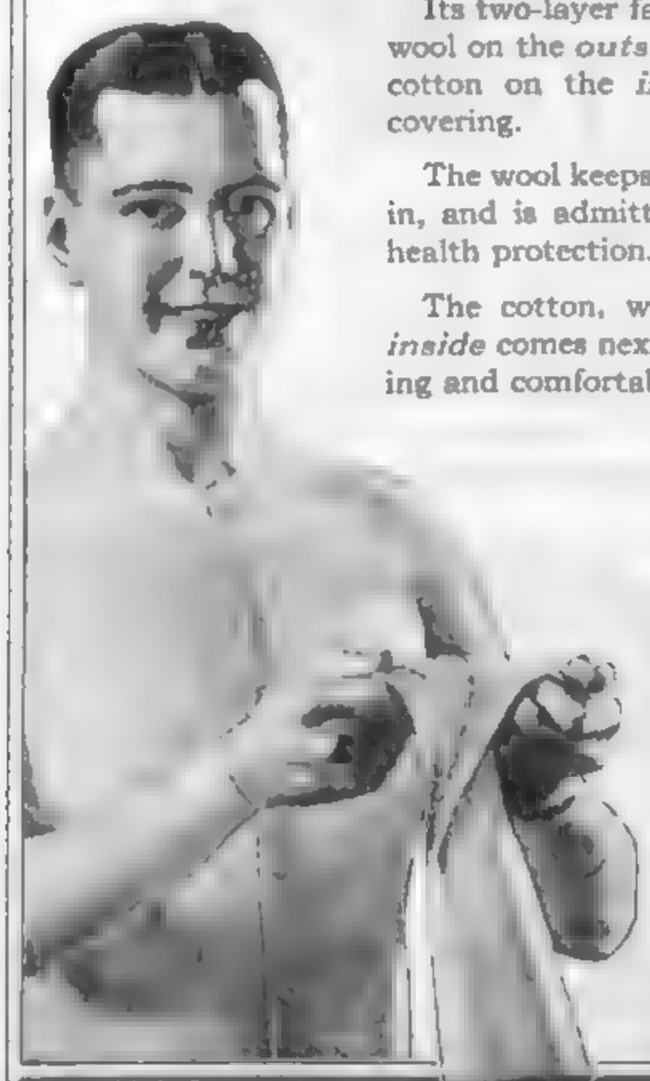

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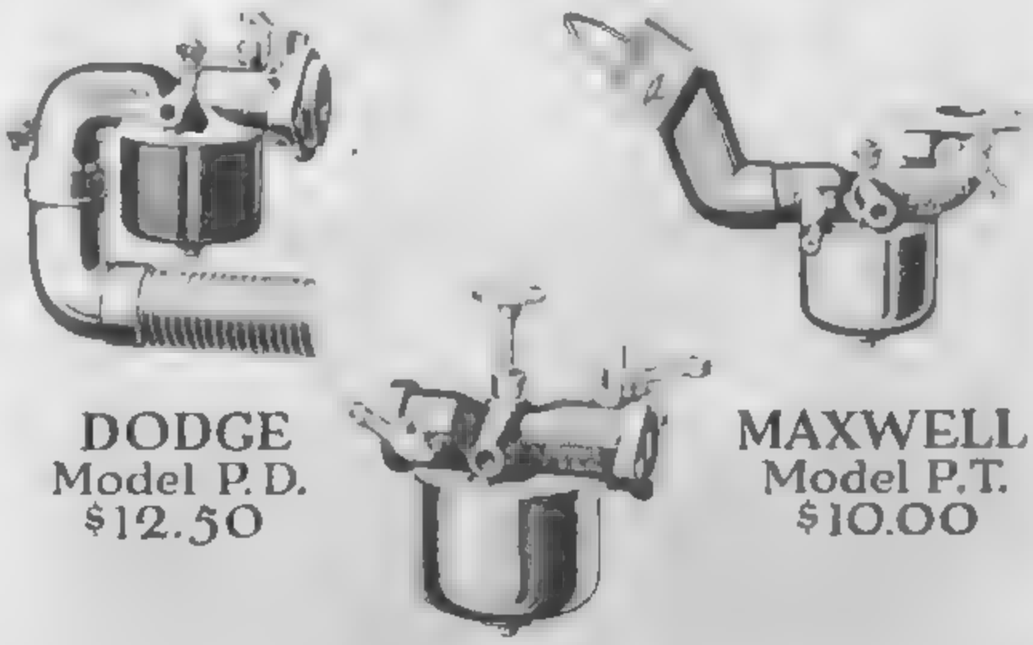

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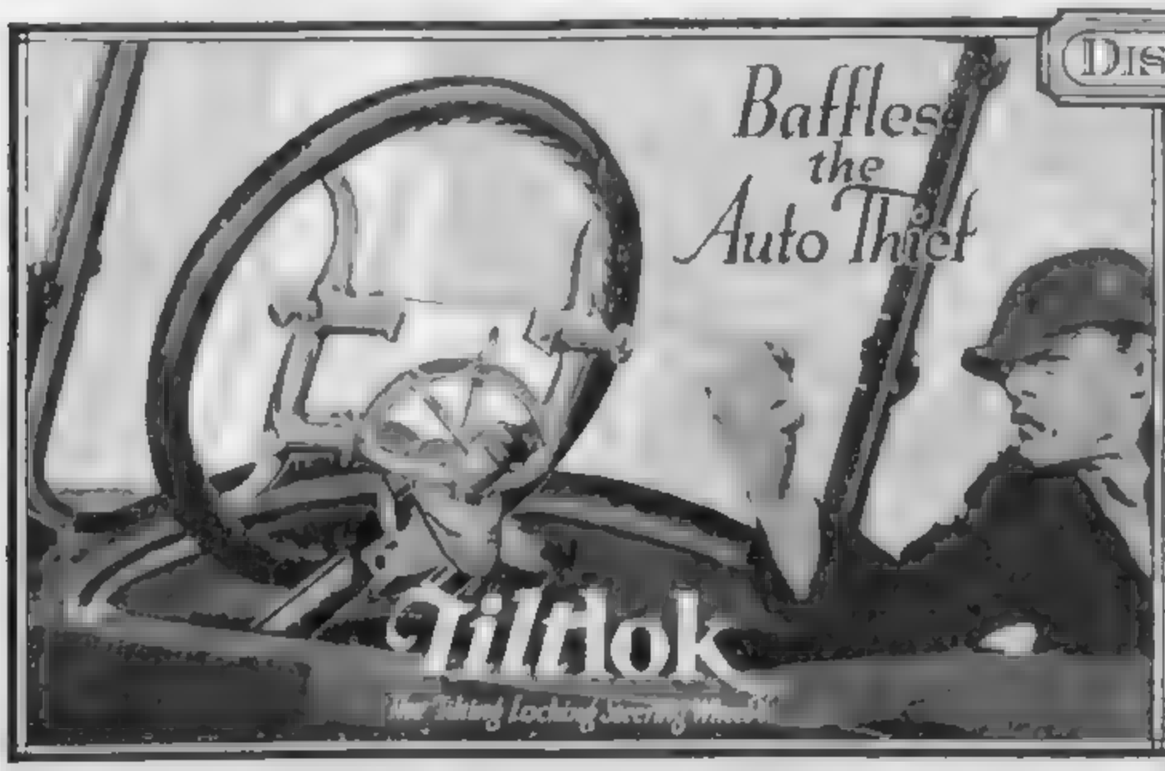

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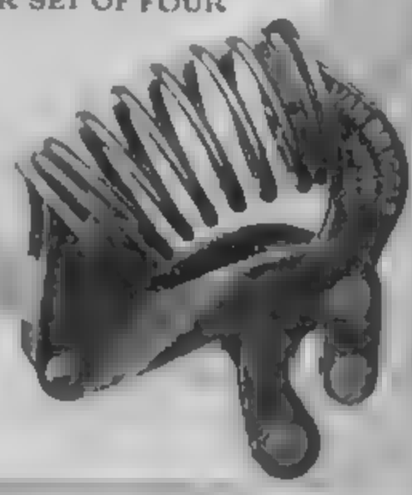

Smooth the Way

(Continued from Page 90)

remain mere regulations subject to change. At present one applies for a permit to prospect for oil. There is a tentative suggestion that he will be given a lease if he strikes oil. One clause clearly states that they've done their worst but that if later on they think of any new way to put on the screws they reserve the right to go back to the beginning and squeeze us again. Do you think a man will venture a dollar on that? And do you think that oil field way up there will ever be developed without dollars? Those regulations have set things back five years."

As a matter of cold fact, a small operator has no business on the Mackenzie. Only great combinations of capital, with the help of the Dominion Government, will be able to develop the field. I could not file, being a citizen of the States, but I had several opportunities to buy the relinquishments of good claims for two or three hundred dollars apiece from those who had gone in and staked but who lacked the requisite filing fee. But I declined. If someone had presented me with a sure-enough oil well, gushing countless barrels a day, I should have wondered just what to do with it, for the end of the last railroad lies some twelve hundred miles behind.

Nevertheless the big companies or the government itself could, and will, develop it if sufficient quantities of oil are struck. And geologists agree that the whole Mackenzie region is rich with oil.

The thing that impressed one, as far as immediate possibilities were concerned, was what this Norman well might mean to the Mackenzie region in the matter of revolutionizing river transportation. I thought of the interminable hours of loading wood on the river boats. Equipped with crude-oil burners, they could complete the trip in two-thirds the time, making two trips the length of the river where they now make but one during the open season, with resultant lessening of operating costs and consequently lowered freight rates. The big crews necessary for loading wood could be dispensed with and the expense of woodcutters eliminated.

Present freight rates are prohibitive. The strangest stroke of business I witnessed in the north was when the manager of the Imperial Oil Company paid the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company sixty dollars for a twenty-gallon drum of gasoline while we were tied up at the oil well; three dollars a gallon.

The Imperial man smiled as he handed over three twenty-dollar bills, jerking his thumb toward a boiler the deck hands were unloading on the shore. That boiler was destined to run the first oil refinery in the north, for it is the plan to build a tiny plant at the well.

A Mechanical Genius

"Wait till I get that started," the Imperial man said. "I'll charge six dollars a gallon for gas when it goes to the Hudson's Bay—sixteen cents to the rest—you robber! Why don't you wake up and fit these boats with oil burners? Then I'll stick you fifteen dollars a barrel for fuel oil."

Once the refinery is operating it will revolutionize small-boat travel on all the northern streams. A canoe is very nice for paddling downstream, but when heavily loaded and traveling against the current it must be lined. This lining process consists of harnessing oneself to a rope and pulling while the man in the canoe holds it offshore. The white men use outboard motors for this upstream work, even with gasoline at three dollars a gallon. Some few of the Indians have adopted them. With gasoline at a few cents a gallon the native will discard his paddle and track line in favor of the outboard motor. It is a foregone conclusion that within a few years' time the silence of these northern waterways will be forever shattered by the stuttering explosions of the gas boats.

One of the two men who had wintered at the well was the mechanical genius of the north. An Imperial man had discovered him, fresh from the Old Country, standing on the streets of Edmonton with his valise, and asked if he wanted work. He was rushed to the train and off to catch the down-river boat, and in due course of time William Clever reached the Norman well.

The whole vicinity was studded with inventions which Clever had turned out during the long winter months. From two joints of casing of different sizes he fashioned a homemade still and refined a quantity of gasoline with which to supply his outboard motor when spring should arrive. He rigged a homemade hydrometer to test the specific gravity of his output. With a few odd joints of pipe he transformed the range in the cabin into an oil burner, and fashioned a heater from an empty gasoline barrel, rigging his fuel-oil tank out of another, which was propped outside the log cabin at the well.

The nipple was lost from the braiding head with which the flow of the well was checked. Clever made a wooden plug, held down by heavy iron cross beams, secured by links which he forged for the purpose, and fitted it with a four-inch pipe and valve. He made his own sled and found time to run a trap line after his oil burners had eliminated the necessity of cutting firewood.

When the ice went out he planted a sizable garden and set his fish nets in the river. All the heavy lifting about the well is done by a special sort of crane which he devised and built out of the materials at hand. After viewing these contraptions, made from scrap iron and green spruce trees, the only available materials at hand, I wondered what this man Clever might accomplish if he was turned loose with a full kit of tools and decent materials with which to work.

The Ramparts of the Mackenzie

Nine different oil rigs are being transported into the Mackenzie District this year and nine test wells will be put down, strung out for a thousand miles through the north. Another year will bring forth much news of the success or failure of these various ventures, and the immediate development of the Mackenzie Basin hinges largely on the results of these operations. The eyes of all Canada are anxiously turned toward these wildcats of the north.

Since leaving Fort Simpson we had left darkness behind; day and night were one, although the sun itself was below the horizon for a few hours out of the twenty-four; but even when it was cloudy one could read fine print easily during any hour of the night. It was difficult to become accustomed to this perpetual daylight, and the passengers frequently remained on deck well into the morning hours.

Beyond Fort Norman there was no other outpost of civilization for another two hundred miles. Twice we sighted native tepees, a couple of deserted log cabins with a new grave near one of them; occasionally we sighted a trapper's cache, set well up on poles, out of reach of prowling animals. For the rest there was only the bush, growing back endlessly from the shores of the stream, and the bald slopes of the mountain in the distance. The Mackenzie is a stream of such width that when in the center of it the banks appear low and flat, clothed with stunted trees. However, this is only an illusion lent by distance, as the banks are frequently from two to three hundred feet high, and when I strolled into the timber when the boat was tied up for wood I was impressed by the size of the trees. There were solid stands of spruce, the trunks from ten to sixteen inches in diameter.

The boat swept round a bend and far below us we could make out a yellow line along the water's edge. As we drew nearer this line gradually took on height till it appeared in the shape of lofty rock walls flanking both sides of the river—the Ramparts of the Mackenzie. At this point the whole flow of the river is crowded into a channel some three hundred yards across and for several miles it flows swiftly between the high rock walls of the Ramparts. These yellow walls were polished smooth almost to the tops by the action of the ice.

The break-up at this point would be a sight equaled by few, but perhaps no more than a dozen white men have ever looked upon the spectacle; only those wintering in Fort Good Hope, at the mouth of the Ramparts, would have opportunity. It is difficult to imagine all the fields of six-foot ice which blankets the broad expanse of the river above being suddenly sucked into this narrow rock-walled funnel with the whole mighty force of one of the world's greatest rivers behind it, driving it on with irresistible power. A man who had seen it described the piling up of scores of six-foot layers into massive ice jams, only

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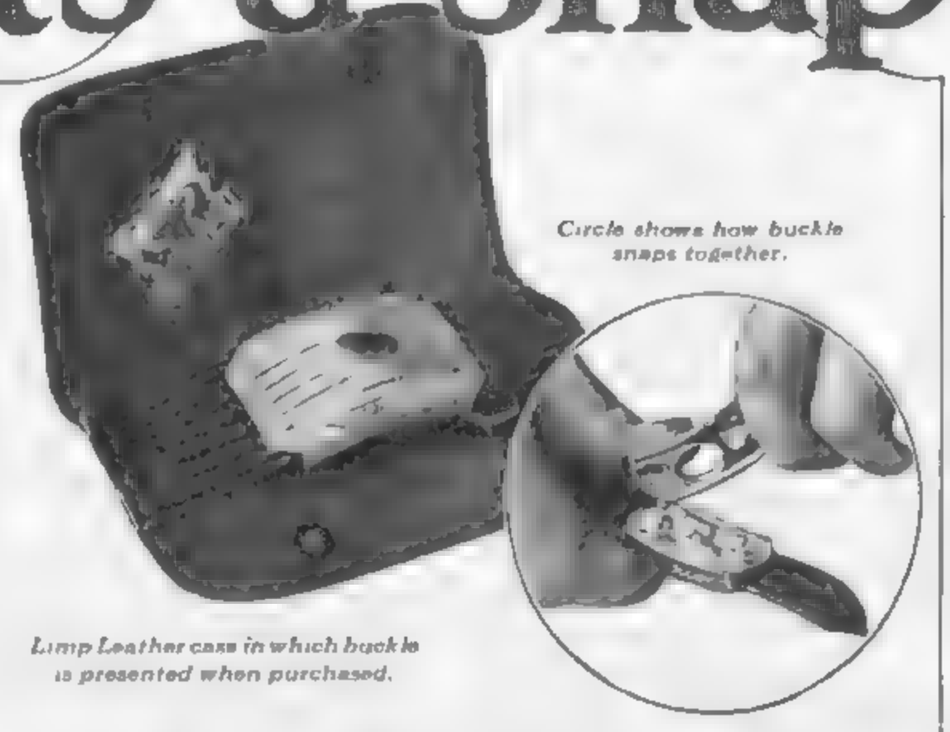

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to be torn to shreds and blasted out by the force behind in the space of seconds, other jams forming and giving way with incredible swiftness; scores of cakes hundreds of feet across upended at once and whirled like tops, shattered as so much window glass by the terrific impact of cake on cake. The roar of the ice grinding at the rock walls can be heard for twenty miles, and the whole country seems to vibrate from the pent-up force of the river, surging at its fetters at the far end of the Ramparts as it gathers the ice from a three-mile width, crushes it together and hurls it down the funnel in an irresistible, seething mass.

The boat of the Northern Trading Company had preceded the Hudson's Bay boat to Norman but had turned back there. The inhabitants below that point had seen no boat from the outside world for eleven months, and as we swung round a sharp bend and saw the houses of Fort Good Hope at the mouth of the Ramparts I wondered what the arrival of this boat might mean to these people, shut in for a year at the edge of the Arctic.

The union jack was hoisted, and the white flag which would announce to the Hudson's Bay factor that the manager of the Northwest District was aboard, and the boat slid from the mouth of the Ramparts and wheeled to nose up to the bank against the current. There was a quiet hush among those on deck. Then the siren squalled, a long hoarse blast that shattered the silence of eleven months. Instantly confusion reigned ashore. Natives darted from tepees and cabins. Men raced to the flagstaffs and hoisted the union jack above the trading posts. Children screamed their shrill delight and squaws screeched messages to hurrying friends as the entire population headed for the river bank. The siren squalled again and a hundred husky dogs tilted their muzzles aloft and voiced the aching misery of their lot in life, the mournful volume rising high above the frenzied uproar of the natives.

There was no unfriendliness among these people of Good Hope. Scores of extended hands greeted the first few of us to reach the top of the steep bank and for ten minutes our arms were pumped most vigorously.

There was an air of neatness and prosperity about Fort Good Hope. The cabins were freshly whitewashed and their interiors were decorated with pictures and the work of the natives. There was more or less furniture in them, a decided contrast to the usual junk pile that graces the interior of most native shacks. The clothing of the squaws appeared cleaner and fresher than that seen round most other posts, and the whole population seemed a happy, contented lot.

Hardy Old Squaws

Not many years back the custom of all northern natives was to abandon the very ancient during winters when the prospect of famine loomed ahead. The native must travel with the food supply, and the ancient ones who could no longer travel were left behind. This custom still prevailed among the Eskimo tribe on Coronation Gulf as late as 1918. There is a tale of the early days of Good Hope when this custom acted with reverse effect.

In the long ago, when the post was first established, there came a winter when food was scarce. A large party of Indians headed for the post, leaving behind them two ancient squaws who could no longer travel with speed. The caribou failed to migrate within hunting range of the post, and famine prevailed. Seventeen of the party died on the Rock of Good Hope and the few who saw the spring were very weak. Then the two old squaws came to the post. Two strange white men had been overtaken by a storm near the brush hut which the ancient women had erected.

The two squaws had preserved the meat of the strangers as they would have prepared the meat of a moose, keeping a portion of it frozen and smoking the rest, and on this they had wintered through in good shape.

Fort Good Hope is but sixteen miles from the Arctic Circle, yet we saw good gardens, and fine potatoes are grown there. From this point on the potato does not seem to flourish, so it is safe to assume that it is no Arctic vegetable.

Sixteen miles below Good Hope we crossed the Circle, with the sun in full view at midnight. Thereafter we had not only twenty-four hours of daylight but twenty-four hours of actual sunshine every day.

The natives of Arctic Red River seemed mildly interested in the arrival of the boat, but there was no such excitement as had reigned at Good Hope. After all, isolation is only a matter of viewpoint. To the outsider it seems that these natives should breathlessly await the news the boat brings from the outside world. Yet their knowledge of the outside world is vague and their interest in what transpires beyond their own horizon is slight. From our viewpoint they are isolated from the world as we know it. But it is their world, their life as they have always known it, and they could, from their viewpoint, as truthfully pronounce the distant habitat of the white man as a spot of extreme isolation.

A number of Eskimos had come into Arctic Red River to trade, and among them was a man whose slender face contrasted with the full round faces of the natives. This man was Mr. Klengenberg, one of the most interesting characters in the North. Thirty-odd years ago Klengenberg whipsawed planks out of tree trunks, built a flatboat and set off down the Mackenzie River with one hundred dollars' worth of trading goods. When he reached the Arctic he hoisted a sail on his clumsy craft and sailed off for parts unknown. Years later it was rumored that a white man dwelt among distant tribes of Eskimos.

Life Among the Eskimos

Klengenberg married a woman of the Eskimos and raised a large family. His original craft was eventually replaced by a tiny schooner some forty feet in length. This year he sailed into Arctic Red River with forty thousand dollars' worth of fur.

Here again was evidence of diverging viewpoints. To us the three trading stores and the few scattered huts of Arctic Red River seemed the last straggling outpost of the world's end. To Klengenberg it represented civilization. We were some fifteen hundred miles from the end of the last railroad. Klengenberg's home was a still greater distance beyond. He told me of a diary he had kept for thirty years, containing among other things the records of excavations and discoveries which would prove of immense scientific interest to the world if their nature is what he believes it to be. No white man has ever seen that diary and he offered to put it at my disposal if I would but make a visit to his home. This trip would necessitate a year in the Arctic, so I was unable to view the diary.

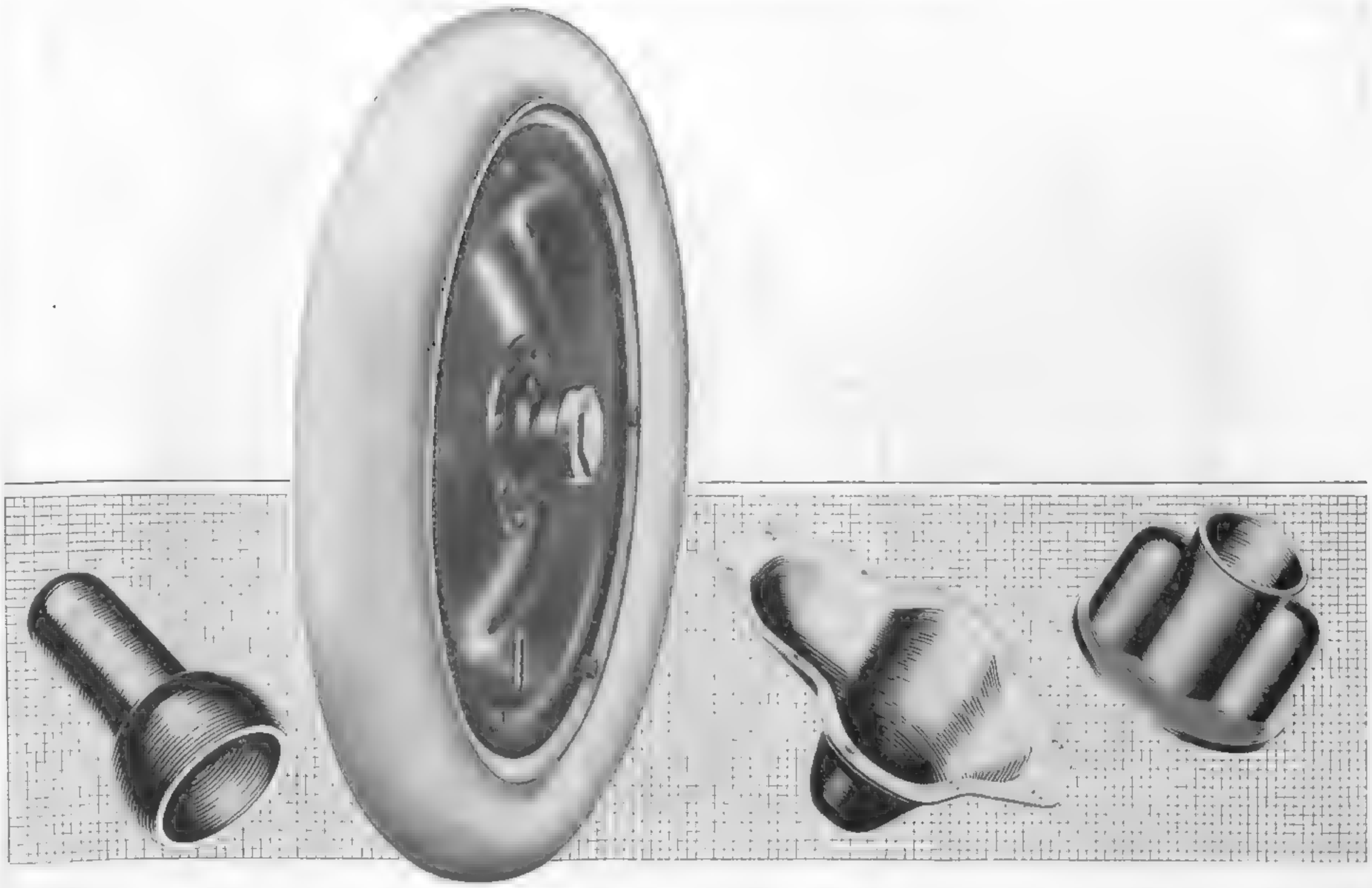
The men of the North live there by choice; they love the country and desire that others should show an intelligent interest. They resent all misrepresentation of their country outside, particularly the idea that it is a lawless land and a frozen waste with no good in it. They know the North as it really is, and they know, too, how different is the popular idea of it, deploring any statements which might tend toward thickening misconception rather than toward clarifying it.

As a matter of cold fact, there is less lawlessness in the whole north country than in any village of two thousand souls in civilization. The bank in the tent at Fort Smith, the vast amount of cash carried by the treaty party—these and other similar things testify to the law-abiding habits of the people. No man is so foolish as to relish the idea of a Mounted Policeman on his trail, which is inevitable if he should transgress the law.

I had been assured repeatedly that unless I made an original discovery in the shape of a new race of blond Eskimos or an unknown species of the noble redskin—unsuspected at the time and still undiscovered by the northerners themselves, but which had resulted from the trips of the few scattering sightseers who had descended the Mackenzie in former years—I should be hopelessly outclassed. This was an unpleasant prospect; so I sought the length of the northland for some discovery that would stand out as both original and unique. The cards seemed stacked against me. No blond Eskimos came my way. Indians had a disconcerting way of switching on the family phonograph in the tepee or firing up a Missouri corncob pipe, proving that they had been discovered before my time.

The boat reached Fort McPherson at five o'clock in the morning. This was the journey's end. Seventeen hundred miles from

(Continued on Page 97)



Wheel Beauty and Performance Bettered by *Experience*

The distinctive beauty of Gier Tuarc Steel Wheels but befits their advanced engineering. Great practical advantages are added to smart appearance.

The regulation hubs of Tuarc Wheels fit your car exactly, without special parts or tools. Installation becomes a matter of hours only, an immediate saving.

The standard demountable rims permit tire changing in the modern way, without entire wheels to handle. The need for only four wheels greatly reduces cost.

Accessible outside valve-stems make tire inflation convenient as it should be.

To put so many signal advancements into Gier Tuarc Wheels manifestly required the broadest knowledge of wheel science. But only the exceptional facilities for which Gier plants are noted made it possible to solve the metal stamping problems involved.

From this organization's invaluable experience, making millions of motor car wheels, and the famous Gier Stampings, springs the success of Gier Tuarc Steel Wheels.

Your motor car dealer or your service station can supply you with Tuarc Wheels. If Tuarc Wheels for your car are not in stock write us, and if convenient give us the name of your dealer or service station.

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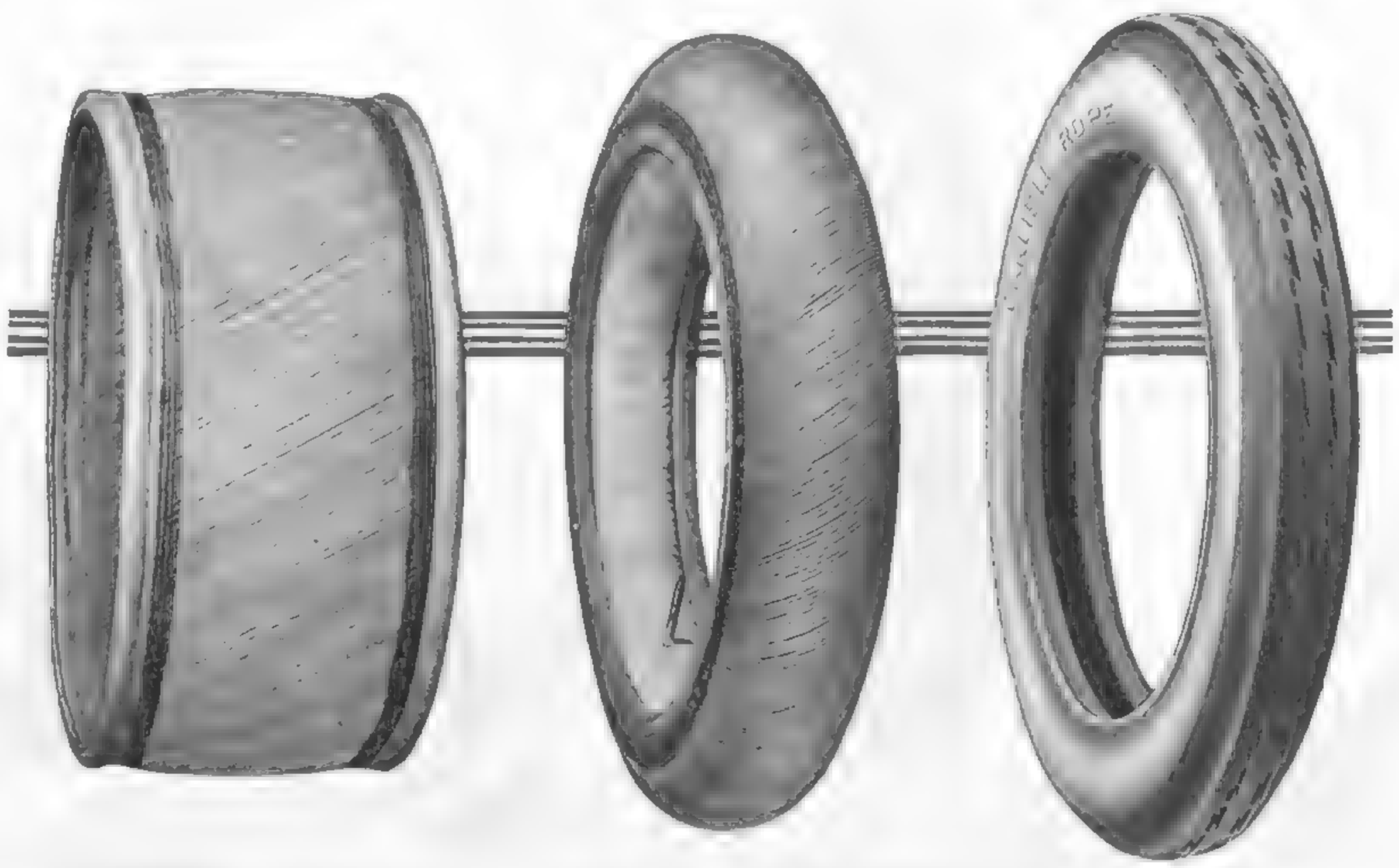
Motor Vehicle Wheels Complete—Metal Stampings—Steel Products

Motor Wheel PRODUCTS

Gier Tuarc STEEL WHEELS

Gier Tuarc STEEL WHEELS



CARCASS *Before* INFLATION — CARCASS *After* INFLATION — FINISHED TIRE

CARLISLE *Ropes* [THE EASIEST-RIDING TIRES BUILT]

THE CARLISLE *Rope* carcass is built *flat* on a specially designed and patented machine. Do you know that other tires are built and shaped on a round core and that each of the seven or eight plies of square-woven fabric or cord fabric are stretched around the core separately?

When the flat Carlisle carcass is being *shaped* by the air process, as shown above, every *rope* is absolutely free from the rest and each rope can twist and turn and *adjust* itself *individually*. The *ropes*, during the shaping process, can also slide around the bead wire because they are *continuous* from one end of the tire to the other.

That is WHY *every* rope in the *finished* tire is at exactly the same tension and therefore *every* rope carries its full share of the load.

The long life of the Carlisle tire comes from its flexibility. It *yields* to strains and blows without breaking. Flexibility means easy-riding, and Carlisle *Ropes* are the easiest-riding tires built.

Ask for Booklet K-3

CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION

Factory: STAMFORD, CONN · *Executive Sales Offices:* 620 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

CARLISLE *Rope* Tires Keep COOL

(Continued from Page 94)

the tip of railroad and telegraph. There was an Eskimo camp of tents and bark huts along the river. I put on a straw hat to ward off the rays of the hot morning sun, and as we left the boat an American robin greeted us from the top of a willow. An old crone prepared the family meal of boiled fish over a fire on the bank alongside a tiny Eskimo schooner. She was one of the wildest-looking old girls I have ever gazed upon, and would have none of me. I passed her a cigarette and she relented. The rest of the family came from the schooner and I snapshotted the outfit. Then the head of the family turned to me.

"Now you," he said.

He produced a camera, handed Mrs. Evarts three wonderful blue-fox pelts, fitted me out with a dozen skins of the white fox, and posed us for a picture. I had discovered the first Eskimo photographer.

The log huts of Fort McPherson seemed ancient and in poor repair. There was an oozing mud flat some two hundred yards in width between the river and the foot of the hill which led up to the settlement. Later in the day some Indians were detailed to cut willows and make a brush path across the flat, but this was soon trampled into the oozing slime. Mosquitoes hummed in swarms of millions and even the Indians wore headnets. The Eskimo camp was only temporary, set well away from the Indians, as these two peoples have small use for one another's society. After two days in the mud flat among the buzzing clouds of mosquitoes we were glad to hear the boat whistle the signal of departure and swing away on the first lap of our seventeen-hundred-mile journey to End of Steel.

All through the North we had seen garden patches which produced wonderfully. It is true that these tiny cultivated plots sometimes lay two hundred miles apart, but nevertheless they were indicative of the agricultural possibilities of the country between. In each case I had attempted to form an estimate of the growing season as compared with other localities where conditions were somewhat analogous.

Agricultural Possibilities

As nearly as I could determine, it seemed that a great part of this northern country is more suitable for agriculture than the valleys of our Western States, such as Montana and Wyoming, at an elevation of five thousand feet. Practically every valley of that elevation, and many that are higher, are now farming communities where good crops are produced. Yet the growing season is no longer in these high valleys than in the lower country of the North. In addition the Great Slave and Mackenzie country has an average of eighteen hours of daylight every day throughout the growing season. In the North they grow tomatoes and other vegetables which cannot be ripened in the high valleys of Wyoming; yet those valleys produce good yields of barley, wheat and oats, so of natural consequence there is no good reason why grain cannot be produced in this northern country, which to-day is practically uninhabited.

With this idea in mind I looked up the production of other countries where climatic conditions are nearly analogous. There are provinces in Russia and in Asiatic countries where there are towns of five thousand population as far north as Fort Simpson.

The province of Vologda, Russia, whose latitude and general climatic conditions closely accord with those of the Mackenzie region, supports a population of more than one and a half million souls, and exports grains, hemp, flax and livestock, in addition to furs and mineral products.

The city of Tomsk, Siberia, has about the same latitude as that of Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. The population of Tomsk is more than sixty thousand.

And so on all through; comparison of Siberian provinces where conditions are similar shows large populations and great exports of agricultural products. In many cases the mean winter temperatures of these provinces are far lower than those of corresponding latitudes in Northern Canada. There can be no doubt that the country clear up to the shores of Great Slave Lake will prove equally productive. Without prediction of what may be done beyond that point it may be stated that we saw all manner of vegetables grown hundreds of miles beyond the lake.

In extracts of government reports of years ago I found many references to Mr. Conroy and his statements concerning tracts which he had covered, then practically unknown, and his predictions that railroads along certain lines and to certain points would open up great territories suitable for agriculture. To-day there are railroads to at least two of these points, and the country adjacent is being rapidly homesteaded and cultivated with success. Mr. Conroy saw the settling of our own Old West, then the fulfillment of his predictions for the similar settlement of areas he had explored in Western Canada. He may yet see another fulfillment in the opening of the vast country clear to the shores of Great Slave Lake along the line he traced on my map and which he considered the most feasible route for a railroad.

The greater part of Northwestern Canada is heavily timbered. The rivers flow the wrong way to render transportation feasible by water. Perhaps even with railroads the export value of this timber would be doubtful, for some of it is not large, the trees averaging twelve to eighteen inches in diameter over most of the timbered areas. But there is a vast quantity of it, and at least it is all suitable for the development of the local country itself; and much of it will probably find export markets.

White Settlers Going In

Once this country is opened it will render available the greatest fishing waters of America. Lakes swarm with all manner of fish. The vast mineral resources of the country are apparent, but without transportation this wealth is unavailable.

One thing is certain: The general idea that Northern Canada is a frozen waste unsusceptible of development is a fallacy which the next few years will explode. It is capable of supporting a large population. It is merely that Canada, with her relatively small population as compared with her enormous area, has not yet had time to turn her hand to these northern lands and exploit their wonderful natural resources.

But development is on the way. All through Canada there are branch railroads pushing farther north. The white population of the Mackenzie region has more than doubled this year.

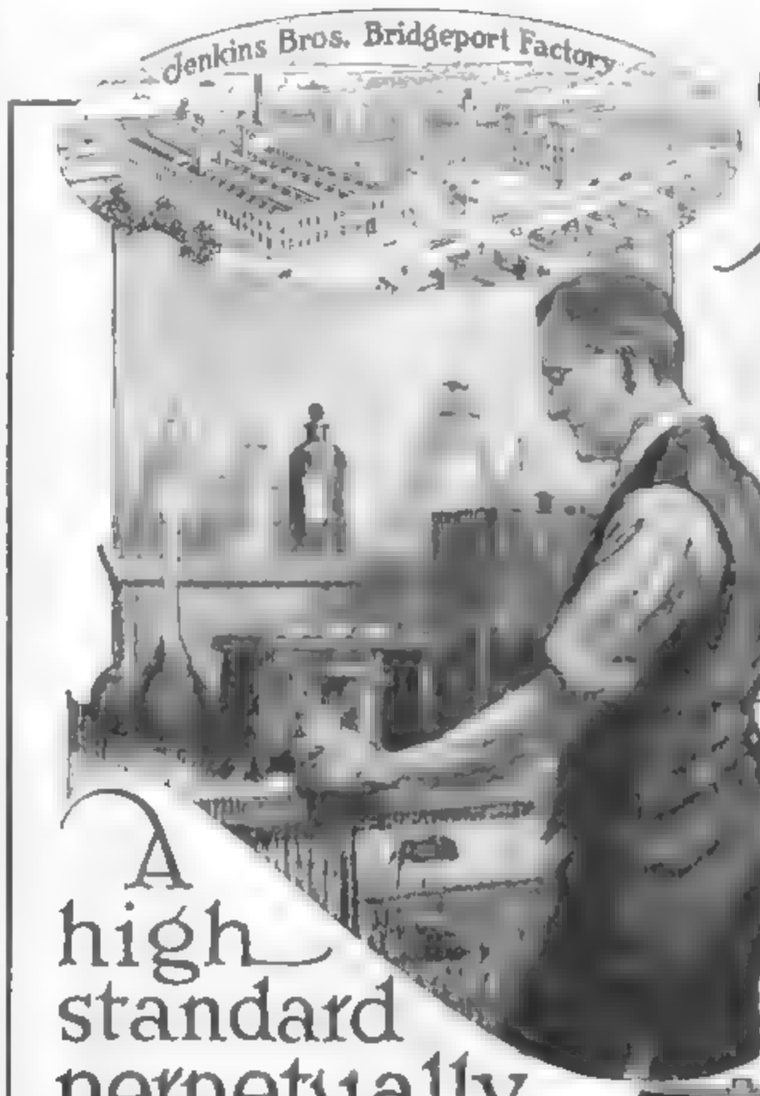
Throughout the last fifty years there have been succeeding waves of population seething westward into districts formerly considered barren wastes. The wastes have bloomed and have been thickly settled. Within the last two decades those overlapping waves have played leapfrog through Canada in a northwesterly direction. Cultivated fields now dot localities that were uninhabited ten years ago. This year saw the first ripples of the wave which is rolling toward the gates of the Mackenzie country.

As I stood on the hill above the Athabasca and looked back toward the land of the midnight sun, I knew that this vast North was not dead but dormant, rousing into wakefulness at last. Those first ripples in one year had carried to it a dozen innovations previously unknown to it through all the centuries. The first automobile, the first tractor, the first airplane, the first white gathering of any size; any number of other innovations were ushered in this spring. And I tried to picture the transitions of the next few years.

Yesterday the streams were traversed only by flotillas of York boats manned by half-wild trappers bringing out rich harvests of rare fur. Already that day has passed. The wild chant of the river men has given way to the hoarse screech of the steamer's siren. The birch-bark canoes and moosehide boats propelled along silent streams by the paddles of the natives are giving ground for the clinker-built with the outboard motor churning at top speed to the tune of the stuttering explosions of the gasoline engine. A few more years and one will see lofty oil derricks along the shores in place of lob sticks, settlers' cabins in place of moosehide tepees. The telegraph will replace an obsolete moccasin telepathy, and the sightseer can roll in a Pullman to the shores of the Great Slave Lake.

This will happen as inevitably as preceding waves of progress and settlement have rolled across other isolated districts. It cannot all happen in a year, perhaps not in a decade, but it is well on its way, for the eyes of Young Canada are turned northward to the last frontier.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Evarts.



Metal Analyses

The metallurgist plays an important part in the manufacture of Jenkins Valves, for a good valve must contain good metal. Metal is bought on chemical analysis and, to maintain a high standard, analyses of cast metal are regularly made. Metal is mixed and charges are prepared under the supervision of competent metallurgists.

A high standard perpetually maintained

JENKINS Valves occupy an extraordinary position—they are known not only as good, serviceable valves, but commonly set the standard by which engineers and architects judge other valves.

Reputation and prestige throw an obligation upon a manufacturer, for a standard once established must be constantly and assuredly maintained. During each step in the manufacture of every valve, Jenkins Bros. are mindful of this obligation, and also of the fact that dependent upon valves are comfort, convenience, fuel economy and safety to life and property.

Jenkins design provides a heavier, stronger valve. The "analyses proved" metal is uniformly cast; and castings are accurately machined to assure unity of parts. (Parts are interchangeable, and proper replacements can be supplied readily for any Jenkins Valve.) Each valve must "prove" itself in rigid tests, and leaves the factory fully guaranteed—a valve that is safe and dependable in severe as well as average service.

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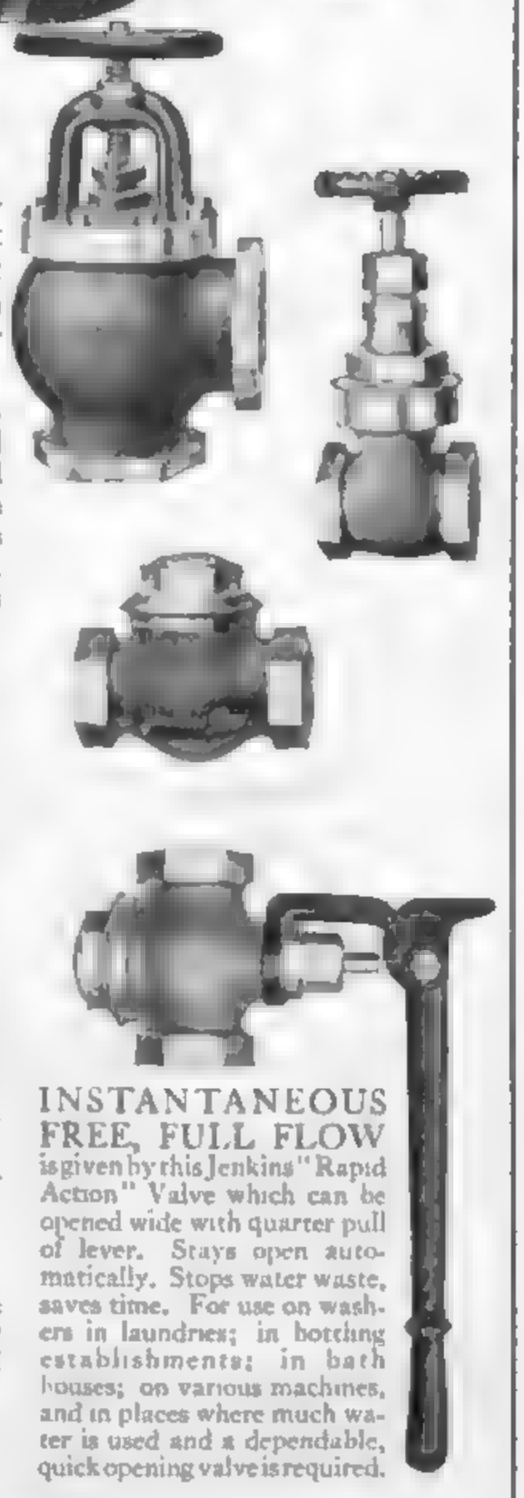

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A garter—a stocking—a garter run. And my, how it can run—often all the way to the foot.

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The cross-stitch below the garter top is a barrier over which the most active garter run cannot hurdle.

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Get the utmost in hosiery satisfaction. Ask for

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TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for men and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 4)

put up to the Council of the League of Nations. I cite this episode merely to show how the road to stabilization in Europe is incessantly blocked by one embarrassment after another.

What is the significance of this latest eruption? Simply this: When Chancellor Wirth, who heads what is known in Germany as the cabinet of fulfillment, accepted the ultimatum on behalf of the republic he did so on the solemn assurance to his countrymen that the Allies would stand by the result of the plebiscite in Silesia. Germany's whole willingness to pay hinges on it. If the verdict of the voters should be repudiated by the League of Nations a new European upset would follow.

I discussed the matter with Wirth in Berlin and he told me quite frankly that his government stood or fell by the ultimate Silesian decision.

The consequences of that action are best summed up in his own words, which were: "My government, or rather the government of which I am chancellor and minister of finance, is the only democratic government that Germany could possibly have now. We accepted the ultimatum in good faith on the understanding that the voters in Silesia would decide under which flag they would live. A clear majority for Germany was registered. If we are deprived of Silesia this government falls, and unless I am much mistaken it will be succeeded by men reactionary in spirit, who will not have perhaps the same attitude toward reparations that we have."

The German dissatisfaction over the delay in solving the Silesian problem has already manifested itself in violent reactionary outbreaks. Bavaria now threatens to secede. An honest intention to stabilize is being frustrated. Reactionary government in Germany to-morrow would overthrow all the good accomplished by the Wirth régime. Europe in transition is in reality Europe in turmoil.

To paraphrase the classic words of Grover Cleveland, peace is a theory and not a condition.

Now let us look at the business picture, for here is where the vital American interest comes in. Everybody realized that the Great War would be followed by acute dislocation, but no one anticipated that the will to work would become one of the lost arts. Contrary to all expectation, a boom came with the close of hostilities. But we now know that it was an illusion of prosperity and nothing more.

Strikes and Idleness

When the steel helmet gave way to the soft hat the idea became general that the world owed the average man a living. Only the fact that international shelves were bare and that people had to have goods started the revival in trade. Merchandise was self-selling. For more than four years capital and labor had been dedicated to destruction. The submarine warfare had isolated the outlying countries from their usual sources of supply. South Africa and Australia needed machinery, Egypt wanted cloth. They were typical of the universal needs. With peace, therefore, came a carnival of buying that deluded commerce with the idea that a lasting expansion had begun. The thing called inflation swelled out to sleek proportions.

Wages continued high and no one gave a thought to the morrow. It all grew out of the fact that the rigid control of industries established during the war continued practically during the first year and a half after the armistice. With decontrol the trouble began, and it has continued ever since. The Welsh miner, for example, who had been pampered and protected during the war, and whose wages had risen in some instances 500 per cent, got the impression that this generous bounty would continue forever. When the inevitable reaction set in and he was asked to get back to something that approached his prewar wage he rebelled, and the international chain of strikes began.

Let me illustrate with my own experience in England. When I arrived in May I went to my London tailor to order a suit of clothes. It was impossible to get one because the cutters had quit work. I planned to go up north, and found that the coal stoppage had dislocated the train service. I sought to book a compartment from Ostend to Vienna, and learned that it was possible to get only as far as Nuremberg, because the Upper Silesia complication had stopped the coal output in that territory, and Austria, which depended on it for fuel, had none. Wherever I turned I found enterprise and progress impeded by labor trouble. No wonder that Punch suggested A Striker's Year Book, With Fixed Autumn and Spring Events. There was more truth than humor in the statement.

With all this endowed idleness—the result of the unemployment dole—had come a let-down in efficiency well-nigh incredible. If you ordered shirts they had to go back to the haberdasher half a dozen times before they were fit to wear. Clerks, artisans and workers generally lost their craft and their cunning, which they do not seem able to find again.

During the war, whenever a Frenchman wanted to offer an explanation for delay or failure, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "*C'est la guerre*," which means, "It is the war." Now the universal excuse is, "*C'est la paix*"—"It is the peace."

The energy expended on hate might be more usefully employed otherwise. This business of real or pretended animosity, like most of the war hang-overs, is futile beyond words, because it gets nowhere.

War's Moral Forgotten

Take the trials of the war criminals at Leipsic. I went to see one of the performances, for such they were. The folly of the procedure was obvious before it began, because nearly three years had elapsed since the close of the war and the court was German. The devil himself would have had acquittal there.

I expected to find Leipsic surcharged with excitement, but it was impossible to scare up a flicker of rage. The populace regarded the trials just as it endured a thunderstorm—a thing that had to be, was soon over and forgotten.

The whole attitude towards the farce was compactly expressed to me by the bleary old coachman who drove me out to the imposing Reichsgericht, the building where the arraignments took place.

I asked him what he thought of the trials, and his reply was: "Who cares about them? The war is over."

Ask the question, "What has Europe learned from the war?" and you search in vain for a satisfactory reply. To-day, as yesterday, you are hedged in with shiftlessness. There has been plenty of time to rest from the stupendous effort of the war. Where are constructive lessons?

It was a war of machinery, but no conspicuous advance to enrich the pursuits of peace has followed. Aviation, for example, reached its highest development during the years of travail, yet the ZR 2 collapsed on its first real trial, and the flower of British and American flying went down to death in the débris. The war won only through teamwork that expressed the nth degree of coöperation. Yet, as I have already pointed out, coöperation is almost a vanished commodity in Europe.

Not long ago I went to lunch with Winston Spencer Churchill at his house in London. We were discussing the disintegration that seems for the moment to be the lot of mankind. He summed up the whole situation and the reason when he remarked, "There never was a time when the world took such little toll of its knowledge and its experience as to-day."

The great moral of the war appears to be forgotten, and with it the men who fought the good fight. The most priceless illustration of the tragic humor of this forgetfulness occurred while I was in England in August. The Ministry of Pensions sent out form letters to all beneficiaries of the national bounty. A veteran of the Somme who had lost both legs and an arm received the following query: "Please advise us by return post if you are still disabled?"

To return to the main narrative, decontrol has not been the only factor that contributed to the present-day business demoralization. The workingmen in England, France and the United States made the mistake that many optimists make; they thought that the inflated war wage was a permanent institution, and they kept on buying silk shirts and other luxuries. But they could do this only so long as the

(Continued on Page 101)

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Cost Less— Last Longer— Never Tire the Hand

Shur-Rite Pencils Cost Less:

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Why pay luxury prices for an everyday necessity? Choose any pencil you like from the Shur-Rite assortment (see price-list below) and you are sure it's *right*—in price as well as quality.

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Look at the simple mechanism (one quick pull shows you the whole works) and you'll see why. Simplest pencil in the world, bar none. Nothing to get out of order. The working parts are few and strong—always in first-class working order. The mechanical perfection and the beautiful designs and finishes are typical of the product of *real Jewelers*.

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The day of the "memorandum pencil" (convenient but heavy) is past. It has served to awaken the public to the advantages of the metal pencil, and paved the way for the day-in-and-day-out pencil, the Shur-Rite—so light and well balanced that you can write all day long with it and not tire your fingers.

Shur-Rite is a fast seller because it makes fast friends. To lift up a Shur-Rite is to own it. To pull one apart and see the astonishingly simple mechanism is to wonder why somebody hasn't made pencils the Shur-Rite way long ago.

See the splendid assortment of Shur-Rite Pencils at your dealer's. Jewelry Stores, Drug Stores, Hardware Stores, Dry Goods and Notions—they all handle Shur-Rites. Pick out the Shur-Rite Pencil that is best fitted to your purpose—there's a Shur-Rite for every need, at a price that will fit any pocketbook. In all metals, lengths and styles—plain and engraved.

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All long pencils have permanent clip.
All short pencils have ball for attaching to cord or chain.
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Retail Dealers Everywhere Supplied by the Jobbing Trade

(Continued from Page 98)

shelves throughout the world were comparatively empty. The moment shops were fairly well stocked, purchasing power crumpled up. The most conclusive evidence that luxurious buying overreached itself and had to retrench was shown by the fact that the world slump practically began with the collapse of the silk industry in Japan.

Belgium to-day is paying the penalty for the artificial prosperity that followed hot on the heels of the war. When I returned from Africa in the autumn of 1920 the country hummed with industry and was a model for the rest of the universe. I went back last July, and found her economically stagnant. Much of her activity in 1919 and 1920 had been inspired by the necessity for restoring the railroads and rebuilding the devastated area. Once the railroads and the ravaged region were normal, the need for industrial labor ceased. A further reason is that Germany is underselling Belgium on all sides, and especially in England. It proves that the noisily proclaimed boycotts on Teutonic goods petered out with the war.

Just as a large part of Europe still thinks in terms of war, so do a considerable portion of the world's workers persist in clinging to the artificial prerogatives that were theirs between 1914 and 1919. In a word, organized labor has sought to maintain war-inflated wages and special privileges, unconscious of the fact that the international political and economic forces which made those wages and privileges possible have been supplanted by equally irresistible forces of deflation. This tells the whole tale.

Another important factor enters into a consideration of the present business plight, and you discover it only when you have made such a journey as the one from which I have lately returned. It can be summed up in a single sentence: The world has learned to live with less than ever before. This may sound inconsistent in view of the late orgy of extravagance by the highly paid war toilers. But these war toilers constituted only a small portion of the world's buyers. I found that the average French artisan, who loves his bottle of wine, eats and drinks less to-day than he did in 1913. Even the German, whose relaxation is in the rathskeller, is consuming about one-half the amount of beer that he did before the war. Nor is this due to the somewhat diverting fact that Pilsen is now in Czecho-Slovakia, and the price of the famous foamy fluid, including the export tax that the Czechs impose, is three times what it was before self-determination set up this real horror of peace.

Radicalism Dying Out

But deflation and decontrol, combined with the bicker and blare which exist among the old and new nations alike, only comprise part of the cause of the European unrest. To get the final factor you must turn to Russia. So long as the purchasing power of nearly two hundred million Slavs is practically sterile you can never achieve standardization. The famine in Russia, however, may prove to be a blessing in disguise. With relief intervention may come economic intervention. It would not be the first breach that hunger has made in the citadel of autocracy.

It all gets down to an elemental proposition, in which we have a large stake. The United States cannot continue the economic progress it made during the last half century without a prosperous Europe. Europe in turn cannot regain its prosperity so long as Russia rots and Germany does not function with her full industrial strength.

The principal difficulties that Europe must overcome to regain normalcy are: First, the shortage of production, which is chiefly a labor problem; second, envenomed international relations, which is a political problem; third, destruction of money and credit, a financial problem.

In the consideration of these three issues the situation in Germany, I repeat, is easily the most important factor, and must, for safety's sake, not be analyzed in the heat of the passions generated by the war.

Let us now see in concrete terms just how the European situation shapes. After four months of continuous travel and observation in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, the following facts stand out:

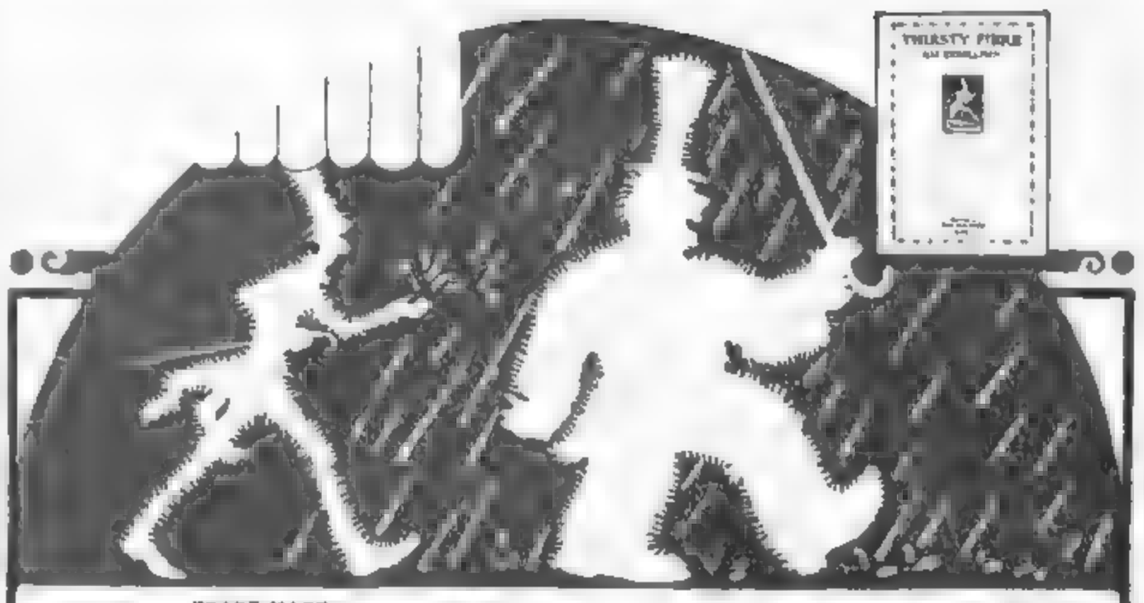
Bolshevism seems to be on its last legs in Europe. A typical showdown came in the last coal strike in England. Industrial revolution was the real goal of the ringleaders, who sought to involve the country in a general strike with the aid of the Triple Alliance, which includes the dockers and the transport workers. What was hailed as "the fiery cross of revolt" fizzled out in the face of determined and well-organized measures on the part of the government to meet the emergency. After three months the strikers were glad to straggle back to work on almost any terms. British labor has never been so subdued as it is at the moment. When I reached London early in May practically every industry was complicated by walkouts or lockouts. When I left at the end of August you could not find a strike with a search warrant. This history practically repeated itself in Italy, where the workers tried to sovietize various large industries, only to discover their incompetence and incapacity for direction. The tendency in Italian labor is towards reaction. The French railway strike put another crimp into red aspirations. Whatever hindrances may be in store for European production, it is not likely that labor troubles will be among them.

The Entente Cordiale is smashed beyond repair. Only the necessity born of a common peril brought England and France together in the Great War. Ever since the Paris Peace Conference these two countries have regarded each other with suspicion. The clash over Upper Silesia was the last straw. England openly charges France with militarism—"the abuse of justice in the hour of triumph," to quote Lloyd George—while France, on the other hand, suspects England of an overfondness for Germany. Only an offensive and defensive alliance between Germany and Russia could possibly restore the Entente, and even then it would be merely a union for self-preservation.

The New European Line-Up

The whole European trend is toward a recentralization of power in the hands of the big nations. The Triple Alliance and the Entente Cordiale which existed before the war and whose intrigues were largely responsible for that stupendous blunder will inevitably have their successors in new groups now in the making. England, France and Italy are choosing partners for the next dance, so to speak. Although prophecy is a dangerous thing I will venture the statement that before many years pass a strong economic alliance will exist between England and Germany. "The French imperialistic attitude," as a well-known British statesman put it, "is literally hurling England into the lap of her one-time bitter enemy." France has already put her money down on Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, and would not be averse to a new deal with Russia, particularly in view of the billions that the old Russia owes her. Italy will logically line up with Germany, and her attitude on the Silesian problem indicates a greater sympathy with England than with any of her other allies. Belgium is committed to France in any eventuality. Pan-Germanism is likely to revive in a union of Germany and Austria, while the Danube States are discussing a federation. Pan-Slavism still looms above the horizon and is not without possibilities. It is interesting to observe how all the nations save England side-step responsibility in the matter of a possible alliance with Japan. Fear of the United States is the one factor, however, that deters them from tying up with our little brown brothers. The one definite alignment on record is the so-called Little Entente, composed of Rumania, Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia, which was formed to keep Hungary in her place. It forecasts the revival of a balance of power that will constitute a menace to the peace of the world. Apparently mankind has not learned the futility of political, and the necessity for economic, alliance. Business is the only permanent thing. Hugo Stinnes hit the nail squarely on the head when he said to me in Berlin: "The only practical and worthwhile league is an economic league."

This recentralization of political power is matched by a similar concentration of industrial strength. Europe is literally one new trust after another. In no country is this so manifest as in Germany, where the state is offering every possible inducement in the shape of cheap coal, low freight rates and the evasion of taxation to the merger makers, chief of whom is Stinnes. England presents a conspicuous example in a new



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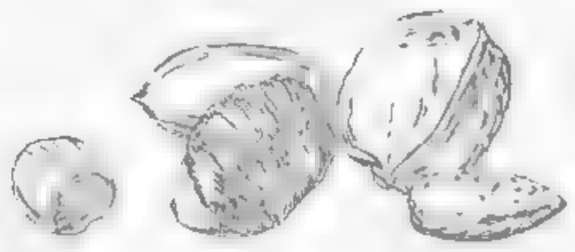

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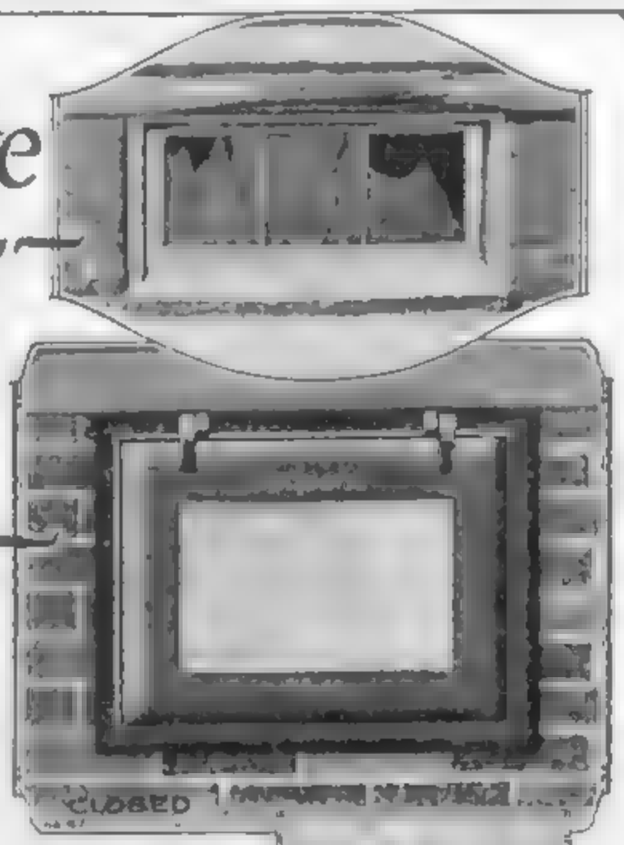

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money trust headed by Reginald M'Kenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose scope and prerogatives make that one-time Morgan consolidation which was investigated by Congress look like an amateurish effort.

Long the home of monopoly, France is widening the field. This European trust movement is in reality largely a step in economic self-defense due to the fluctuation of exchange and dwindled purchasing power. Only a rich country like the United States can indulge in the luxury of competition these days.

The Treaty of Versailles is regarded as an economic and political failure. The common feeling everywhere except in France is that it should be scrapped. Since this is impossible, the air is full of suggestions to amend it. The principal defect, and the one which has held recovery most in abeyance, is the reparations section, conceived in the political and not in the economic interest. It is fiscally unsound because it compels Germany to buy foreign exchange every time she makes a payment. This boosts the dollar or the pound and at the same time sends the mark down correspondingly. The feeling is growing even in France that before many years pass the bulk of reparation will be reparation in kind. This means that Germany will provide labor, raw materials and machinery in payment of her debt, instead of actual money. Through this process the devastated area of France can be quickly restored. On the day that I write this paragraph Loucheur and Rathenau, the Ministers of Reparation in France and Germany respectively, came to an agreement by which Germany delivers seven billion marks' worth of building materials in three years. The treaty has also set up half a dozen new Alsace-Lorraines, such as Western Hungary, the Tyrol, German Bohemia, Silesia—if the decision goes against Germany—and Dantzic. Each will be a perpetual nest of hate and discord. Western Hungary will illustrate: This strip of seventeen hundred square miles, with a population of three hundred fifty thousand persons which Hungary believes essentially Hungarian, was ceded to Austria. Eager to seize at any crumb to expand her sadly diminished dominions, Austria named it Burgenland and sought to take it over. The Hungarians put an army into the field to maintain the area; the Austrians are sending five thousand gendarmes to oppose them. Whatever happens, the territory will be a constant source of irritation, and possibly worse.

The Busiest Spot in Europe

Germany is the one country in Europe that shows distinct signs of improvement. Likewise it is the only place where labor is willing to work and does work. Nowhere in the world is the worker so efficient. This willingness to toil is handicapped by a lack of raw materials. The industrial output is about 55 per cent of normal. Despite the low price of the mark the producers are garnering a bigger profit than they did before the war. German shipping is making rapid strides towards recovery, and the harbors of Hamburg and Bremen are back to 50 per cent of their prewar activity. So far as I could discover Germany is the sole important belligerent nation save England that has really converted the sword into a plowshare. The Germans look upon Russia as their great economic hope and will begin industrial colonization as soon as the red flag falls. Despite an evident but highly superficial prosperity, Germany is not yet on secure economic ground, because the reversal of the Silesian verdict may produce a political upheaval with disastrous consequences. She stands between the devil and the deep blue sea. To England she is a land to be exploited, while France sees her only as a constant menace which must be destroyed. If Germany is let alone there is no doubt of her speedy recovery.

France discloses a situation both complex and contradictory. She demands her full reparation from Germany and at the same time she wants to wreck her. Obviously she cannot achieve both ends. This inconsistency is evident to the most casual observer. The French army of eight hundred thousand men is now the strongest and best-disciplined military force in the world. The justification offered for its maintenance is epitomized in the one word "security," for France still fears Germany. This militarism, however, would dissolve if France got a definite assurance from both England and America that she would be protected in the event of an unwarranted attack by her old foe across the Rhine. England has committed herself to this promise, but we have not and probably never will.

Britain purges herself of one sore, only to find another outbreak elsewhere upon her imperial body. No sooner had England ended a costly but victorious three months' wrestle with the coal miners, which stabilized the whole industrial situation, than the Irish dilemma flared with desperate possibilities. India is on the rampage, and Egypt is not far behind. A procession of civil wars impends. Yet there are some compensations, despite the two million unemployed at home. With the possible exception of Germany, England has been the one European nation to profit by the war, for she has learned the value and necessity of economic penetration. Her overseas trade organization is beginning to match the prewar German system in detail and result.

Those Ten Billions

Of importance to every American is the European attitude toward the Allied debt, which roughly aggregates ten billions of dollars. I have canvassed this situation in every Allied capital except Rome, and the plain truth is that not only are the Allies unable to pay but they hope the bill will be canceled. Generally speaking, there is no desire to shirk the obligation, but for many years to come our debtor nations will be hard up. The ablest financial statesmen with whom I talked—and they included the ministers of finance of most of the Allied peoples—believe that cancellation would be a definite step toward a universal economic recovery, in which we should share. In more than one quarter the conviction is strong that if the French debt to America were wiped out it might induce France in turn to let up on Germany. This, I might add, is principally a British view. On the other hand, representative American bankers who went abroad this summer contend that since England is more solvent than any of her fellow debtors she should pay what she can and also turn over to us some of her colonies, notably those in Africa that she got under the peace treaty. It would be unwise to transfer any that had long been under the British flag. France likewise could give up some of her African possessions. It remains to be seen if a series of white colonial elephants is better than nothing at all. Meanwhile, I present the facts for what they are worth.

All nations in Europe agree that something must be done to stabilize foreign exchange. Our glut of gold and the high price of the dollar are proving to be a handicap rather than an advantage. They have sterilized our overseas trade and accelerated the desire for self-sufficiency, so far as it is possible, among the stronger nations. In the continuous flow of money from the printing presses lies one of the real menaces to the return of prosperity. The only people who have profited by the low exchange are speculators, tourists, and the manufacturers in Germany who buy their raw materials at home. In view of the depreciated mark German industry, although busy and booming, is really inflated and might collapse at any time, despite the hot-air versions of conditions put forth by most returning one-night sojourners. Real and permanent standardization of exchange lies in a natural interchange of commodities, and this is impossible so long as we have 35 per cent of the gold supply. I found in all quarters a desire for a money conference at Washington which would take steps to bring about some kind of international fiscal reorganization.

This reference to a possible money conference brings me to the disarmament congress, which sane and sober Europe regards as the hope of the world. But it will be in vain, as one British statesman stated, "unless the men who attend it are clothed with the proper authority to act." If it follows the example of most of the peace conferences it will get nowhere. Speaking out of a considerable observation in peace-torn Europe, it seems that the first function of the Washington conference would be to disarm the mind of envy, suspicion and malice. Physical disarmament would then be a comparatively simple matter.

The Succession States—notably Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia—are

(Continued on Page 105)

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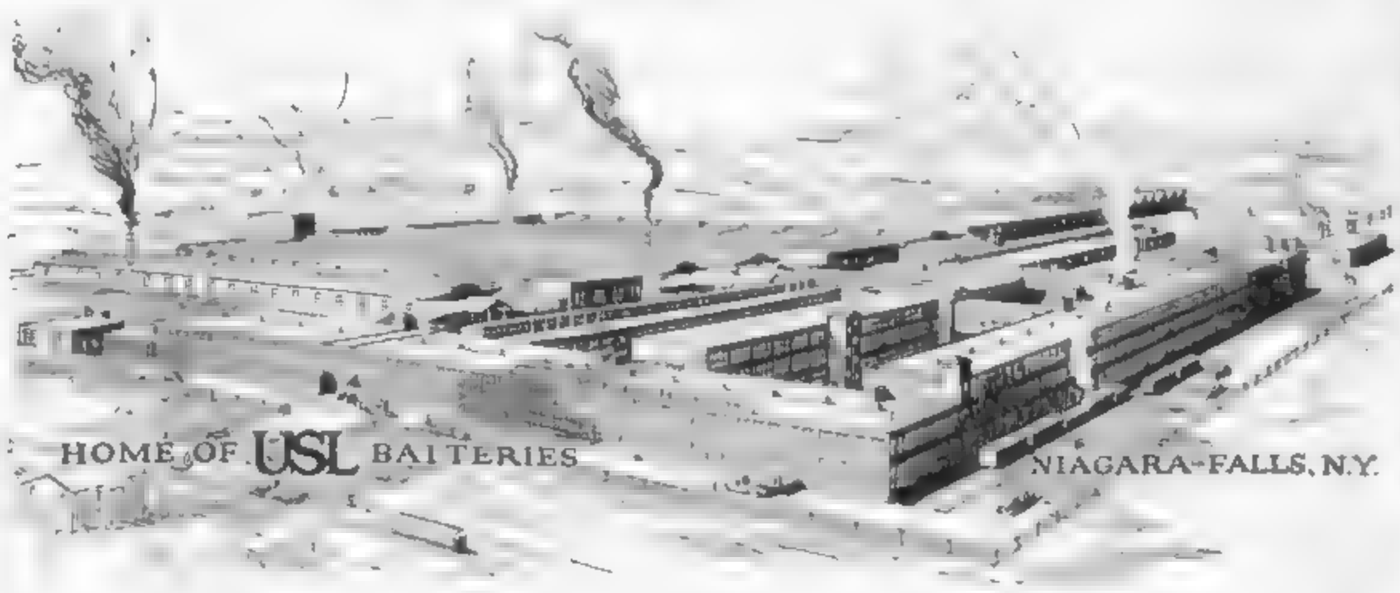

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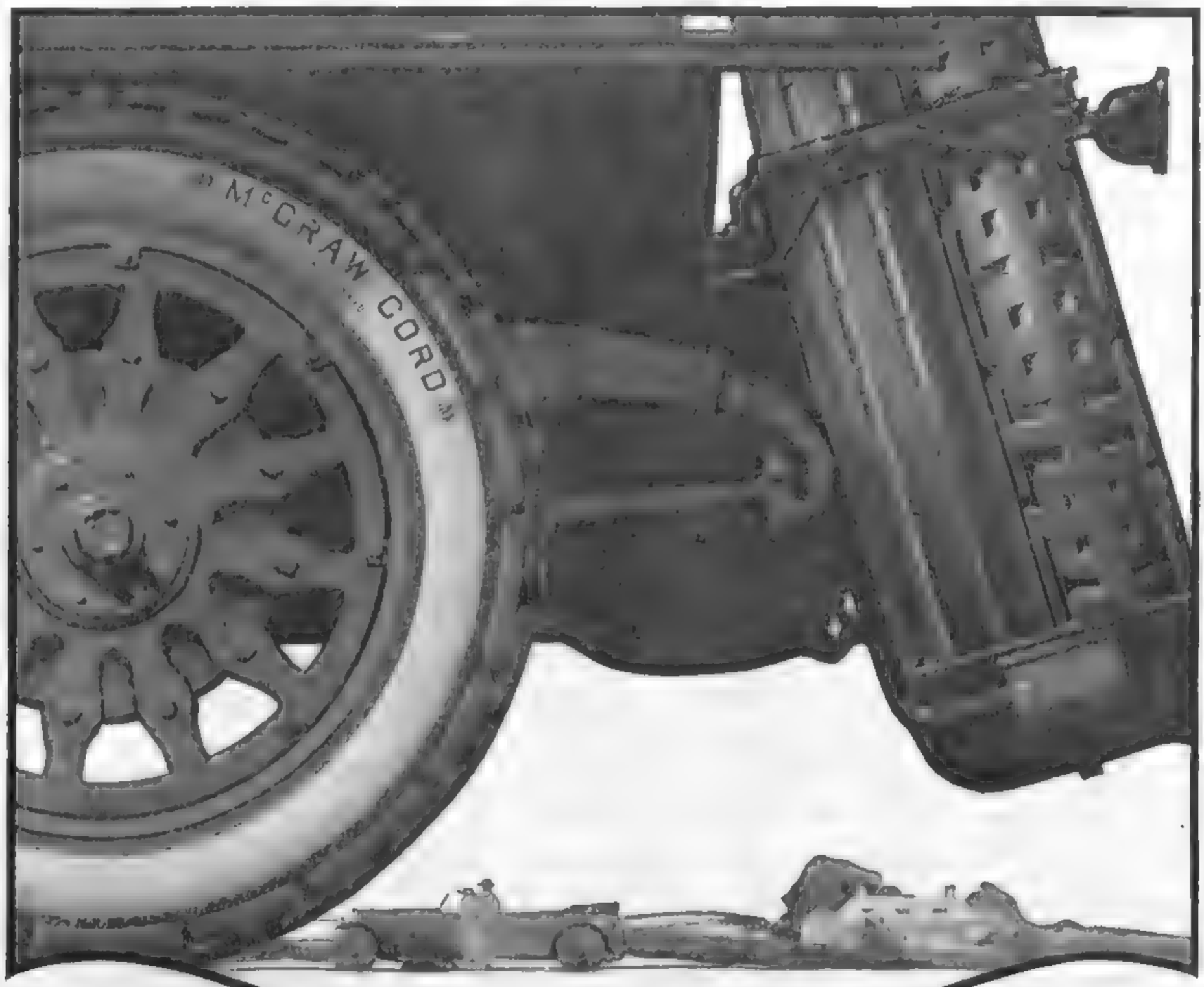

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(Continued from Page 102)

beginning to realize that new frontiers are not brick walls behind which to bask in the luxury of self-importance and manufacture propaganda instead of practical products. The fact that President Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia, and President Hainisch, of Austria, recently got together at a conference shows that economic necessity, that eternal leveler, will eventually bring out a resumption of commercial relations between the peoples once closely related in trade and communication. Poland remains a liability on the European balance sheet, while Austria, on the other hand, is beginning to show signs of revival. Vienna will undoubtedly remain the economic capital of Southeastern Europe, with all that this authority implies. Hungary is full of fight and resentment and before many years pass will probably take a crack at Rumania. Between these two countries lies a deep chasm. A dozen leagues of nations with superaltruistic intentions will not wipe out some of the animosities that the great peace has engendered. What Europe needs more than anything else is an ironclad economic dictatorship, including drastic control of coal, that will put the fear of God into the souls of the nations who place racial interest above the common economic welfare.

Clemenceau's Views on Peace

Europe's general attitude toward the United States—and we are not particularly popular—is summed up in the sentence: "America won the war and lost the victory." Our aloofness is deplored. Certainly we have not done what good business men would do in a similar circumstance. Europe to-day is an impaired concern, with considerable earning power, and owes us a lot of money. If this existed in private commerce the principal creditor, if it happened to be a bank, would reorganize the enterprise and put representatives on the board of directors. In this way recovery is supervised and a check put on extravagance. We have done the exact reverse, for our withdrawal from European affairs, save for relief purposes, is almost complete. To important European conferences we send only mute observers, who are not even satisfactory phonographs. A live and virile American pounding the table would have done much towards ending the petty strife that prevents the return to normal conditions abroad.

Finally the one-time mooted question, "Who won the war?" is now succeeded by the still more baffling query, "Who will win the peace?" For the moment, near-bankruptcy and disorganization seem to have the best chance.

From this summary of cold fact which discloses Europe in transition, let us turn to an animate embodiment of the disillusion that is the heritage of the Great War. In no individual perhaps is it apparent in the same dramatic degree as in Georges Clemenceau. Uncompromising wager of war, he helped to shape the peace with a vigor and a persistency no less dauntless. Yet to-day you behold him merely an old man, rejected by the nation he helped to save. There is nothing new in the spectacle—it is as old as the story of human service—but in his case it is invested just now with peculiar interest, and it bears potently on this story.

I wanted to find out how the Tiger felt about the course of events which have passed him by. I therefore called on him at his house in the Rue Franklin. The gray structure, flanked by shops, is like its master, for apparently it undergoes little change. From this unpretentious establishment he went forth as Premier and Minister of War to sustain and cheer the French legions; it sheltered him when he was the dominant figure among the Big Four at Versailles; to it he was brought when a would-be assassin's bullet laid him low in the midst of these labors.

It was a brilliant August day when I went to see him. Paris was bathed in sunshine, and the balmy air breathed youth and buoyancy. If you sought a foil to all this blitheness in Clemenceau you were destined to disappointment. Despite his years I found him charged with life, vivacious in spirit, keenly attuned to all that is going on—in short, a combination of characteristics that make him the marvel of his time. His seamed face was tanned from exposure to the sun on the trip to India, from which he had just returned and on which he had shot four tigers. His eyes sparkled with humor and he talked with vigor. He was in reality eighty years young.

He received me in his library on the ground floor. He sat in the center of the high book-lined chamber at an S-shaped desk which seemed to encircle him like a paper-littered wooden snake. At work he likes to have all his implements within easy reach. He wore those inevitable gray gloves, and his bald head was surmounted by a gray silk overseas cap, which he would remove from time to time as the conversation became more tense. Like most Frenchmen, Clemenceau talks with his hands as much as with his lips.

After the first greetings I asked him how he felt. His swift reply was: "What can you expect from a man of eighty?"

But the pep and force with which he said it, backed up by the merry gleam in his eyes, gave the idea that he regarded eighty years as a mere trifle. As a matter of fact the secret of Clemenceau's amazing vitality lies in his utter disregard of years as such. He feels that men grow old only because they think they are old.

We began to exchange experiences. He told me about his journey to India and the genuine pleasure he had derived from it. He asked me to tell him about my African adventures. When I told him that the price of wives in the Belgian Congo had increased approximately 400 per cent he snapped in with the remark: "That is why so many of the warriors remained bachelors."

We soon got down to serious affairs, for I asked him what he thought of the unrest everywhere.

His answer was: "One reason for it is that the people who were unable to conduct the war find themselves unable to conduct the peace. A German once said that 'peace is but the prolongation of war but in a different way.' It tells the whole story of Europe to-day."

"What is the great need of France?" I next queried.

Quick as a flash the old warrior came back with this statement: "France must have security and reparation. The security can be achieved if the United States and England guarantee our safety. Otherwise we must keep our large army intact. France wants no imperialism, but she must have safety."

Despite all this vivacity the strain of disillusion, and with it a tinge of tragic retrospect, runs through everything that Clemenceau says. We were discussing imperialism.

After a short pause, in which his mind seemed to go back to the days when he was the storm center of the most stupendous event in the history of civilization, he said almost sadly: "They quarreled with me at the time of the treaty because I did not demand more reparation. Now they are taking much less than I asked. They say that I am a fire-eating imperialist. I did want the left bank of the Rhine, but Wilson and Lloyd George interfered and I deferred to their wishes. This is the way of the world."

How the World Forgets

I told Clemenceau about the hate and animosity that I had found throughout Central Europe and I asked him to give me some explanation of it.

He responded in this wise: "The trouble is that the world forgets too soon. The great moral purposes of the war are overlooked in the petty selfishness of the present time. Every now and then I meet some maimed French soldier on the street and he stops me with the question: 'Do you remember me? I shook your hand at Soissons'—or at some other place. Of course he remembers only his own tragedy, but that tragedy is his whole world. Nor do I forget the sacrifice that France made. In other quarters there is a shorter memory.

"Let me tell you a little story which shows, on the other hand, that forgetfulness is sometimes a good thing. On the Fourth of July, 1918, things were going rather badly with us. It was decided to hold a great celebration at the statue of George Washington in Paris. I took Lloyd George with me and we both made speeches. There was much enthusiasm and the affair was a success.

"As we drove away Lloyd George suddenly turned to me and said, 'Clemenceau, do you realize that I have helped you

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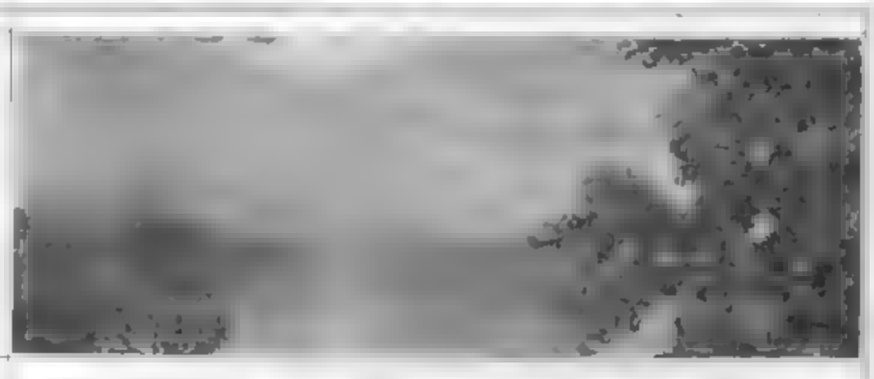

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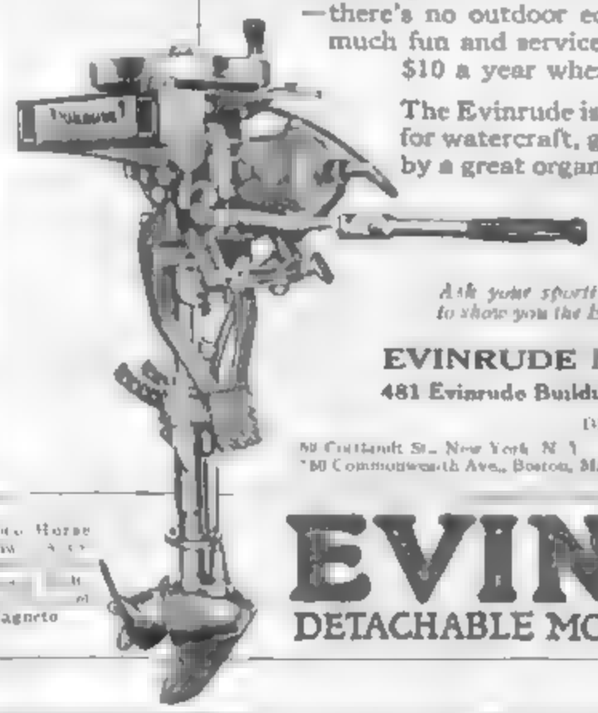

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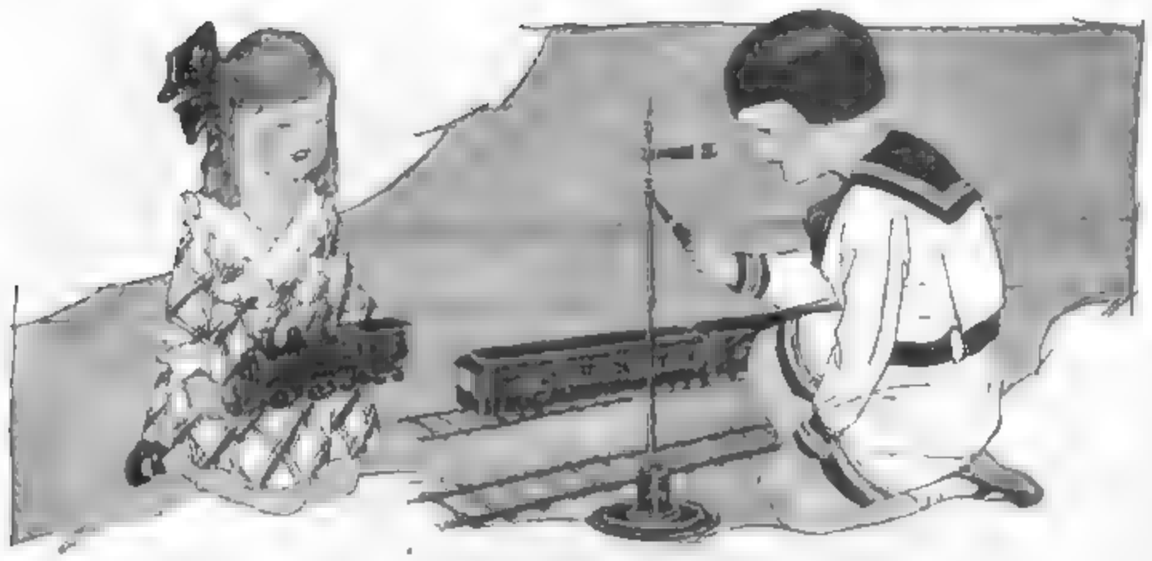

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honor the man that gave England one of her worst beatings?'

"Instantly I made the reply, 'Yes; and do you recall that England and France fought tooth and nail for hundreds of years, that to-day we are fighting side by side, and that I take off my hat to your flag every time I see it?'"

I had brought with me an engraving of Clemenceau that showed him more in repose than any I had seen. It was the portrait put on sale in Paris and elsewhere in France at the time when it was thought that the Grand Old Man would be the next president of the republic.

I asked him to sign it and he wrote this inscription: "To Monsieur Marcosson—in memory of a great war that deserved a great peace."

If he had written a book he could not have more fittingly expressed the state of Europe and at the same time epitomized the aftermath of his own historic endeavors.

From Clemenceau, the militant statesman, it is no long journey historically or otherwise to that other venerable and equally militant leader of war and peace, Cardinal Mercier. But there is this difference to-day between them: Clemenceau tastes the bitter fruit of rejection which is the usual compensation of politics, while the great primate of Belgium rests secure in his exalted station.

Cardinal Mercier's Message

The day on which I journeyed to Malines to pay my respects to him matched in beauty and brilliancy that other day in Paris when I sought out the old Tiger of France. The gardens behind the palace were in the full glory of springtime, and the crimson robe of the tall, ascetic cardinal flashed against the background of gorgeous green as he strolled down the path. Above us brooded the tower of Malines Cathedral, still showing the scars of bombardment.

The cardinal's calm presence is a sort of spiritual benediction, and it was grateful after the stress and storm of conflicting nationalisms through which I had passed. In that gentle voice which in the hour of Belgium's agony had been heard around the world in defiant and courageous protest against German vandalism, he talked of these days of trial and trouble. I asked him if he had found any cessation of the long strife, and he gave a curiously illuminating illustration.

He said: "Immediately after the war the children of Belgium were restive and high-strung. It was the inevitable result of the strain and the hardships that they and their parents had endured during the days of the German occupation. It seemed impossible for them to focus their interest upon what they were doing. Now as I go about the country I find them more normal. In other words, they are becoming tranquil, and I hope that the whole world will soon find kindred peace and tranquillity."

I asked His Eminence to give me a message to the American people that would bear on the international situation. He replied that he would be glad to do so and that I would receive it before I returned.

I resumed my wanderings throughout Europe, and in London, just before I sailed, I received a document from the Cardinal, written in French, of which the following is a translation.

You request me to give you a message for your country, the dear United States, to which I have consecrated so great a part of my respect and my affection. How can I refuse you, in spite of the duties of all kinds that surround me and leave me so little freedom?

It is understood that I shall not refer to politics. I therefore am inclined not to lose sight of the point of view to which I always hold—namely, that of morality and order.

Order is maintained only when all things are in their places. Order is maintained internationally when every nation is in the place assigned to it by justice.

Germany deserted her place. She invaded Belgium in order to rush in on France in the hope of dominating her economically and politically. Through the humbling of France she sought to rule the whole world, under the protection of an invincible army.

Her attempt miscarried and all peoples breathe easily once more to see Germany put back in her old place. Order will in time revive her empire, and peace eventually calm all consciences.

But the realization of these ideas depends upon two things. The first is that Germany, set back where she belongs by Marshal Foch acting in the name of the Entente, will consent to remain where she is put. The second is that a punishment be inflicted by the victor upon the vanquished in order that generations to come may be shown that they cannot with impunity violate sacred rights.

You ask me if "the reaction from the war with its turmoil and unrest is subsiding."

Yes. The hour of victory was an hour of universal peace, because the world once more took heart. Without hesitation it set itself again to work. Slowly it will travel the ascending curve of convalescence, but it must be confessed that the morale of the victorious nations is not brilliant.

Why? Simply because the two necessary factors to which I have already referred have not been verified. Conscious of her defeat, Germany should be kept where she has been reduced. If not, she must be forced to it.

For three years Germany has derided the verdict of her vanquishers and has been allowed to give vent to disdainful language, even threats, instead of showing repentance. If she will not freely set up again that which she has overthrown she should be driven to do so.

You ask me further, "What is America's part in the new world now in the making?" The part reserved for America in the constitution of order and the reëstablishment of universal peace is considerable. America possesses for the accomplishment of this rôle a power and prestige beyond compare.

It seems to me most clear that the first duty of your great republic is to use her power and her prestige to impose upon Germany the reparation which her victims demand, and to enforce without further delay the sanctions decreed by the Treaty of Versailles

In this enforcement lies the peace of the universe.

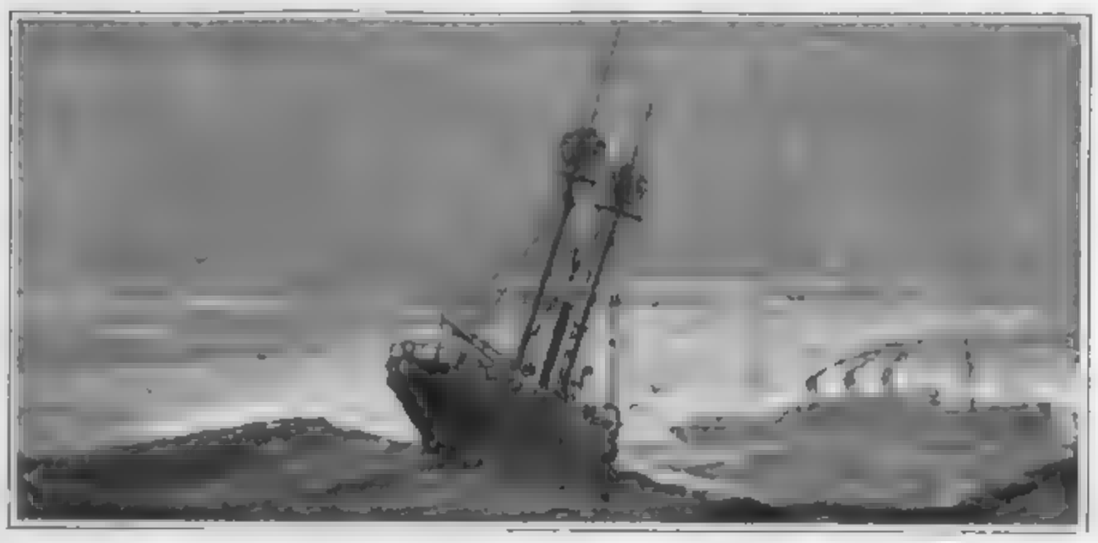
The Aftermath of War

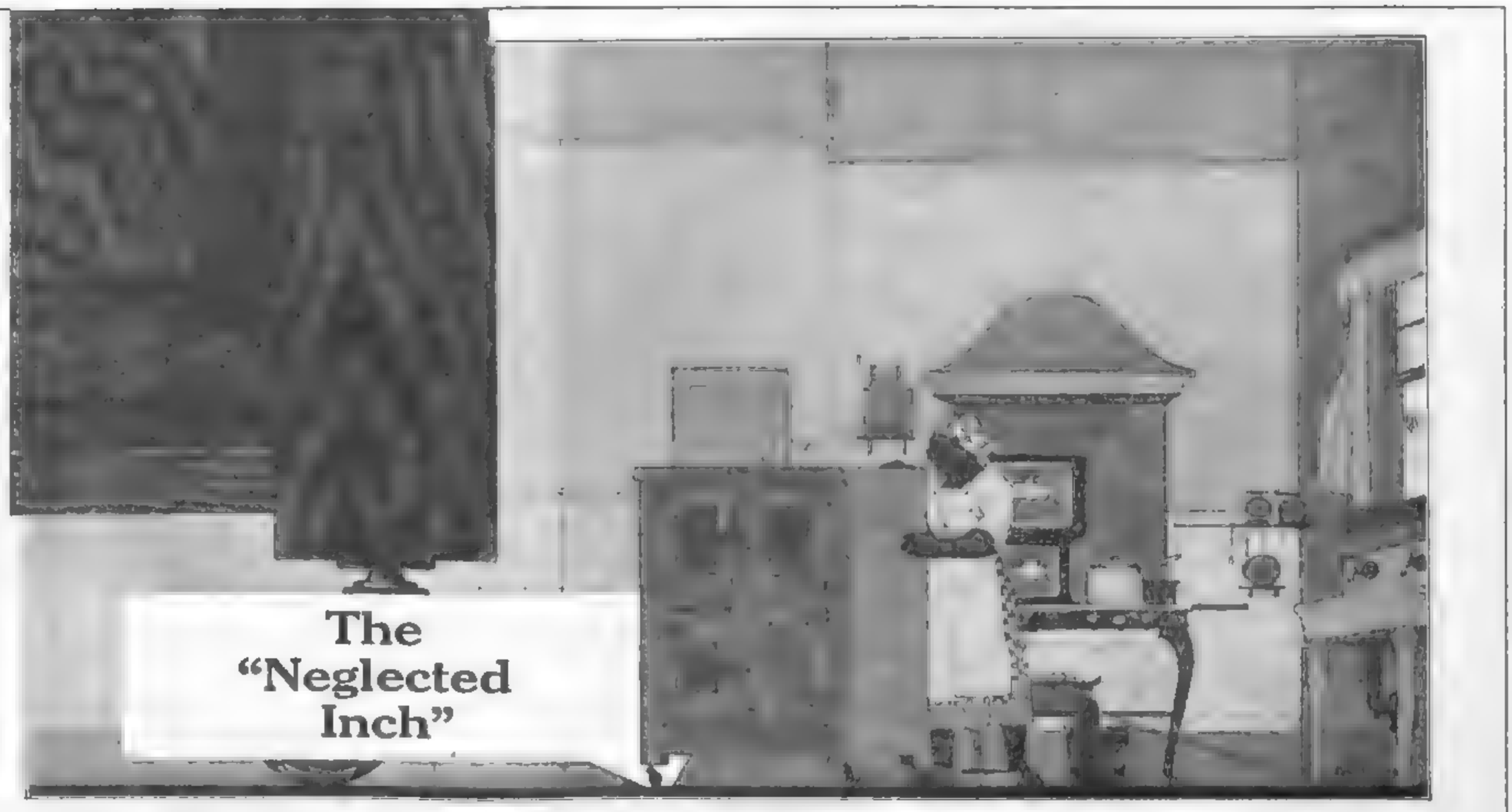
After this swift survey of changing Europe we now arrive at the question: What will be the aftermath of all this confusion and "mischievous adventure"?

In the last analysis you find that normal business, divorced from nationalistic politics, is the real rock of the future. All the slash and slaughter of the Great War did not change a single mineral deposit or alter the trade routes of the Seven Seas. France this autumn garnered an 80 per cent harvest up in the old shell-torn battle area. Thus sustenance has burst through the soil that yesterday bristled with barbed wire and the wreckage of mighty offensives. It is symbolic of that larger regeneration which is inevitable if mankind can march behind unselfish leadership.

The late J. P. Morgan once said: "Any man who is a bear on America is bound to go broke." So with Europe in transition. The needs of war converted the pallid stripling into a tower of fighting strength. In the same way the very perils of present-day peace will doubtless perform a kindred miracle of evolution from chaos into productive order.

Editor's Note—This is second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to Austria.





The inch of your furniture least thought of—yet so important

THIS little inch of your furniture, day after day, is overlooked and neglected—this inch between your furniture and the floor . . . . but how important this inconspicuous inch is . . . . for upon that one inch—the "Neglected Inch"—largely depends the life of your floors, floor coverings and even your furniture itself.

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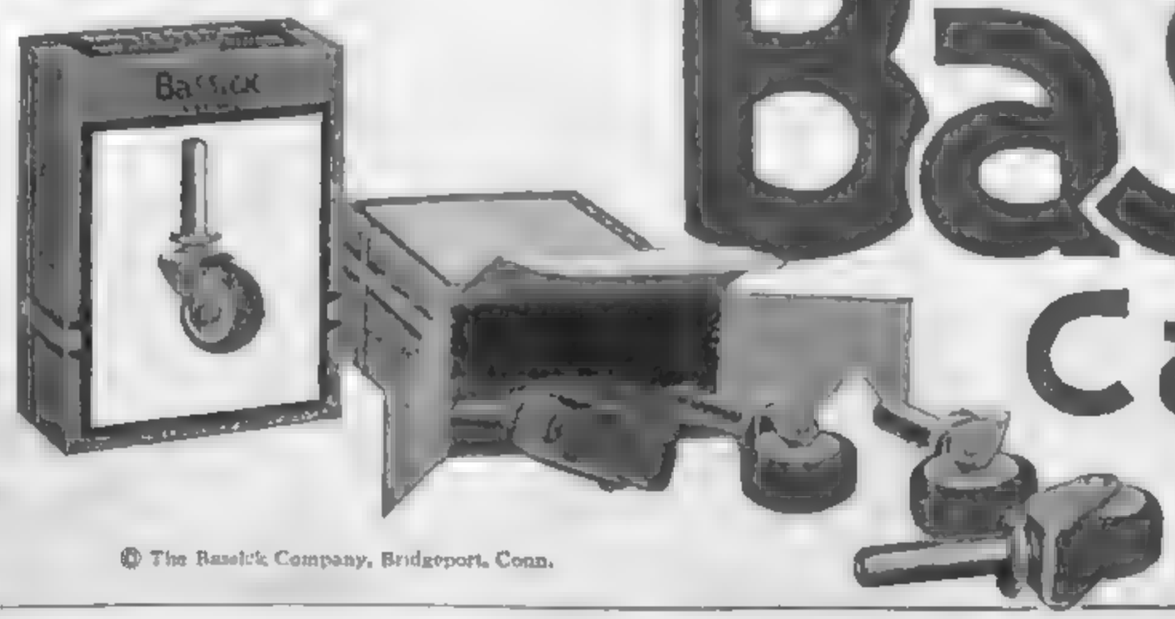
* * *

The easy chair in your living room is one of the most used pieces of furniture in your home. On the average, it is moved about ten times a day. If you push it and the casters do not turn easily and quickly, you are putting a strain on the legs that shortens the life of the chair by years . . . .

Now, in that room you have hardwood floors. The casters that came with the chair may not have been designed for use on such floors . . . . the furniture manufacturer couldn't foresee just what sort of floors or floor coverings you would have in your home. So, for every time you move that chair, there are likely to be little scratches on your floor.

* * *

Now that you know about the "Neglected Inch," why not look over your furniture so as to be certain that your floors, rugs, carpets and linoleums are properly safeguarded? If you find that you need Bassick Casters, go to your hardware or furniture dealer. Tell him in detail about the piece of furniture and the floor or floor covering on which it stands. From his stock of Bassick Casters he can select just the proper set for your needs.



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OUR FOOD SUPPLY AND THE TARIFF

(Continued from Page 21)

when a steady annual decline set in, notwithstanding the protective tariff then in force. The high prices paid for cattle and meat during the war checked the decline in 1915; but they did not stimulate a substantial increase, for last year our cattle numbered nearly 3,000,000 less than in 1910 and just a little upwards of 1,000,000 more than in 1890.

As a result we have been losing our place as a country with a surplus production of beef. Our exports of live cattle have long been diminishing till in 1915 they amounted to little more than 5000; and though there has since been some increase, they are still relatively unimportant. In the meantime our exports of beef and veal fell from 461,296,000 pounds in 1901 to only 33,000,000 pounds in 1914; and while our strenuous efforts to feed the Allies during the war forced them up to 521,844,000 in 1918, they shrank again during the last fiscal year to little more than 55,000,000. But even the complete elimination of our shipments abroad would not leave the supply of beef to each American household as abundant as it has been in the past. Fifteen years ago our annual consumption was about eighty-six pounds per capita; during the war high prices and other causes reduced it by nearly a third; and although it has been growing since peace returned, yet even if we had eaten last year every pound that we produced, our annual allowance would still have been nearly twenty pounds apiece less than it was in 1907. What, now, is the cause of this failure of supply to keep pace with the growth of population?

The fundamental cause is found in the fact that the growth of population itself has made it possible to find uses for much of our land more profitable than the production of cattle. From the time of the earliest settlements cattle raising with us has been in great measure a frontier industry except in isolated districts, and the exclusive use of land for this purpose has followed the frontier westward. But even in the Far West the wide ranges have been giving place to homesteads, and cultivated fields now cover much of the area over which cattle once roamed and fed.

Cattlemen's Growing Costs

The food value of the yield from land under cereals and many other crops, when properly cultivated, is greater than from land under cattle, and the farmer naturally devotes his acres to the use that promises the best returns. This does not mean, of course, that the substitution of tillage for purely pastoral pursuits signifies anything like the total elimination of cattle. But it does mean that cattle raising becomes merely one, though sometimes an important one, of a number of branches of diversified farming; that the methods of breeding, feeding and handling change and on the whole grow more expensive; and that, as the statistics show, the number is reduced in proportion as more intensive cultivation brings greater profits to the labor and capital put upon the soil. In the farm states, even where conditions are peculiarly favorable to cattle raising, it is apt to be dairy products rather than beef that are sought. Indeed, there are many populous districts where dairying, more even than tillage, has supplanted the meat-producing branch of the industry.

Along with this competition of cattle growing with other industries for a place in the sun and on the soil, there has gone a general increase in wages and in the cost of feedstuffs for winter use and for fattening, and more capital than formerly is needed to enter the business in a substantial way and to continue in it. In other words, costs in the industry have grown heavier. It is true that in this respect it does not differ from many other industries which have been able to expand and prosper in spite of higher wages and heavier costs. But to achieve prosperity under such circumstances any business must either increase the output of its plant or else must get a higher price for its products. Neither of these has the cattleman been able to do beyond a very limited measure.

Better methods and improved stock may, indeed, raise somewhat the yield in beef from range or farm, but a point is soon reached beyond which a further increase is secured only at a disproportionate cost. It has proved impossible, therefore, for the cattle industry entirely to meet its growing costs by increasing its output. In consequence, the maintenance of its prosperity and its further expansion appear to depend on the rise of prices for its products; and the rise must be greater in proportion than that of other products to which the land may be devoted.

It is not likely that under normal conditions the price of cattle will ever go high enough to maintain in this country a cattle industry as great in proportion to the population as it has been in the past. The consumption of beef is quite elastic and can be easily reduced as prices rise. There are many substitutes for it, and the production of some of them, notably pork and bacon, appears to be more readily increased under a system of diversified agriculture. The consumption of all meats in America, when compared with that in other countries, has been enormous. If the price goes up out of proportion to the other items in the household budget this consumption can be cut down without serious inconvenience.

Foreign Competition

This is clearly what has been happening in this country, and the result has been almost disastrous to the cattle growers. Tempted by high war prices, they incurred great costs to increase their output, and the continuance of high prices for some time after the coming of peace encouraged them to prolong their efforts. But during 1920 it became apparent that Europe could not, and America would not, meet the prices that had prevailed. The cattle growers, therefore, found themselves in the same situation as the cotton planters, the wool growers, the wheat farmers and most other agriculturists. They could not sell their product at a remunerative price. A widespread depression was the result, and this year the country faces the prospect of a severe curtailment of production.

Besides the so-called consumers' boycott, which in this case means merely the unwillingness of people to eat so much meat if the price is high, there is another factor which may in the future tend to keep prices down. This factor is foreign competition. Hitherto it has played a negligible part in our market because we have had a surplus of beef to ship abroad. But that surplus has been diminishing, and even before the protective tariff was repealed the tide of trade had begun to turn. In 1913, the year before meat was put on the free list, we imported more cattle and beef than we exported, and this continued for the two succeeding years and was repeated in 1920. It is true that in comparison with our production of about 7,000,000,000 pounds of beef and veal, both imports and exports were almost negligible, but they were significant of a tendency of much importance.

There are some countries where the growth of population and intensive agriculture have not outstripped pastoral pursuits as they have in the United States, and where for many years cattle can be raised under conditions as favorable as they used to be with us. Argentina and Australia have developed the industry on a great scale. In 1901 the Argentine beef exports were little more than 80,000,000 pounds, less than a fifth of those from the United States; while in 1914 ours had practically ceased and those from the Argentine had grown to 813,000,000 pounds. As there are other countries in both hemispheres where conditions are favorable, it is to be expected that for some time at least the world's needs for beef can long be supplied at a cost little if any greater than has prevailed in the past. At the same time it is evident that our own growing needs cannot be fully met by our own production except at a higher price. A portion of our supply can always be produced as cheaply as anywhere else; but not only will the industry fail to expand, it must even decline in favor of other uses of the land unless prices go up.

The time is now come when Congress must determine whether the public welfare requires that by means of the tariff the

prices of cattle and beef should be kept high. This is not a case where protection can lead to such an expansion of the industry that domestic competition will lower prices. They must be permanently high or the industry will decline. The competition is with the cheaper pasture lands of regions whose sparse population still renders cattle raising more profitable than intensive agriculture.

There is no doubt that in the years to come the exclusion of foreign competition will keep the price of beef higher than it otherwise would be. Both in view of the encroachment of tillage on pasture lands and of the readiness with which beef consumption can be reduced, there is grave doubt whether a protective tariff can long check the decline of this industry. The further question as to the expediency of keeping up high prices for foodstuffs is a matter of policy that cannot be discussed here.

Turning now to the production of wheat, we find that it has many features in common with the production of cattle; but there are some interesting divergencies. A publication of the United States Tariff Commission, under the title of Agricultural Staples and the Tariff, has quite fully set forth the facts both of domestic production and of foreign competition. It shows that with the expansion of settlement westward wheat culture has tended to supplant pastoral industry, only in turn to give way to other crops as the population became more dense.

"It is on relatively low-priced land, in sparsely populated regions far distant from the ultimate markets, that much of the world's crop is ordinarily grown." Similarly, though in somewhat less degree than cattle raising under range conditions, "wheat has been primarily a frontier crop."

Many regions in this country that formerly had a surplus for sale now have a deficiency; most of the states consume more than they produce, and the area and degree of the deficiency are extending. Our national supply has, indeed, been more than maintained, but it has been done mainly by bringing new land under cultivation. No further great increase from this source is to be expected, and larger yields from the land already under cultivation can be had only at greater cost. The Tariff Commission concludes, therefore, that unless there is a change in price levels we have probably attained our maximum production. Of course, in the case either of wheat or of cattle, if the price goes high enough we can increase our output many fold.

Acreage in Wheat

Though it is improbable that we shall greatly add to our production, yet taking the country as a whole it is likely that for a number of years we shall have a surplus of wheat for sale abroad. Consumption has, indeed, been growing more rapidly than production, but is still far behind it. During the fifteen years previous to the war, owing in great measure to seasonal conditions, our acreage in wheat fluctuated between 45,000,000 and 50,000,000 and our production between 600,000,000 and 750,000,000 bushels. As our requirements averaged around 600,000,000, our annual exports, in the form of both wheat and flour, varied between some 40,000,000 and 200,000,000 bushels. High war prices naturally stimulated cultivation, and in 1919 we had over 73,000,000 acres in wheat; but as the yield per acre was exceptionally low, the crop amounted to only 941,000,000 bushels. It is highly significant that last year, with a lower price in prospect, the land sown to wheat was reduced by about 20,000,000 acres. A better average yield, however, produced a crop of nearly 800,000,000 bushels, which gave a large surplus for export.

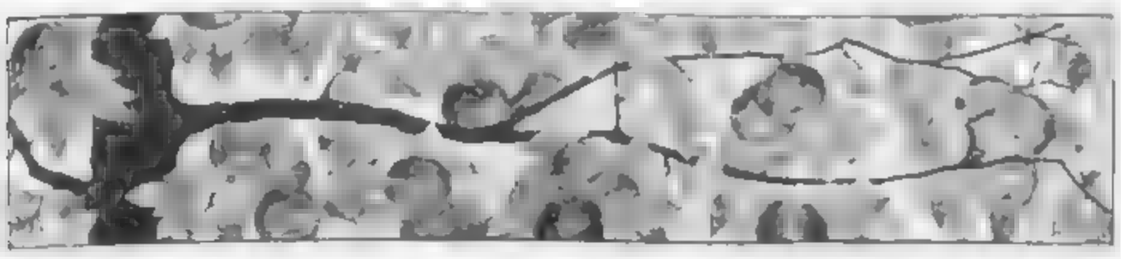
As long as our wheat crop is in excess of our needs and we are compelled to export a considerable part of it, it may well be asked how a duty on imports could affect the situation. The chief foreign wheat market is Liverpool, and there American wheat competes with that of Argentina, Canada and other countries. So long, therefore, as we continue to ship to Liverpool it would appear to be impossible for the price in the United States to be higher than the Liverpool price and thus to attract imports. But the matter is not quite so simple as it appears to be.

Wheat is a commodity with many varieties, and each of them either has some specialized use, as that of durum wheat for macaroni and similar pastes, or else is blended in certain proportions with other varieties to make a particular grade, quality or brand of flour. Under necessity, of course, any sort of wheat may be substituted for any other sort, but only at the loss of certain refinements of product that in normal times the tastes and preferences of the consumers demand. Thus for bread-making the hard wheats are usually preferred, as they produce a lighter loaf of more even texture than the soft wheats, which are more commonly used for cakes, biscuits and similar more compact forms of bread. Skill in blending the different grades and qualities so as to achieve particular results is necessary both for the miller and the baker. Accordingly we may well have a large surplus of wheat for export and yet at the same time suffer from an insufficient supply of some special variety. It is this that has chiefly accounted for the greater part of such imports of wheat as have occurred.

Trade With Canada

Except for a few million bushels that entered the country from Australia and Argentina during the war, practically all our imports have come from Canada. They consisted almost entirely of hard spring wheat from the western provinces, and before the war they varied between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 bushels a year. This Canadian wheat rather supplemented than competed with the domestic crop, and was bought to meet a local or seasonal shortage in the similar domestic variety. During the war the importation was substantially increased, but in both countries the trade was under government control and was strictly regulated with a view to the better adjustment of supply to military and civilian needs. By 1920 imports had declined till they were little greater than the prewar average; but during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, they attained the unprecedented volume of 50,000,000 bushels. This large importation is the more striking in that our exports for the year reached the likewise unprecedented figure of 293,000,000 bushels. The imports were doubtless due in part to the fact that our crop of hard spring wheat happened to be of inferior quality; but as our total surplus for the year was estimated at not more than 225,000,000, it seems evident that much of the Canadian wheat merely set free a corresponding amount of domestic wheat or flour for export. This indicates that the geographical distribution of our production may well influence our trade in wheat.

The central and mountain states, together with Washington and Oregon, produce more than four-fifths of our wheat and practically the whole of the surplus for export, while the eastern and southern sections of the country consume some hundreds of millions of bushels more than they grow. The principal domestic markets, therefore, are quite remote from the regions of surplus production. Accordingly a large part of our exports go out from the northern Pacific states, because it does not pay to ship wheat from that section to the interior. On the other hand, owing to our better transportation and terminal facilities, more Canadian wheat is shipped to Europe through the United States than from Canadian ports. In the past this transit trade has been carried on in bond, because we maintained a duty on Canadian wheat until April, 1917. With wheat on the free list the necessity for bonding is removed, and it is obvious that the current flowing through this country to Europe might readily be diverted to our domestic



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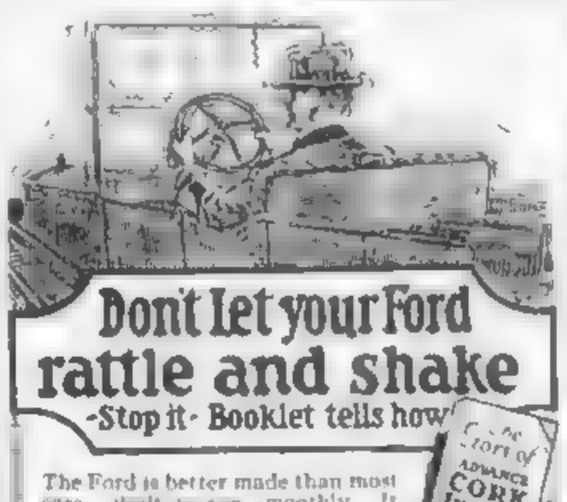

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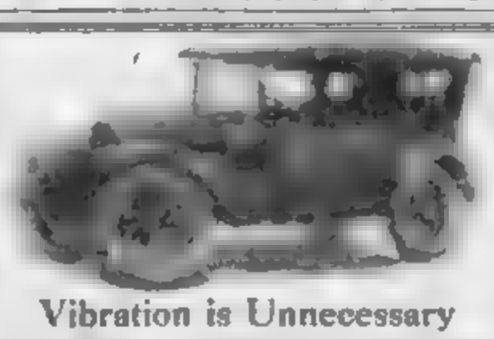

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mills whenever the American price became more attractive than the price paid in Liverpool. This would happen either when there is a local shortage in sections remote from the chief sources of domestic supply or when there is a shortage in the hard spring wheat, which constitutes the great bulk of Canada's output.

Such being the conditions under which importations normally occur, it is difficult to escape the conviction that in the past the influence of the tariff on the wheat-growing industry has been quite local and temporary. Our recent experience strengthens this conviction, and seems to indicate that there has been great exaggeration of the effect commonly imputed to a duty on wheat.

After four years of free trade in wheat the Emergency Tariff Act, which took effect last May, once more made it dutiable. This action was taken by Congress with the intention of affording at least partial relief to the distress that had overtaken the farmers. The crop harvested in the summer of 1920 had been produced at a very high cost, a cost that was incurred in the expectation that the removal of government control would be followed by rising prices. But it was the reverse of this expectation that happened. Government control ended on June 1, 1920. In the middle of May the price of No. 1 Northern wheat at Minneapolis had been $3.15 a bushel, but by July it had fallen to $2.85; and with slight fluctuations the decline continued through the summer and fall, so that by the end of November it was less than $1.50. Like the growers of wool, cattle, cotton and other agricultural products, the wheat farmers were getting for their crop less than it had cost them to produce it. Although there was a slight recovery in the price of wheat during the winter and early spring of 1921, it was too small to relieve the situation. Many farmers were reduced to ruin, and all of them suffered substantial losses.

Into this depressed market there was poured a volume of Canadian wheat greater than had ever before been imported. During the whole of the previous fiscal year our imports had been little more than 4,500,000 bushels, an amount that was exceeded by the average of each month in the following autumn and winter. It was inevitable that the fall in price should be attributed in great part to such an abnormal increase in imports. It was freely admitted that there were also other causes, but they were of such a nature that government action could not remove them.

The general deflation of prices, the consumers' boycott, concentrated buying by European governments, credit conditions in the export trade, the exceptionally large harvests of such competing grains as corn and oats—these were matters that did not admit of remedy by Congress. But Congress could shut out the competition from Canada, which was widely believed to be more responsible for the price decline than all other causes combined. It is true that the price of wheat in Canada, even after allowing for the depreciation of Canadian money, was substantially higher than in this country. None the less, there was an urgent and insistent demand for protection through the immediate imposition of a high duty. Congress responded with the enactment of a tariff law that put a duty of thirty-five cents a bushel on wheat.

The new act went into effect on the twenty-seventh of May. Naturally imports were reduced; in June less than 90,000 bushels came in. But the American price did not respond as had been expected. The cash price of No. 1 Northern at Minneapolis was $1.50 when the act took effect; a month later it was $1.34, and though it rose somewhat in July, it went back to $1.33 during the first week in August. The price in Winnipeg meanwhile continued higher than in this country by from ten to thirty cents.

Thus far it does not appear that the protective duty has had any appreciable effect on the welfare of the American farmer. The fall in price began earlier than did the increase in imports, and continued after the imports were checked. Nor can it be logically maintained that a continuation of imports would have forced the price down to an even lower level in view of the fact that both before and after the passage of the tariff act the Canadian price has been materially higher than the price in the United States.

The Tariff Commission concluded from its exhaustive study of the wheat and flour trade that "International supply and demand normally regulate the level of domestic prices," and that "To the extent that the level of domestic prices is determined, in common with that of other exporting nations, by the situation in the world markets, it would appear that America's tariff barriers are of little practical effect."

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Table of Contents

October 15, 1921

Cover Design by Ronald Anderson

SHORT STORIES

PAGE

Washington Avenue—*Samuel Merwin* 5
The Bible 'Bo—*Wilbur Hall* 10
Wildcat Thirteen—*Hugh Wiley* 12

ARTICLES

Europe in Transition—*Isaac F. Marcosson* 3
End of Steel—*Hal G. Evarts* 8
The Greenwich Village Virus—*Frank Ward O'Malley* 14
Do the Filipinos Want Independence?—*Eleanor Franklin Egan* 16
Our Food Supply and the Tariff—*Thomas Walker Page* 21
Call 'Em as You See 'Em—*By a Major League Umpire* 28

SERIALS

According to His Lights (Conclusion)—*Kennett Harris* 17
Olga, or Russian Gold (Fourth part)—*George Kibbe Turner* 22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial—*By the Editor* 20
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* 35

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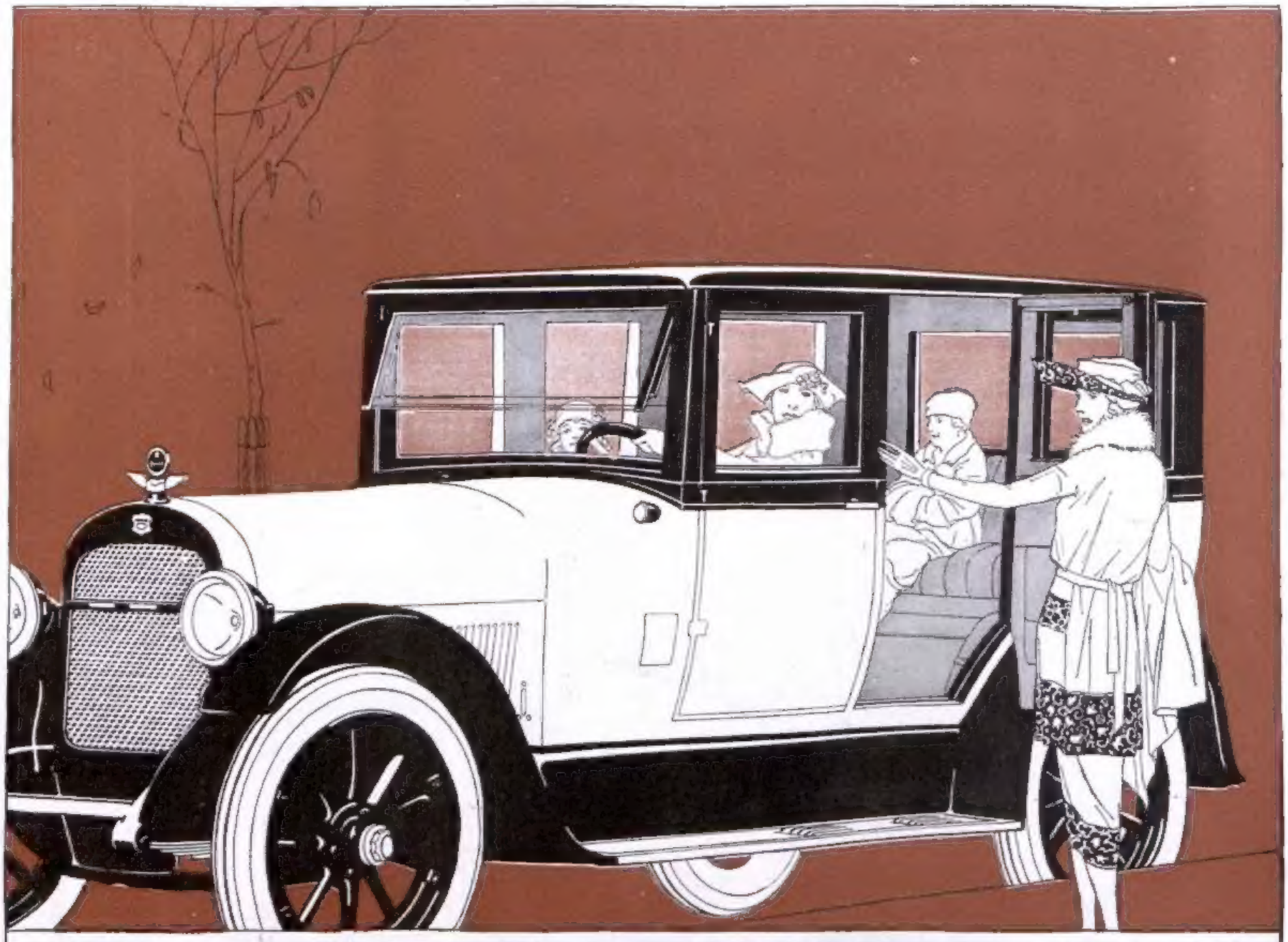

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